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The life and times of
Alexander McKenzie

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
ALEXANDER McKENZIE

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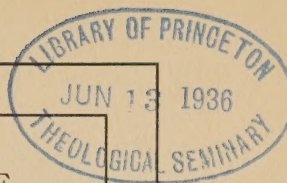
Alexander M. Lewis -

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE

By
RAYMOND CALKINS



CAMBRIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS
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PREFACE

DURING the years 1870-1872, Dr. McKenzie delivered a series of lectures on the history of the First Church in Cambridge. These were published in 1873, and have remained an authoritative record of the history of the church down to the year 1872, when Dr. McKenzie's ministry was well under way, and the present church edifice had been erected.

In connection with the celebration by this church in 1933 and 1936 of the three hundredth anniversary of its organization, it has seemed best to continue the record of this branch of the Cambridge church through the long and fruitful ministry of Dr. McKenzie, which constitutes a distinct epoch in its history. Since considerable material in this publication has to do with Harvard College, the Tercentenary of which also occurs in 1936, the book may be considered as making a modest contribution to the historical records of the college.

The materials for this biography have been abundant. Dr. McKenzie kept a journal, quite full in parts, from his boyhood days until nearly the end of his life. This has been largely drawn upon in this writing, since it has seemed best to let him tell the story of his life so far as possible in his own words. In addition to the journal, he left three manuscripts of autobiographical material. The first was written in 1899 while at Mt. Generoso, the second in 1900 at St. Moritz, and the third, very full and complete, at Rome in 1910. At the very end of his life he wrote a brief account of his ministry in Cambridge, which was completed in July, 1914, a month before his death. He wrote also sketches of his early days for the church paper of the Trinitarian Church of New Bedford (1893-1894), and sketches for the Round Table publication of the Cambridge

church (1902-1905). In writing of some of this material on September 10, 1899, he said:

Thus there is a fairly good account of this life of mine. Quite full enough for a life which has not been very eventful. If my children ever desire to trace the course of these years, they will have all they need in these annals. There are not many things in them which will repay the writing, unless it were by someone who cared enough for him who had lived to hold of interest anything which had entered into his years. I am persuaded of this, that anyone who cared to turn the many leaves would find evidence of a loving Providence which has kindly shaped the years, and ordered their advance and their transitions and has rewarded and enriched them far, far beyond any desert that was in them. For it has been a happy life and though sorrows have entered in at many points, I should be glad to begin it again and live it over under the same conditions.

There has been much printed matter available for framing a connected account of Dr. McKenzie's career, and much information has been drawn from various histories of New Bedford, Augusta, Cambridge, and Harvard College. The author owes much also to many people who have aided him. Special acknowledgments are due to Miss Mary A. Alden, who examined and classified the papers, pamphlets, and letters available for the biography; to Miss Ida McAfee of New Bedford, who has collaborated with the author from the first, supplying invaluable data about the New Bedford part of this biography; to Miss Marion F. Lansing, who has prepared the entire manuscript for the press and read the proof; to Lewis A. Burleigh of Augusta; to Mr. R. D. H. Emerson, who prepared an exhaustive memorandum of the history of the lot of land acquired by the church for its present building; to Dr. Owen H. Gates of the Andover-Harvard Library, who read the entire manuscript, made many helpful suggestions, painstakingly verified data and references, and contributed information and material, notably in the discussion of the Andover case and the American Board controversy; to Mr. Albert Matthews of Boston, who made a thorough research into the relation of

Harvard College to the churches of Cambridge and the requirements of the college respecting church attendance; to Professor Kenneth McKenzie of Princeton and Miss Margaret McKenzie of London, England, who have supplied much information and material and have guided the author with their constant counsel; to Miss Mary E. Batchelder for material relating to the home life of the McKenzie family; and to various members of the congregation and other friends who were personally familiar with the varied aspects of Dr. McKenzie's life and ministry. So far as possible, these acknowledgments have been made in the text.

To Mrs. Carrie Fogg Hudson the author owes a deep debt of gratitude for her expert stenographic service.

This church thus bequeaths to coming generations this second volume of the history of one of the earliest of the churches of New England.

R. C.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
October, 1935

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
ALEXANDER McKENZIE

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

1830-1847

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century the city of New Bedford, Massachusetts, developed the great whaling industry which made her famous. This industry reached its peak in 1850-60.

In this customs district in 1856 there were registered at the customs house 418 vessels employed in whaling, and of this number 368 hailed from New Bedford and Fairhaven, the remainder sailing from Westport, Mattapoisett, and Wareham, and these vessels were manned by nearly 15,000 sailors. This vast business was conducted by a score or more of managing owners, as they were called, whose counting rooms and storage buildings occupied practically the entire waterfront from Hathaway and Luce's wharf at the foot of Walnut Street to the Parker block at the foot of Middle Street.¹

This was the golden era of New Bedford, when its whaling vessels exceeded in number and tonnage the combined fleets of all other whaling ports.

The wharves on both sides of the Acushnet were teeming with life, and mechanics of every kind of industrial art that had any relation to the fitting of ships found ample employment at good wages. The returning ships, laden with full cargoes, kept them busy in refitting for new voyages. The streets were alive with sailors, their purses filled with ready money that was soon expended. Officers of ships, who had husbanded their hard-earned gains, bought or built homes, in which to enjoy their rest after long service on the seas. Prosperity reigned triumphant for a time, the rich agents and owners grew more wealthy, and even those in humble station shared in the general good fortune. The high prices of oil were

1. William W. Crapo, in "Extracts from Addresses at the Bourne Museum Dedication, New Bedford, November, 1916," *Old Dartmouth Historical Sketches*, No. 45, p. 10.

maintained, and it seemed as if there could be no limit to the onward progress of the whaling business.²

In 1847, the date of its incorporation as a city, New Bedford had a population of 16,031. There had been good development by the early landed proprietors. With the progress of the whaling industry, patrician homes were built on the Acushnet, as the merchant princes of New Bedford rolled up handsome fortunes. The period of great mansions opened about 1823. With a few exceptions, all the great houses were built from 1827 to 1837.

Such was the New Bedford in which Alexander McKenzie was born on December 14, 1830. He came of Scotch ancestry, through his father's father, and was always proud of his Scotch blood. He writes that his father during his last illness was bled, as the fashion was. "Dr. Mayhew said, 'That is good blood.' My father answered, 'That is Scotch blood.'" Although unable to trace directly his Scotch descent, Dr. McKenzie recalls that when he was a boy the story was that on a vessel which had come to Nantucket from Kingston there was a Martin McKenzie who remained there. "I am surprised," he has written, "that my grandmother could tell us so little about her husband, also a Martin McKenzie. She said he was a fine-looking man, but I recall no further information." She was Hepzabeth Waterman, and their son Daniel was Alexander

2. Leonard Bolles Ellis, *History of New Bedford and Its Vicinity, 1602-1892*, Syracuse: D. Mason and Company, 1892, pp. 420-421. See also *New Bedford, Massachusetts, Its History, Industries, Institutions, and Attractions*, published by order of the Board of Trade, 1889, pp. 41, 42. At a patriotic celebration, July 4, 1914, in New Bedford, representatives of about thirty-six nationalities among the population sat upon the platform. The causes which led to the falling off of the whaling industry in the succeeding decades were the discovery of other forms of illuminating oil in the great fields of Pennsylvania, which entirely displaced whale oil; and the Civil War and the subsequent falling off in the demand for whale products. At last whalebone remained the chief source of profit from the industry.

McKenzie's father. His mother, Phebe Mayhew Smith, traced her descent from Sir Richard Coffin, who lived in Normandy in 1066. She was born at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and was the daughter of Benjamin and Grace Sprague Smith. After their marriage, Daniel McKenzie and his bride settled in New Bedford. "

Both father and mother of Alexander McKenzie came of seafaring families. Daniel McKenzie was a born sailor. His father had been a sailor before him. "My ancestry," Dr. McKenzie was fond of saying, "begins and ends in a ship. I have had scarcely a kinsman who was not a sailor." His mother's brothers all went to sea, and later she was to know the pathos and the loneliness of a sailor's wife and sailors' mother. "I have fancied," writes Dr. McKenzie, "that I have more than the usual amount of salt in my blood, and that this makes me sensitive and nervous, quick, active, impatient, showing on the surface what has come from the depths. I do not know that there is anything in this. Yet I am thankful for my sailor ancestry and association."

Daniel McKenzie went to sea in a whaler.

There were probably no stronger ships ever built than the old whale ships that sailed from New Bedford. They were built upon honor, as the saying is, from the best selected live-oak timber that grew in our forests, and it was a common thing for these ships to remain in service for a term of fifty or seventy-five years, or even longer. [Here was] the fruit of a century's experience and the sharpened sense and ingenuity of an inventive people urged by the peril of the chase and the value of the prize.³

On his very first voyage during the War of 1812, Daniel McKenzie's ship was captured and the crew were taken to the Cape of Good Hope and then to Dartmoor Prison in England.⁴

3. L. A. Littlefield, "Fitting Out A Whaler," *Old Dartmouth Historical Sketches*, 1906, No. 14, pp. 7, 9.

4. In the summer of 1887, while in London, Dr. McKenzie visited

At the close of the war, he was sent to America, continued the seafaring life, and rose rapidly until he was soon in command of a ship. He was away for years at a time on the great whaling cruises, which were full of perilous adventure. In 1840 he came home with the intention of quitting the sea. He entered the marine insurance business, but financial reverses made it necessary for him to take to the sea again. He was given command of a large whaler, the *Caroline*, and the voyage lasted for over three years. The *Caroline* was a full-rigged ship, built in 1842, of 364 tons burden. She sailed on December 17, 1842, to the northwest coast around Cape Horn, and returned on June 2, 1846, with 660 barrels of sperm oil, 1340 barrels of whale oil, and 12,000 pounds of whalebone. The ship was lost on Minerva Shoals reef, south of the Samoan Islands, on May 24, 1859.

Captain McKenzie never went to sea again. On his return he took considerable interest in political and civic affairs, and was mentioned for mayor; he was much sought after as a

Dartmoor and tried in vain to find a detailed record of his father's imprisonment there.

"Tried to find the Dartmoor Prison records. A policeman told me the other day I should find them at Somerset House. There they sent me to Whitehall and the Home Office. There they sent me to Pall Mall and the War Office, which I have not yet visited. I presume I shall fail in it all. Sept. 8. Went to the War Office in my search for Dartmoor records. The clerk was kind and made a search but found nothing; said there was nothing at the Record Office. Advised me to go to the Inspector General of Military Prisons at Whitehall. Went. . . . The man at the door suggested I write to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. 'It would do no harm.' Probably not. . . . I gave up, at least for the present. . . . The prison office clerk told me he had lived at Dartmoor and that the prison was closed in 1814 and not reopened till 1851, I think. The records are not there."

He wrote from notes and papers of his father's an account of the place and his father's experiences, calling it "An Old Sailor's True Story." Of it he says that it is substantially as his father wrote it. It is printed in Leonard Bolles Ellis, *op. cit.*



A WHALER READY FOR SEA

BARK "PLATINA"

speaker on public occasions. He was well-read and had large qualities of mind and heart. Dr. McKenzie has written of him:

I should have some facility as an inheritance from my father, who was a good speaker. He was always heard with interest at the church and in the other religious gatherings. He was a member of the first Common Council of the new city, and I have no doubt that his voice was often lifted up. He had been a reader on his long voyages, and in his ready mind he stored up learning on which he could draw when the need presented itself. I am persuaded that if he had enjoyed such advantages as came to me, he would have taken high rank as an orator. It was a pleasure to me, as a boy, when he told me of the countries he had visited and the experiences which had befallen him. One winter, he gave a course of public lectures upon his sea life, with thrilling descriptions of the whalers and their crews. I recall vividly his picture of what happened on a ship when a whale was sighted: of the plans for its capture, of the excitement rising to a great culmination in the command to lower away the boats. He told me of his imprisonment at Capetown and then at Dartmoor. The account he gave was thrilling in its interest. I remember the walks I took with him, when he commented on the places we passed. I am doubly grateful that I was his son and that he shared his life with me. I am proud that my father was a sailor, the master of a ship which sailed on distant seas. I am always proud when I meet anyone who knew my father and mother.

A fine pen portrait of Captain Daniel McKenzie was given by William W. Crapo, an honored citizen of New Bedford, in an address delivered March 5, 1907, on the occasion of the dedication of the new home of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society. He introduced Dr. McKenzie as the son of a man highly esteemed in the community and signally honored in the stirring presidential election of 1840, when William Henry Harrison, the Whig candidate, and Martin Van Buren, the Democrat, opposed each other. Forum meetings were held at that time in New Bedford, with noted orators or stump speakers coming from elsewhere to take turns with local speakers, and there was much local interest in the proposed Bunker Hill Convention. A call had been issued inviting Whigs from all the states of the Union to meet on Bunker Hill in the month of September. The New England states sent many thousand

delegates. Massachusetts Whigs organized by counties. Of Bristol County's 2000 delegates, probably 500 were from New Bedford and Fairhaven, with a New Bedford man, John Henry Clifford, afterwards governor of the state, as chief marshal. On Boston Common was formed a procession 45,000 strong; it marched to Bunker Hill, where Daniel Webster read a declaration of Whig principles. In the procession New Bedford and Fairhaven had a display of great interest. It was a whaleboat, built especially for the occasion and mounted upon a gear or car painted green to represent the waves of the ocean. It had a complete outfit for the capture of the whale, the tub containing the coil of towline, harpoons and lances, a keg of water, an allowance of hard bread, the boat's compass, and a lantern. The boat had a full crew, and every man of them was an experienced and popular whaling captain.

The post of honor in that boat [says Mr. Crapo], was held by the boat-header, the man with the steering oar. That place was accorded to Captain Daniel McKenzie. As he stood erect in the stern of the boat with his hand on the steering oar a small boy looked upon him with awe and admiration: and why not? He was a man of commanding personality, of splendid physique, broad-shouldered and stalwart. He was an accomplished and successful whaling captain, and that was no mean title. He had the gift and power of leadership. He was a man of ready speech which was enlivened with wit and humor. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes which he applied aptly in discussion and which made his conversation most entertaining. He was a big-hearted and broad-minded man. Later in life when he had retired from the sea, I came to know him somewhat intimately, and profited by his counsel.⁵

For his mother, Dr. McKenzie had the deepest veneration. He records her anxiety during the long absences of husband and sons at sea, when no wireless or radio could bring news of them.

My mother knew that life, with its sundering of family ties, its long separations, its anxieties, its eager painful watching, its successes, its

5. *Old Dartmouth Historical Sketches*, 1907, No. 16, pp. 8, 9.

perils and disappointments. She knew the outgoing of a ship and the aching hearts left on the shore. She knew the home-coming, sometimes with the flag at half-mast. Someone had reached the harbor from which there was no return. Who was it? Woman looked into the face of woman, and without words asked the question no one could answer. . . . She was steady, well-balanced, sure of her principles, and determined to do right. Hers was a profoundly religious nature. She loved the sanctuary, believed in her minister, and brought up her family in religious habits and church ways. Her self-forgetting, sacrificial love for her children awoke in them a responsive affection and loyal obedience. This was the root-principle in their training and conduct.

It was a joy to Dr. McKenzie in later life to feel that his choice of the ministry was his mother's wish for him. She was present at his ordination.

Five children grew to maturity. "The twins," Dr. McKenzie writes, "had their little life before my time. Their graves may be seen in the burial ground at Edgartown. I think that there was another child who also died in infancy." Of the five children, a daughter, Nancy, was the oldest. She married Allan M. Kendrick when Alexander was but a boy. They lived in Bangor and afterwards in Chelsea and in Cambridge. She died in 1846. A grandson of Nancy McKenzie Kendrick, Allan K. Sweet, was a member of the Cambridge church. Next came Daniel, named after his father. He took to the sea, showed great ability in his profession, and afterwards commanded various merchant-vessels. Dr. McKenzie's diaries are full of notes about these voyages, many of them to China, and of the joy of the household on his safe return. He died on one of his voyages, at Nagasaki, Japan, where he was buried. Mary McKenzie was a delicate child, a great favorite among her companions, full of grace, attractive, and musical. In 1859 she married William S. Daland of Salem, and later moved to Brooklyn, New York. The youngest child was James, who made one whaling voyage on the *Reindeer*. Afterwards he sailed with his brother Daniel, but left him and became first mate of a ship in the China trade. In a storm he was swept overboard and lost.

The news of his death, received in August, 1862, hastened that of his mother. She died without learning of the death, in December of the same year, of Daniel in Japan. Alexander survived all his brothers and sisters.

It was a good home for a boy to grow up in, removed alike from affluence and from poverty, and with fine intellectual, moral, and religious ideals. The members of the family were devoted to one another. The records are filled with affectionate references to each member of the family circle:

Life loses much of its charm when those we have first known are not here to share it. [Or again] We are a scattered household, and the resurrection day will find us far apart. God grant that it bring us together again to our mother's side. That must be heaven. My father, my mother, live in God. To be with them is to be with Him.

Alexander McKenzie's first home in New Bedford was on Johnny Cake Hill,⁶ a short laneway leading up to the earlier named Prospect Hill. Some little time after the Seaman's Bethel had been built on the west side of this street, its name was changed to Bethel Street, emphasizing the location of the meeting-house. The Seaman's Bethel was built in 1832 by the New Bedford Port Society. The building, with its cenotaph-like memorials embedded in the walls, has been in constant use ever since. It was the first object visible to ships coming into the harbor, and was eagerly watched for in the early days.

The scene at the crest of Johnny Cake Hill (the name was re-established in 1921) is to-day a vivid reminder of the early whaling days. North of the Bethel is the Mariner's Home,

6. The *Oxford Dictionary* says that the origin of this name is uncertain. Possibly the word "Johnny" is a corruption of "journey"; and a street is so named because it crossed the hill where the Pilgrim Fathers halted to eat their "journey cake" in making trips to the garrison at Russell Mill, south of the old Dartmouth township; or, with more likelihood a literal name, from the principal fare — corn-meal johnnycakes — served in the boarding-houses and hotels numerous in the section in the whale-fishery days.



JOHNNY CAKE HILL FROM UNION STREET TO ITS CREST

originally a beautiful old residence. Across the street is the Bourne Whaling Museum, erected in 1916 to house a half-size model of the old whaling bark *Lagoda*, complete to the last detail, the whole given by Miss Emily S. Bourne as a memorial to her father, Jonathan Bourne. The memorial has taken form in a splendid building in a historic neighborhood (the chief wharves and storehouses of the early days being in the rear), for which the architect, Henry Vaughan of Boston, found his architectural inspiration in the old Salem Custom House, made famous by Hawthorne. The building stands in part on the spot where stood the early McKenzie home.

After leaving the home on Johnny Cake Hill, the McKenzies occupied different houses. The earliest New Bedford directory, (1836) locates them at 67 Third Street, now Acushnet Avenue, south of Madison Street. Two years later the family was at 35 (now 65) School Street, where it remained until 1845. This was the house with "the boy's room and the yellow chair by the window." School Street ran down to the docks. Practically the whole stretch of the wharves ran to the north, for four or five blocks. The final McKenzie home in New Bedford was at 26 Bush Street, now Madison Street, corner of Acushnet Avenue, where Captain Daniel McKenzie died in 1853. The house was demolished years ago to make way for a school playground. The house diagonally across the street, where Dr. Prentiss, the church minister, lived, still stands, in good condition. All four of these McKenzie homes were within six blocks north and south, and three blocks east and west.

Of his childhood Dr. McKenzie has written: "I was inclined to be a dreamy boy, imaginative and quiet. Of one of my school compositions my sister Nancy said it read as if it had been written by an old man. I was not a strong child, and in my first days had much sickness. I was not vigorous through my youth. People gave me sympathy. One, at least, said I should not live to complete a college course."

As a little boy he went first to a dame's school, a well-known educational institution of those times, and began his learning under "Aunt Deborah and Aunt Susan." An older brother and sister went to Friends' Academy. At the age of eight Alexander entered the Bush Street Grammar School. He did good work, read a good deal, and ranked high in his classes. He refers to his masters, Phillips, and later Bicknell, "whose chief delight was in whipping the boys." The best teacher was Amasa L. Gleason,

who taught singing, but without recognizing my talent. I rang the bell under Gleason, and I have a suspicion that I had an insufficient recompense.

High School boys were admitted at twelve years of age if they were prepared. I went to the first examination open to me, and passed easily. It was a good step forward. When I entered High School, it was in the old wooden building on Elm Street. After two years we moved into the palatial structure on Middle Street. The master was John F. Emerson. He could scold longer on a stretch than any other man I ever met. We had lectures about as long as a sermon on ethical subjects. I do not know that any boy learned to regard Emerson with affection, but he was a capital teacher in spite of his long and impassioned oratory. I had no difficulty in keeping at the head or near the head of the Class of 1846.

The one decided failure the boy made in high school was in his first declamation. He faced the room full of boys and girls, repeated the words in mechanical fashion, and took his seat. The next time, he was ready for it and did better. But recalling this incident later in life he said: "Always [in speaking] I felt self-distrust. Even to-day the assuring word of a friend after I have spoken is a real comfort. This was not a disadvantage, for it made me feel that I must always do my best."

While in high school, the boy was busy doing odd jobs out of hours. At the depot he solicited patronage for passengers in a coach operated by a neighbor. He helped deliver the mails at the post office. He had a connection with Hatch's Express and received a small sum for his services. He is thus described

by Mr. Crapo in the address to which reference has already been made:

Alex McKenzie, for that is what we called him, in his youth was somewhat slender in physique. He had a thoughtful face. He had gentle manners. He was a painstaking and conscientious student. He was exemplary in his conduct. I do not remember that he was ever engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight in the schoolyard at recess. His genuine good nature and his abundant good sense made him a favorite. His comrades liked him. You know his subsequent career, how he served his fellow-men by pointing out to them the way to heaven, enlightening, inspiring, encouraging them to higher purposes and a better life.

In his own address at New Bedford in 1907,⁷ Dr. McKenzie looked back from his considerable age to his boyhood days with the zest he always manifested in the subject. "I have always been glad," he said, "that I was born in New Bedford, and if I had to do it over again, I would like to be born on Johnny Cake Hill, go to New Bedford schools, then go to Harvard, and wind up my life there." In other words, he would choose to live his life just as it had been lived.

Continuing, he said:

The mind of a boy who lives in a seaport is broadened as he looks out to sea and realizes that there is something beyond his own place. A man born here and growing up would naturally be a broad-minded man. When he studied ethnology he would know that he had seen examples in the various types of foreigners who come here in the vessels. Another fine thing New Bedford raised is the noblest class of women that history presents. The wives of the whaling captains, when their husbands went on long cruises, sometimes of three years' duration, were strained to the utmost of their sympathy, left alone as they were to care for their children, and bringing them up with wonderful judgment and courage that never failed.

Speaking of his school days, he said the master of the high school had one question that had haunted him all his life:

7. On the occasion of the dedication of the new home of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society.

When you gave an answer, he would always ask "Why?" If, for instance, you said that so many triangles equalled so many circles, he would demand to know "Why?" In my daily work I am often obliged to ask myself "Why?" because I say only what I believe in. I don't want any lawyer to say, "Very pretty, but not logical"; and whenever I am tempted to use some pretty sophistry, that question "Why?" comes up to me.

Interesting reminiscences of his boyhood are contained in some articles written quite late in his life. In 1893 a committee of the Trinitarian Church in New Bedford began the publication of a church paper, the *Messenger*, a monthly that continued for seven years. It was well edited, contained much original and contributed matter, and had an individuality all its own. Dr. McKenzie had spoken at the semicentennial of the church in 1881, and at the dedication of the Church Home in 1883. So he was asked to write "something," as he says in the beginning of his first article; and he went back to his boyhood days there. He wrote five articles, which appeared from December, 1893, to April, 1894. From these recollections it is clear that Alexander was a real boy. One can quote almost at random. That was the time when he played the organ — at the pump-handle end. He did it without pay, and felt that the organist had an easy time at the front. For ringing the school bell he was paid an immense quantity of coppers, which he says wistfully, in that later day, he "wishes he had now when the contribution box comes around so often."

"I do not think Sunday was a hard day," he continues. "We had to be select in our reading, and there was no open play. But we had Sunday-school books, and the 'Wellspring' and the 'Youth's Companion,' which was small then and as religious as religious papers are now. I was allowed to call at one or two sedate houses, and it was considered proper to walk in the graveyard. If you could get a boy to go with you, — and generally you could, — that was rather enlivening. We used to commit, or semi-commit, the lesson. The teaching was pretty



THE RODMAN HOUSE, AN OLD NEW BEDFORD MANSION

good, and established us well in the fundamentals." Speaking of the choir, he says, "My chief delight was when they sang 'Joy to the World; the Lord is come,' and old Antioch rang through the house." Of himself, he says in that connection, "I do throw my voice in sometimes, when the rush of congregational melody renders it safe."

"Do these seem to have been primitive times?" he asks. "Let it be so. They suited us. Life had its full share of play. We raised the kite, and spun the top, and snapped the marbles." He finds himself hankering after the graceful and efficient top that was bought at the factory for three cents. "I believe I could make one of the old kind sing itself to sleep." Coasting was popular on hill streets watered to ensure an icy road; and a band enlivened the scene. "Skating was great fun, especially when it was too cold to go to school." Running with the fire-engine was a part of the play — "every boy who was good for anything belonged, by his own appointment, to an engine, for which he argued and bragged." The country was not far away, for just three or four blocks beyond the church was Arnold's Gardens,⁸ "where there were boxberries and boxberry leaves, and sassafras root and sweet fern, with huckleberries and perhaps blackberries; no boy need look for such treasures there now. What they call 'progress' has swept over the place, and the wilds are a memory. It appears

8. The Arnold Gardens were the private grounds (garden and grove) that backed the lovely house of James Arnold, built about 1826, whose grounds because of his own interest in horticulture were open to the people. He was the same James Arnold who, deciding it impractical to ask New Bedford to undertake experimental gardens, though he would have liked it, left to his trustees the decision as to the application of the \$100,000 left by him to be devoted to the advancement of agriculture or horticulture; and this came to be (1872) the beginning of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University and the City of Boston, located in Jamaica Plain. The house, with some alterations, still stands and is the home of the Wamsutta Club, an old established men's club.

to me that we were lucky in those days. I know I have always been glad that I was a New Bedford boy." How he got a chance to nail lathes in the refitting of an old building next to his house, though he was not paid, and to help a painter paint blinds a good old-fashioned green, remained choice memories with him, though for the latter service he says he received nothing but the paint he managed to carry off on his clothes, and "even that was not of much use to us and none to our mothers."

He was a boy among boys and took part in all sports, although he did not excel in any.

I could do well enough in running, or in any game which required mental skill. I could spin a top, but was poor at marbles. What I regret most was that I could not swim. I used to "go in swimming" with the other boys; they showed me how it was done, and I tried, but I never learned how to do it. But this showed an ineptitude for physical exercises which has marked my life.

Our financial language has disappeared. We talked in shillings and their fractions, — fourpence, ninepence, one and six, three and nine, four and six, and so on. A ninepence was worth twelve and a half cents, and in making change it was a practical question whether the half-cent belonged to the buyer or the seller. Authorities differed; but we liked best the dealers who acted the generous part. I presume it was for their advantage in the long run, as it should have been.

It seems like another life, this which I have so hurriedly described. But it is all real to me as I sit here beside the college and look down the years. Something of youth comes back as I let my pen run on at the bidding of my memory.

Of course ships and shipping played a large part in his boyhood. "The sailing and arriving of ships added interest to our lives, especially as some of us were represented by our brothers and fathers. To watch the signals and read the number and find what ship was coming in was always exciting. Life had not a little variety when New Bedford was a great seaport and her fleet numerous." He records his excitement in running home and telling his mother that the *Caroline* had been sighted after his father's long voyage. When the customhouse boat started

for the ship, Alexander was allowed to go along. "As we came near the ship — I was in the bow of the boat — my father saw me as I waved my cap, and called to a sailor, 'Throw a rope to my boy.' It was but a moment and I was in my father's arms while he asked me quick questions of the home. I walked home with my father, and soon he was at the door where my mother met him. Her long, lone watching was over."

The phrase, "Throw a rope to my boy," was preserved and used frequently by him and by other preachers as an illustration.

During his junior year in college, his mind reverted to his early childhood, and he has recorded some of his impressions.

I have been thinking of my early years. The first thing I remember with any distinctness was being told one night by Grandma Bunker that we were to move next day from "Johnny Cake," or later Bethel, Hill, where I was born, to Mr. Barker's house in Third Street. I must have been then about five years old. I have some vague idea, however, of walking barefooted in the yard previous to this time and sticking a fish-hook in my foot: and also of seeing a drunken man, whom I supposed dead, lying on a large rock in front of our house. Of our life in Third Street, I remember little. Nancy and Daniel were at home. . . . My boyhood was much like others'. I was rather a quiet boy: not strong enough to take a deep interest in active sports, and rather inclined to reading. I think I had always a fondness for books. My father was absent during the entire three years I was at the High School and most of the time before except when I was from nine to twelve years old, when he was Secretary of the Merchants' Insurance Company. I remember well his sailing in the *Caroline* in 1842, and but little of his earlier voyages save the return in the *Samuel Robertson* in his last previous voyage. We were therefore our mother's children. And were well trained in every way. My father's visits at home were always high holidays for us children.

From his earliest years, Alexander attended the Trinitarian Church in New Bedford. His mother was one of those who came from the Old North Congregational Church into the new Trinitarian when it was formed. His grandmother Bunker remained in the old church; she was his father's mother, "who had her home with us. She married after my grandfather's

death, . . . and was called 'Grandma Bunker' to distinguish her from Grandma Smith who at times visited us." The new church (1831) was in chief part merely a geographical convenience, to create a parish a little more to the south. In the old church remained (to quote Dr. McKenzie's reminiscences) "'Parson Holmes,' tall, large, with a strong face and great power in management." It was said that he wished to be the pastor of both churches, with a colleague in the new house. The people did not agree to this, and it would have been an unwise arrangement.

The relation between the North Church and the Trinitarian was not altogether genial in those early days. I grew up in the belief that the Trinitarian had the best people and the best minister. There was a sort of undefined rivalry. I had a loose connection with the North Church through my grandmother who adhered to it. Now and then I was allowed to go there. I remember being taken one evening when a missionary was to exhibit a "flat-headed Indian." I sat through the service, and when it ended, inquired where the Indian was, only to learn that he was exhibited at a time when I was asleep. It seems to me now that my guardians might have aroused me at that point. I suppose the Indian absorbed all their thoughts. [The recollections continue.] The first minister I knew was Mr. Roberts.⁹ I can see him clearly at this moment. He had a rotund voice and a rich roll of his sentences, which was impressive. I think he may have been near-sighted, for one Sunday morning I was standing by the stove in the church, which was part of a boy's duty, and he came in. He said, "Alex, where's your cap?" And the cap was on my head all the time, right before him. . . . [He was] an Englishman [Dr. McKenzie later wrote of him], as his presence, voice and manner made evident. I remember him in the pulpit, and he was often at my father's house. He left the church, very much to the regret of the people. One Sunday I was having a pleasant talk with a boy in the side gallery, and Mr. Roberts stopped in his sermon and looked at us. I believe he said something, and I know he interrupted our conversation. I fear that it was never resumed.

9. James Austin Roberts was born in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, and preached in England and Ireland until 1832, when he came to America. He had been in this country but a few months when he came to the Trinitarian Church, supplying the pulpit for six months before being installed, November 30, 1832. He was dismissed July 31, 1844, and died November 23, 1872.

No one sat in the galleries and it was a pity not to have them used. The boys were not encouraged to occupy them. But I think the good man approved of me in a general way. When he lived in Middleboro, he invited me to spend a week at his house. To make the outing cheerful he set me to learning the Latin grammar — *penna*, *pennae*, etc. That was his idea of fun. I was instructed at home to find the text when he announced it. I could follow him as long as the text lasted, but when he struck out for himself, I was soon left behind. My mother gave me a silver pencil as an advance reward for taking down the heads of his sermon. It was hard work. I recall the thrill of delight I had when he said, "in conclusion"; land was in sight.

The two ministers who followed, George Lewis Prentiss and Wheelock Craig, were men who deeply influenced the life of Alexander McKenzie the boy and the young man. Dr. Prentiss was a well-educated and much traveled man, whose family came from Gorham, Maine; a record of his life and work has been preserved in an engaging publication entitled *The Bright Side of Life, Glimpses of it through Four-score Years*. He had been educated at Bowdoin College, studied later at Halle and Berlin, spent a winter at Rome and a summer in London before coming home in 1845. He had been licensed to preach at Portland and later accepted a call to New Bedford, where he spent the next five and a half years. He married at that time Elizabeth Payson, a daughter of Rev. Edward Payson of Portland, and the author of "More Love to Thee, O Christ" and other well-known hymns. In 1869 she published *Stepping Heavenward*, a devotional book which enjoyed a large circulation in English and other languages. Mr. Prentiss was installed as pastor of the Trinitarian Church, New Bedford, on April 9, 1845, and was dismissed September 30, 1850. He was pastor of churches in New York City, and a professor in Union Theological Seminary from 1871 to 1897, emeritus till his death in 1893. At the seventy-fifth anniversary observance of the New Bedford church, November 14, 1906, Dr. McKenzie described Dr. Prentiss as "the man who has never been excelled in devotion to the church and meeting its work in a remarkable way

— George L. Prentiss, a man of fine culture, beautiful mind, and a marvelous gift for friendship.” Dr. McKenzie praised him for his personal influence on members of the congregation, and told of how he himself was made a Christian through Mr. Prentiss’ influence. “Everything I have been able to do I owe to Mr. Prentiss’ instruction, and one of the blessed parts of my ministry was the close fellowship I always had with him.”

Wheelock Craig, who followed Dr. Prentiss, came from Newcastle, Maine. He was installed December 4, 1850. Dr. Prentiss describes him thus:

Mr. Craig and I had met long before he came to New Bedford. I knew him well and loved him well. I considered him one of the most accomplished men and one of the best preachers of his day. He was a scholar in the noblest sense; thoughtful, studious, enthusiastic. To a fine imagination and a highly cultivated intellect there was joined in him a spiritual sensibility of the rarest quality. His love and devotion to his adorable Master were most beautiful.

When Mr. Craig became minister of the church, young McKenzie had removed to Boston. But the two maintained a close relation, renewed during the frequent visits made to New Bedford. Dr. McKenzie always spoke of him with deepest affection:

. . . a man of character, scholarly, spiritual, independent; a devout student of the Bible and a faithful preacher of the truth, devoted and generous. I came to know him well and to love him truly. He was my mother’s pastor and I know how highly she regarded him. We had long walks and many talks. These were of large profit to me. Mr. Craig did much for his young friend, counseled and helped him in his decision to enter the ministry. [The friendship deepened in the later years. He wrote:] I often went back to the old home and had delightful intercourse with Wheelock Craig, a noble, large-hearted, pure-minded, patriotic, devoted man and minister. . . . In the course of time I was ordained at Augusta, Maine, and became the pastor of the church of Mr. Craig’s youth, in which his honored father was still a member. Mr. Craig gave me the right hand of fellowship, and it was very sincere. These were years of the most happy friendship. When he entered upon his rest, I was

permitted to have my part in the service in the old church when the last offices of our holy religion were performed for him. When his only child was married, it was my privilege to take her father's place, and, blessing her, to say the word which joined her life to another.

Dr. Prentiss, speaking at the semicentennial of the church, November 15, 1881, gave something of the atmosphere of New Bedford at the time when Alexander McKenzie was a high school boy there:

When I came to New Bedford in 1845, the place was known far and wide for its extraordinary business energy, its immense whaling interests, its wealth, its philanthropy, its eminent professional men, and its fine social qualities. The Quaker element, which so largely prevailed, imparted a charming simplicity to the daily intercourse of life. The anti-slavery interest was very strong, and there was a good deal of intellectual activity. Here I first heard some of the famous lecturers of that day, — such men as Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, President Hopkins, Professor Agassiz, and Horace Mann. The various religious denominations were well represented, and of the ministers one was among the most gifted men of his day; one is not often privileged to meet so admirable a specimen of Christian manhood as Ephraim Peabody [Unitarian Church].

This Trinitarian congregation, though not large in numbers, was rich in individual character. What large-hearted, splendid men, for example, were found among the old whaling captains of New Bedford. I had several of them in my flock, and among my most cherished friends. They were men *sui generis*; I never met their like elsewhere. Passing most of their days out on the great wide sea, they seemed to forget the little narrow views and local prejudices that are so apt to cling to us landmen. They were frank, open-handed, whole-souled, full of Yankee push and pluck. What long and delightful yarns some of them used to spin out of their strange experiences far off in the Pacific Ocean and among the tumbling icebergs of the North! What wonderful descriptions they would give of the chase and capture and convulsive dying struggles of one of those poor whales they went round the world after! One of them in particular, a most genial man, to whom I was warmly attached — the father of my dear friend, Dr. McKenzie — was a master in this sort of narrative, as all who ever heard him talk or lecture on the subject will remember.

In after years Dr. McKenzie's thoughts turned to the ministry of Dr. Prentiss and its influence upon his life. Though looking from his maturity back into his boyhood and seeing where the guidance might have been stronger, he yet acknowl-

edged a thrill of thankfulness and emotion at the early connection with the church in New Bedford and its vital influence upon him. In the first of a series of recollections, he says: "I wish I could tell all who live in the old church how constant and tender are my thoughts of the household of the faith into which I was born and baptized." Sitting "under the shadow of his cathedral" in Cambridge, with nearly half a century of busy life intervening since the day he left New Bedford, he pays this further tribute to his early church: "The meeting-house seemed very stately. Was there anything finer than the portico with the imposing row of white columns? The pews were high and had high doors." The whole interior with the double row of three Corinthian columns in the center of the church in Cambridge, built under his guidance twenty years after he left the old Trinitarian Church in New Bedford, carries the suggestion that it may have had its inspiration there. The old church no longer stands. Fire damaged it in 1890, and a granite structure has taken the place of the white wooden building.

"My recollections cover a large part of its history," Dr. McKenzie writes. Though the old meeting-house disappeared and the new one took its place, he was not called upon to realize further change in the church itself, for five years after he came to the Cambridge church, Rev. Matthew C. Julien came to the Trinitarian in New Bedford, and continued as pastor there for forty-two years. Dr. McKenzie established a warm friendship with him, and took part in many of the special observances of this, his boyhood church; he passed away a few months before the death of Mr. Julien.

Concerning his early religious thought and feeling Dr. McKenzie writes:

I accepted in a boy's way all that was offered. I heard the usual phrases — but I had little idea what I was to do. I doubt if phrases are of much service when they are commonplace. — Then Mr. Prentiss came. He was

young, and his piety was his life, — natural, simple, constant. He asked me to come and talk with him, and I went. Years afterwards, in his house in New York, he told me this: "New Bedford was a hard place for religious work. I had been there three or four years, and the apparent result was small. One day Mrs. Payson [his wife's mother] said: 'Elizabeth, why does George preach to all the people, — why does he not take some one? Now, there's that young McKenzie; why doesn't he see if he cannot bring him into the Christian life?' " Well, he took her counsel, and I went to his house. I told him I had gone so far I did not know how to go any farther. I do not remember all he told me. But what he said, I did. I had learned, — at length someone had told me, — what to do. I went home and went to my room. It was a boy's room. A yellow wooden chair stood by the window. There I knelt and opened a boy's heart in a boy's words, and the Lord came in. I found at last that it was for Him to do, and for me to consent. Not for an hour since that night have I lost the knowledge and the faith which He brought to me. I have bowed at many an altar since, in many lands; but no shrine on earth will ever be to me so holy as that yellow chair. On the Fourth of July, 1847, which came on Sunday, I was received into the church. Thus the faith of the closet became the confession of the sanctuary. I shall not be blamed if I cherish for the old white meeting-house and its white pulpit an affection which is not readily transferred.¹⁰

It was thus that Alexander McKenzie found his way into the knowledge of his Master and into the devotion of his life to his service, which became the overmastering passion of his life. Fifty years later, Dr. Prentiss wrote his impressions of Alexander McKenzie, the boy, in an article in the *Trinitarian Church Messenger*:

My knowledge of him at that time was very limited, as I saw him only in church and Sabbath School. My impression of him at that time was that he wore a very serious countenance, which amounted almost to sadness. But there must have been a sunny spot in his nature, if I did not discover it in the church life of his boyhood. . . . I came to New Bedford from my home in the country in 1844, and on the following Sunday after arriving here I was taken to the Trinitarian Church by an elder brother

10. The story of Alexander McKenzie's conversion is told in substantially this fashion in Dr. Prentiss' *The Bright Side of Life*, 1901, pp. 368-371. A full description of the young man's interviews with Dr. Prentiss is given in his own diary, the entry being of January 11, 1847.

who then resided here. It was here I first saw young McKenzie. I remember him very well as he accompanied his father and mother to church, and as he was in the Sabbath School. His tread was measured and he carried his arms down in front with his hands crossed holding his cap. He was very modest in his appearance, with his eyes elevated and turned a little to one side. There was an impression of seriousness on his countenance, as if he were standing on holy ground, showing the reverence he had for the sanctuary.

When Alexander was sixteen years of age, in 1846, he began keeping a diary. The early records are meager in their reference to home and family life and give few details concerning his friends or occupations. They are filled with accounts of innumerable sermons which he heard, often three of a Sunday. These entries reveal an introspective mind, sensitive and somewhat given to depression. His health was not robust, and he was uncertain of his future.

The routine of his life was broken up by occasional visits. In 1846, he visited his sister Nancy in Cambridge and remained five weeks. "Attended Mr. Albro's and Mr. Stearns' church." He went now and then to Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. "The custom of a general migration in the summer had not been established. But we had a three weeks' vacation, and Edgartown was the place to spend it. There were uncles and aunts and hosts of cousins. Happy weeks, sailing and fishing and other suitable diversions." He prepared debates for the Adelphi Union, and became an adept at "speaking pieces." He attended lectures and read books loaned him by Mr. Prentiss. One more impression of these New Bedford days must be recorded. It was not an uncommon sight in those days to see drunken men lying in the gutter. This was one of his earliest and most vivid memories. He tells of the deep impression made on him once by the sight of a hopelessly drunken woman. From these days may be traced his ardent interest in "temperance reform." He joined and became president of a temperance society. "The grandest exhibition of my youth was 'The Re-

formed Drunkard,' a moral drama rendered by a traveling company. It ought to have made New Bedford a No-License town forever."

If, now, we try to sum up the influences which in these early years went to the making of the man, we find there the source and origin of every one of his traits of character, and of the permanent interests of his life. From his father came intellectual strength of mind, literary interests, and ability to think and speak. From his mother came the deep religious bent of mind and heart, a devotion to Christ and the Church which grew steadily with the years. From his home came habits of obedience and self-discipline, based upon affection for his parents and their unselfish love and care. An incident in his boyhood illustrates this:

My mother did not like to have me get into a boat alone. One day I did. George Kendrick . . . was jealous of my advantage and took the only way in which he could defeat my design. Standing on the wharf he simply asked, "Would your mother like it?" I left the boat. I am glad that I did. I do not think that I was afraid of anything, but I knew that I ought not to do the forbidden thing. . . . I knew how hard she tried to have me always do right and to live a manly, self-respecting life, in honor and truth. The counsel comes to me as I write, sacred through years of remembrance.

That counsel guided him through all his life. A companion of his who knew him in Boston said: "Alexander is a living example of what a man gets by behaving himself." It was while he was under home influences that he learned the fundamental lesson of moral behavior.

From his church and from his pastors there came that spiritual help and guidance which led to the definite commitment of his life to God, and the habits of religious and church interest which shaped his whole career. The social conditions of his home town determined his interest in civic affairs, and "the

sea and all that therein is" were part of the very fabric of his mind and thought. It has been said of him that he could never preach a sermon that did not have a ship or a sailor in it. If that is not quite true, it comes very close to the truth. And his comment on the verse "And there shall be no more sea" was, "Where then shall the children be who play upon the shore?"

CHAPTER II

BUSINESS YEARS

1847-1853

WHEN Alexander McKenzie graduated in his seventeenth year from high school, the question of his future stared him in the face. His father had just returned from his last voyage. The boy's future was discussed. He was fond of books and would have liked a position in a bookstore. Something was said of college. His sister Nancy lived in Cambridge, and he could live with her; but her sudden death broke off these incipient plans. What then?

He finally entered the employ of Tobey and Macomber, ship stores merchants.

They had two stores, and I was in the lower one, far down Union Street. I was with Franklin Tobey, one of the kindest men in town, and always very good to me. My duties were various. They began and ended the day, and pervaded the intermediate hours. We dealt in ship stores, and I was fairly expert in shoveling sugar and drawing molasses. The old captains were in the habit of loafing in the store, and spinning their yarns, which I enjoyed. One or two chairs, a few barrels and sacks of coffee, and a long counter, gave them seats. They were rather in the way, and Mr. Tobey persuaded them to hire a room overhead, where they had the papers, and chairs, and an ample chance to smoke and talk. I had a sort of general superintendence of this establishment. My pay was, I think, fifty dollars a year, and there were trifling perquisites. So I began my life beyond the school. I had no experience, but I could write and figure. . . . I often wished Mr. Tobey would let me keep the books. But this he did himself, and I had not very much work, except when we were making up the stores for a ship. . . . The boys used to drop in and keep me company. But it was a poor life for a boy, and I knew it.

There were a few outside interests. Some of the young men formed a club for the pursuit of declamation called the Adelphi

Union, and they gave "exhibitions" at such places as South Dartmouth and Mattapoisett.

In those days we took an active interest in politics. All the time we could spare from school on election days we hung around the town hall. At night there was a ratification meeting at Mechanics Hall. All the local orators were on hand. . . . My father was rather a favorite speaker. We were Whigs and shouted for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." I remember my father had me read Harrison's inaugural to him one night. It wasn't half so much fun as cheering the log cabins which were the symbol of the president's greatness. We used to enjoy the military parades. I suppose the majesty of the New Bedford Guards has never been surpassed. I have seen royal soldiers in England and France and Germany and Italy and Spain and Turkey and Egypt. But for solid, military splendor, give me "The Guards" — and a boy's eyes to see them with!

I ought not to omit the Lyceum. For that was a day of serious lectures. The old Liberty Hall was full of learning when men, only men, came down to instruct us. Edwin P. Whipple came every year, and amazed the audience by throwing on the desk a small piece of paper which was supposed to contain his lecture in some concise form. It seemed to me wonderful then. It does not now. There were men of note among the speakers, — reformers, lawyers, ministers.

But the boy was restless and unhappy. He did not enjoy his work. His life did not seem to hold much promise for the future. He wanted to get away. Of his own motion he wrote a letter to Mr. William Peakes, who had been a partner of Allan M. Kendrick, his sister Nancy's husband. The entry in the diary is as follows: "Thursday, September 2d, [1847]. This day I wrote to William Peakes, Esq., of Boston, to see if he could assist me in obtaining a good situation in that city. Mr. Tobey does not seem inclined to give me the salary I wish, and I must therefore leave. May I obtain a better situation!" There is no further reference to the matter in the diary until we come to March 18, 1848. "This day I received a letter from William Peakes, Esq., informing me of a vacancy in the lumber establishment of Messrs. Fogg and Hersey, Cambridgeport, and that it is a good situation." On March 22, young McKenzie writes and gives his "lowest terms." "March 27.

Wrote to Fogg and Hersey informing them that I should endeavor to be with them by the 12th of April. Mr. Tobey advises me to go — thinks it will be better for me. Time will tell." Then the entries are as follows: "April 10, 1848. This evening I called on Mr. Prentiss: he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Stearns of Cambridgeport and also some good advice." "Wednesday, April 12. This morning I left home for Cambridge. Mr. Peakes came out to Cambridge with me and introduced me to Mr. Fogg."

Thus opened a period of five years of business life in Cambridge and Boston. In writing of this in his later years, Dr. McKenzie has said: "My father and mother let me go. I did not know then how hard it must have been for my mother to have me start out into the world at that age. It must have been a hard time for her, but her grief was silent, as her grief was wont to be. Full of hope, I went out to seek my fortune. My salary was to be \$300.00 [a year], which was a large sum."

At first McKenzie stayed at the Fogg's. "Mrs. Fogg was an excellent woman and gave me a friendly reception and home for a few days." Before long a permanent boarding-house was found for the young man at Daniel Leland's, "a little off Main Street and near the end of the street. Mr. Leland was a manufacturer of vinegar. He was a good-natured man, but not a man of much judgment or enterprise. . . . Mrs. Leland was an admirable woman and very good to me. There were three young children. It was an interesting family and I had a good home with them."

Fogg and Hersey did a prosperous business, and had a branch in Bangor.

The lumber came in vessels to our wharf. My work was to keep the books, to do most of the billing, and to assist in loading the trains. At a certain point I climbed upon the load and carried the upper end of the board, and I kept on a piece of wood the tally. This needed quick reckoning. The boards were marked by numbers cut in by the surveyor and I had to read them, carry them in my head till a hundred was reached,

then put down the hundred and carry forward the balance. I could do this, for I was always quick at figures and I worked with kind, good-natured men.

McKenzie lost no time in forming his church connections. He presented without delay to Mr. Stearns the letter of introduction which his pastor Mr. Prentiss had given him. The First Evangelical Church in Cambridgeport had been organized in 1827. There was already a Congregational church (the Second Church), on Harvard Street near Columbia Street. Some of its parishioners found the preaching rather lukewarm, and under the leadership of Dr. James P. Chaplin frequently attended the services held in the Hanover Street Church in Boston, whose pastor was the Rev. Lyman Beecher. In the autumn of 1826 Dr. Beecher was invited to come to Cambridge and preach; and as a result of his influence a church was organized in 1827 bearing the name "The First Evangelical Congregational Church in Cambridgeport." A house of worship was erected on Norfolk Street near the corner of Austin Street. To this infant church Rev. William A. Stearns was called in 1831 to be pastor. Many of his friends tried to dissuade him from accepting the call, but the young man felt moved to carry on the work begun by Lyman Beecher, and he came to the church as soon as his student days in Andover Theological Seminary were ended. He remained for twenty-three years, leaving in December, 1854, to become president of Amherst College. In that office he died, after serving the college for twenty-two years. He left behind him a group of descendants widely known for their ability and character, and filling places of honor at the present day. A grandson, Alfred E. Stearns, served as principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, for thirty years.

During the twenty-three years of his Cambridge pastorate, Dr. Stearns saw the struggling church grow from a small beginning (forty-six members) to a size and strength which made

necessary the enlargement of the first meeting-house on two occasions, in 1837 and 1840, until finally in 1852 the present building on Prospect Street was erected. Out of the church grew in later years Pilgrim Church and Hope Church.

It was under such influence that young McKenzie came when he left home for the first time. Indeed, throughout the formative years of his life he was guided by the friendship of noble men, who had much to do in shaping his character and his career. A man, it is said, is known by the company he keeps. During his young manhood away from home we find McKenzie always in the best company. He put himself in the way of those fine friendships which steadied him and enriched his life. It was not long after he had united with Trinitarian Church that he left New Bedford. But what came to him then, he took with him. He never faltered in his steady loyalty to the church from that day onward. In it he received his instruction and his training during all the intervening years which led up to his entering upon the Christian ministry. It is impossible to read his constant references to the church, to the sermons which he heard, to the active part which he took in church life and work, without seeing in this steadfast loyalty to the Christian life during his early manhood the clue to all his later history.

Mr. Leland had a class of young men in the Sunday school, and young McKenzie became a member of it. "We formed a literary society which had a few meetings and expired." Among its members he mentions H. N. and B. R. Tilton and L. B. Grover, who remained his friends for many years. "Thus was my life away from home begun. It was a fine good beginning. Mr. Fogg let me sit in his pew at church and I was often at his house. On the whole, I was rather well off."

The entries in the diaries for this period are often so lengthy that one wonders how the young man found time for so much writing. There is an outline given of the Sunday sermons, with many references to his other interests. He records trips to Bos-

ton, Framingham, and New Bedford. Every Sunday evening and night he spent at the Foggs'. He speaks of a few friends, a few pleasures. His good common-school education prospered him in business. He goes to the Boston Theatre for the first time on October 13, 1848; he joins the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and hears many famous lecturers, including Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, and Starr King, and Shakespeare readings by Francis Kemble; he goes to concerts by the Boston Philharmonic Association and to plays at the Boston Museum. It is not all work for the young man.

There are descriptions of outings on the Fourth of July and other holidays with some of his New Bedford acquaintances now working, like himself, in or near Boston. Not so much was made of Christmas as is made to-day. He returns home always for Thanksgiving, but never at Christmas. Thus the entry for December 25, 1848, reads: "Glorious old Christmas, we hail thy glad return. I spent the greater part of the day at the countingroom. In the afternoon I went into the city to obtain my Christmas present — obtained a copy of Cowper's Poetical works — wrote on the first blank leaf as follows, viz.: Miss Sophronia Leland with the respects of A. McKenzie." (Miss Leland later married Mr. Phipps of Framingham.)

Throughout the entries there runs a vein of deep seriousness. There are long meditations of an introspective nature. He writes an essay on "Selfishness"; a sermon from the text "Thy God reigneth" (Isa. lii. 7). There are frequent reflections on the brevity of time, his own spiritual condition, and his concern for the spiritual welfare of his friends. We have, in a word, the picture of a young man industrious at his business, constantly cultivating his mind by reading and the hearing of lectures, taking wholesome recreation and enjoying human companionship, and increasingly devoted to the Church and to his varied religious interests.

He was not, however, satisfied with his position in life, and began to look around for something better. Mr. Fogg, while personally kind to him, was not an ideal employer. He was suspicious of his assistants. He treated them as men who would defraud him if they could.

I do not think that he doubted my honesty, but now and then he would take a piece of money from the drawer, and when I had made up my accounts he would ask me how I came out. I had merely to say "the account is twenty-five cents short" and he would restore the coin. If I had said the account was right, I should have been caught and his care would have been rewarded. . . . Still, I think he was an honest man, in a general way kind and disposed to do his duty in the world. He was then considered very well-to-do. The time came when his widow, whose children had been of no comfort, applied to me for a loan of money. But that was long after this.

McKenzie had doubtless written to his father that he was not wholly satisfied with his business position, for Captain McKenzie wrote to two friends, Mr. Benjamin S. Rotch and Mr. Forbes, in his son's behalf. He received from Mr. Rotch the following reply:

Boston, Feb'y. 8, 1849.

Dear Sir:

I received this morning by express a set of Lieut. Maury's Wind and Current Charts, which you were so kind as to send me, and which are very acceptable to me. I am much indebted to you for this attention, for I have been wishing these charts for some time for the purpose of investigating a subject of interest to me.

I have had the pleasure of seeing your son, Alexander, and will do my best to aid him in obtaining such a situation as will be agreeable and beneficial to him. After some conversation with us, he went to see Mr. Hooper, with whom I had spoken respecting him, and then to see Mr. Forbes.

He said he would come in and see me again in about a week. In the meantime I will make enquiry for some good place for him. I should not have the least hesitation in recommending him, for his appearance and conversation are such as to give one confidence in his integrity and intelligence. I have no doubt he will succeed, and be a source of comfort

and happiness to you. Anything I can do for him shall be done most cheerfully.

Wishing you and your family health and happiness, I remain, dear Sir,

Truly yours,
B. S. Rotch

Mr. Rotch, a member of the firm of Almy, Patterson and Company, was a New Bedford man and was known to Mr. Francis L. Macomber, also a New Bedford man, then a salesman for Lawrence, Stone and Company. From him he learned that a boy was wanted by that firm. "Mr. Rotch sent for me, and I called on him and was sent by him to Mr. Stone. Mr. Stone was a prominent member of Dr. Kirk's church. Mr. Rotch advised me to tell him that I was a church member, and I did. Mr. Stone received me very kindly, asked me some questions, let me write a note of hand to show them what I could do, and gave me the appointment." McKenzie therefore resigned his position in Cambridgeport. (Mr. Fogg "confessed that he knew I did not like the work; yet I believe he had not complained of any neglect.") The entries in the diary are as follows:

February 26, 1849. Mr. Rotch thinks there is some prospect of my obtaining a position with Messrs. Lawrence, Stone and Co., which he describes as a very desirable place. March 1. Offered position by Mr. Lawrence. Salary \$350. March 2. Closed up at Cantabrigia and went home. Cambridge will, I trust, be ever dear to me as being the first stage on which I performed away from home. And now having made my entree and run through ten long months, I am to make my exit with no prospect of my reappearance. [How little the young man who wrote the words realized that for forty-seven years of his life Cambridge was to be the stage on which he was to perform a rich and illustrious ministry.] March 5. Returned to Boston and began my work with Lawrence, Stone and Co. Mr. Holden was the cashier, and I was the bookkeeper.

Lawrence, Stone and Company were leading wool merchants in Boston. The firm was composed of Samuel Lawrence, William W. Stone, Jarvis Slade, and Henry T. Jenkins. When a

New York house was opened, Messrs. Stone and Jenkins went there. Mr. Lawrence gave most of his time to the work at the mills and to the buying of wool. Mr. Slade carried on the business in Milk Street. The firm sold the goods of the Middlesex Company in Lowell and of the Bay State Mills in Lawrence. As Mr. Lawrence was the treasurer of both corporations, they virtually made and sold the goods. Their sales mounted to as high as \$3,000,000 a year at that time. Samuel Lawrence was the uncle of Amos A. Lawrence, father of Bishop William Lawrence.

He was the youngest of five sons of Samuel Lawrence of Groton, Massachusetts, soldier in the Revolution and farmer. The sons were Amos, Abbott, William, Luther, and Samuel. The last, coming into business already made by his brothers, never had their experience or wisdom. In the panic of 1857, the firm failed badly, and Samuel Lawrence, after some years of struggle, retired and died in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His was a most attractive personality, and men who were financially ruined in the failure continued their loyalty and friendship.¹

At Lawrence and Stone's, McKenzie began at the bottom of the ladder.

I entered goods, made out bills, filed letters, had some minor work on books. After a time the man next above me, Nathan P. Lawson, left, and I took his work, which was on the books and next to that of the cashier and head bookkeeper, Mr. Thomas F. Holden. . . . He was an excellent man to work under and was very kind to me. At times I worked with him, and I became very expert at figures. It was a part of my duty to compute the interest on notes, and I could keep two boys busy verifying my work as I went on. [Once, during an illness of Mr. Holden, McKenzie received word that he was to write up his books.] I did this to his satisfaction. When I gave up my place there was no part of the writing (book-keeping) which I had not done. I was proud of this, and had some right to be.

McKenzie's associates were all fine men: Mr. Holden, Mr. Lamson, F. L. Macomber, head salesman, a New Bedford boy, and the brother of the man by whom McKenzie was first em-

1. From a letter from Bishop Lawrence to the author.

ployed. "Several boys came after I did: Henry S. Shaw, Thomas Mimms, Lincoln, and Bowman. . . . This was the staff of the establishment and I doubt if I could have been placed in a pleasanter situation. Everybody was good-natured and friendly. The business was large and high-toned."

His connection with Lawrence, Stone and Company did far more for the young man, however, than to give him good business experience. It gave him also the friendship of a noble man who was in a special sense responsible for his later career. Dr. McKenzie tells the story as follows:

Mr. Lawrence was suffering from a serious accident when I entered his countingroom, and it was some time before he appeared at the office. Indeed, for all the time that I was there, his chief work was at the mills in Lowell and Lawrence. I had been with the firm two years or more when Mr. Lawrence came to my desk and laid down a long lead pencil with a slip of paper wound around it. I unrolled this and read, "Will you dine with us on Christmas Day at 2 o'clock?" It was a tremendous surprise. . . . Was the head of the firm, and a Lawrence, to invite me and only me to his house? I never knew why he took notice of the young man who was working for him. But this was the beginning of a friendship which was almost paternal on his part. Of course I accepted the invitation, though with many fears. He lived at 11 Beacon Street. There I met Mrs. Lawrence, who became one of my best and dearest friends, one of the finest and most attractive and kindest women whom I have ever known. There were seven children. . . . It was a fine household. It was a great privilege to me to be with them. I am still at a loss to know why I was thus received. It was Mr. Lawrence's great heart which chose me. He knew that I was a stranger and he took me into his home. [The occasion is thus described in his journal.] It was my pleasure and privilege to "dine" with my respected employer Mr. Samuel Lawrence. It has given me pleasure to anticipate this event in the assurance my invitation has given me that my endeavor faithfully to serve and grow in favor with those with whom I am connected in business has not been in vain. I found Mrs. Lawrence a very pattern of a lady, and still more of a wife and mother, and in her company and that of a worthy host with the happy children that cluster around them, with a few other guests, it could not be otherwise than that I should spend the hours with them pleasantly and, I may with truth add, profitably.

This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, and it was a household where I became really a member. I came to know [Mr. Lawrence's]

brothers, Hon. Abbott Lawrence and Mr. Amos Lawrence. I recall the day when Mr. Abbott Lawrence came into the countingroom. Boylike, I must have stared at him, for I had seen few men so distinguished. Mr. Samuel Lawrence saw my wonder and called me up and presented me to his brother, who greeted me kindly. I do not think I ever met Mr. Abbott Lawrence afterwards. But Mr. Amos Lawrence occasionally happened in at the countingroom. He was venerable and feeble and always on some charitable errand. He had a word for all whom he met, and few men were more deserving of the esteem in which we all held him. I have his biography which was presented to me by Mr. Samuel Lawrence.

In Boston, the young man did not fall into such easy and comfortable quarters as in Cambridgeport. Indeed, he kept moving about looking for a suitable home. At first, he lived at a house on the corner of Bedford and Lincoln Streets, but soon moved to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's in Head Place, off Boylston Street. Before long he moved again. The reason is tersely stated in an entry in his diary: "May 27. I do not believe in being starved on \$3.00 a week. Look out for a storm. Wind southerly." After a short residence at the Havens' in Kneeland Street with two or three other New Bedford boys, he moved once more to the foot of Summer Street, where the widow of Rev. William B. Tappan² kept a boarding-house. "Mrs. Tappan was a good woman, but utterly unfitted to keep a boarding-house for young men. She had a lovely daughter Lelia who used to be allowed to sing to us if we would promise to go to bed afterwards. The same result was obtained by limiting the quantity of oil in the parlor lamp." A New Bedford friend by the name of Seabury was also at Mrs. Tappan's and some other young men boarders, among them Robinson Bodfish, "who used violent language when he found no meat on the chicken bone dealt out to him." There was also a cousin of the landlady, "Miss Martha Tappan, with whom I had many a pleasant hour, though she was older than I was." Miss Tap-

2. Author of "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow" and other hymns.

pan's name appears frequently in the diary. She later married and lived in West Newton. When she was widowed, Dr. McKenzie was able to help her.

After a while the household broke up, and three of the young men, Davenport, Bliss,³ and McKenzie, went over to the Shimmin house on Bowdoin Square, kept by Rev. Stephen Lovell, "a semi-retired minister; or more strictly by his wife who was a smart and kind woman. They kept a very good house. There were two daughters, Lizzie and Lucy, and a son of Mrs. Lovell. We three fellows had one large room at the top of the building. . . . Two Englishmen, Taylor and Whitehead, came to the house, and we had a very genial and jolly young set, and kept together for two years." Davenport and Bliss later became active church workers, Bliss in the Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, and in the Tabernacle Church, New York; and Davenport in the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. When, after two years, the Lovells gave up their house the household separated, and McKenzie went to a Mrs. Langdon's on Franklin Street. This proved to be a good home for the young man during the rest of his Boston experience. "Mrs. Langdon was a noble woman, and with her sister Miss Cutter I formed an acquaintance which has been interrupted but continues to this day (1900)."

McKenzie continued in Boston the active religious and church interest which he had shown in Cambridge.

When I was thrown into city life and was free to go my own way, I was kept loyal to my mother's teaching and to my religious vows. It is true that my associates were good men and the nearest influences were right, but I might have given up my interest in the church. . . . I did not. I had perhaps a natural constancy and I was trained from a child in the way of virtue and religion. It has always seemed to me that my mother's

3. Cornelius N. Bliss, who afterwards became a great wool merchant in New York and served as Secretary of the Interior under President McKinley.

prayers surrounded me and guarded me. . . . I was greatly interested in the church and found in my place and work there the pleasure which I might have found in other occupation. I feel that the church and its services and appointments were a safeguard and that they had a great influence in the affairs which were to enter so largely into my whole life. . . . I see God's hand all the way.

He connected himself with the Winter Street Church, later Central Church.

I had a boy's notion that as Mr. Stone was an earnest man in his church and knew that I was a member of the church, he might invite me to come with him. That was not usual, as I soon learned. Had he invited me, it is more than likely that the Mt. Vernon Church would have been my home and Dr. Kirk my pastor. But I was left to myself. One man whom I knew suggested that I should come with him to the Park Street Church.

But Mr. Prentiss had recommended the Winter Street Church, and as the Freemans, with whom he first boarded, were attending there, it was natural to choose that church. He sat for a time in the Freemans' pew in the gallery and later in the pew of Mr. Walter Baker, and became deeply and actively interested in the work of the church. In October, 1849, he transferred his membership to it from the Trinitarian Church in New Bedford. The letter of dismission was dated October 10, 1849, but some months appear to have passed before he became an active member of the Boston church. That membership was retained until 1900, when he transferred his membership to the Cambridge church.

The first gathering of what was afterwards known as Central Church was in the old Odean Theatre on Federal Street. For six years the church was known as the Franklin Street Church, probably because temporarily located on Franklin Street, but of that I am not certain. The church was organized in 1835, and Rev. William M. Rogers of Townsend, Massachusetts, was called and settled. In 1841 a society was organized to co-operate with the church; a lot of land was bought on Winter Street for a new church building; and the name Central Church was adopted. A building was erected — where Conrad's store now is — and some of the outer walls still stand. If one will go into Hamilton Place, one will see on the extreme right, almost the entire northern wall of the church, in yellow

brick, with the large curve in the wall for the chancel or pulpit. If one goes inside the store entrance on Winter Street, one will see the other side of the same curved wall and some remnants of the old galleries. Another floor has been inserted near the level of the galleries.⁴

In 1845 Rev. George Richards, a tutor in Yale College, was called to be associate pastor with Mr. Rogers. In later years, Dr. McKenzie wrote of the pastors of Central Church: "Mr. Rogers was a popular preacher. I do not think that he was eminent as a scholar, but he was greatly liked as a man, and the church was full every Sunday morning. Mr. Richards preached in the afternoon. He was more scholarly, but his sermons were very simple. He was overshadowed by Mr. Rogers and seemed to restrain himself. At any rate, he rarely did his best." There was a large chorus choir; Lowell Mason himself was choir-master, and William Mason played the organ. "The whole service and its appointments were beyond anything I had known, and I looked forward to Sunday with great anticipation. I joined Dr. Farnsworth's Bible Class. I think Albert Little was the Superintendent, though at first it may have been Alpheus Hardy." From 1842 to 1848 Charles Theodore Russell, who later became Dr. McKenzie's influential friend and helper in the Cambridge church, was treasurer of Central Church. He was succeeded by his brother Thomas H. Russell, who filled the office for some sixty years. Mr. and Mrs. John N. Denison were prominent members of the church, and with them there began a lifelong friendship. Such were some of the outstanding personalities at this period.

"There were several young men with whom I became intimate," continues McKenzie. "We had a young people's association of which I was secretary at one time. . . . We had some religious work beyond the church. There was the old

4. Statement contributed (1932) by Mr. John A. Bennett of Central Church, now the Church of the Covenant.

Colony Chapel where I assisted at one time. Mr. Cash and I had a meeting among the colored people at the West End. . . . There was a young men's prayer meeting in a small room of the Essex Street Church and that I attended." Later on he had a Sunday-school class of boys in whom he took the deepest interest. He mentions attending a meeting to consult with regard to forming a Young Men's Christian Association. In this active connection with the church he found many helpful acquaintances and friendships. "The Sewing Circle flourished. Men came in at supper-time and saw the ladies home. I generally accompanied the Merriams who lived on Temple Street, three girls. Fannie, as Mrs. Burrage, became my parishioner at Cambridge, and I was often at her house. I think it gave her special pleasure to have the people hear her call me 'Alex.' It asserted a prior acquaintance. She was a good woman and it was sad when I said the last prayer at her bedside."

Here, then, was the good church home, where the young man deepened his own religious experience, acquired an ability and liking for Christian service, and formed wholesome friendships. He owed much to this church. When he was in Harvard College he used still to go to the Friday evening meetings. He had a Sunday-school class there, and he was encouraged to take an active part in the way of speaking. It is not too much to say that Central Church became his training-school for the ministry.

That he was highly respected and trusted by the church is evident from an incident which occurred toward the end of his residence in Boston. Mr. Rogers had resigned. He was asked to reconsider his resignation and did so, but died soon after. Mr. Richards was thus left alone, and there was opposition to his remaining. There was a sharp division in feeling and a sad contest. It was decided that Mr. Richards should stay. During the controversy, McKenzie was asked to represent the young men and to give their opinion. He became the warm

friend and supporter of Mr. Richards. "I came to know [him] well and was often at his home while in college. After he left Boston I visited him in Connecticut. He preached my ordination sermon at Augusta. His daughter Josie I met each year at Hampton. His son William has a high position as minister of the Presbyterian Church in Plainfield, N. J." The son later succeeded Dr. Henry Van Dyke as minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York.

He writes thus of other Boston churches and ministers:

Dr. Kirk was then in the fullness of his strength and influence, a man of fine presence, noble voice, and earnest spirit. He came to the city as an evangelist and was persuaded to remain, and the church was organized for him. The Park Street Church was not very strong then. The Old South Church was in the historical house on Washington Street. There Dr. George W. Blagden was the minister. He was a substantial man, dignified, courteous, independent, active in good works. The congregation was not large, but was wealthy and highly respectable. Dr. Nehemiah Adams was at the Union Church on Essex Street: a quiet man, ready to contend for the faith. He left Cambridge for this pastorate. He was not popular in the general sense of the term, but he was known as a fine writer and helpful preacher. He injured his reputation towards the close of his ministry by publishing his views on slavery. The public mind would hear of no virtue in slavery, and he was condemned and became known as "South-Side Adams." Elijah Kellogg, whom schoolboys knew for his famous poem which made a good declamation, was a fine man. He shared the work of Father Taylor who was at the North End in the ministry to sailors.

Such was Congregationalism in Boston when McKenzie was a youth.

During these four years McKenzie retained his membership in the Mercantile Library Association. There was a course of fine lectures every winter, and there were "exercises" where the young man had opportunity of showing his training in declamation. He went occasionally to the theater. There were outings with his friends. "Life was less stirring then than now, but quite as good, I fancy." It was a busy, wholesome, useful life for the young man, and not without its

pleasures in companionship and recreation. He returned to Cambridge some Sunday evenings and enjoyed seeing his friends there. He went home to New Bedford for occasional visits and kept up his boyhood friendships.

It is evident from the journal that much time was devoted by the young man to the cultivation of his mind. He constantly read books loaned to him by his minister, Mr. Lawrence, and other friends; he heard lectures by such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and Horace Mann. It is said that a man's character can be judged by the use which he makes of his leisure time. The journal makes clear that a constant interest was maintained in serious cultural subjects by the young clerk in the countinghouse.

Also he had his pleasures. Under the date of July 4, 1849, there is a long and humorous account of an outing to Gloucester. May 2, 1851, records a sailing trip to Salem in the clipper ship *Witch of the Waves*. "July 18, 1849. This being Commencement at Harvard was accounted a holiday. Visited Lowell and its mills." He spends a Sunday night with his old friends the Foggis, "in peace and happiness."

Then there were pleasant family happenings. He enjoys his visits to New Bedford. He records the successful voyages of his older brother Daniel. "September 16, 1849. Unexpectedly met my brother after a long separation." "February 19, 1851. Daniel arrived from Shanghai in 88 days. The shortest trip on record." He makes a trip to New York to bring his sister Mary back home, and he welcomes his father, who comes up to Boston "to see what is going on."

The journal records interesting and important historical events of the period. Thus:

March 30, 1850. This evening a few moments before eleven, a verdict of guilty of murder was rendered against Professor J. W. Webster for the murder of Dr. George Parkman on the 23d of November last.

Sept. 11, 1851. Jubilee to celebrate the completion of the line between New England and Canada. President Fillmore was there.

Nov. 2, 1852. This day threw my first public vote — and that too, for Gen. Scott, not the man I preferred by any means, but yet a man eminent in his profession and of undoubted talents — but not the man for president, yet nominated while Webster lived. My vote, however, did him neither good nor hurt as Franklin Pierce swept the country.

There are certain entries also which show a peculiar sensitiveness, and a tendency to melancholy and despondency. More than once there are hints of wounds received by what Dr. McKenzie feels to be the inconsiderate treatment or attitude of some of his friends and acquaintances. This sensitiveness never left him. It was as marked at the close of his life as at the beginning. He always felt deeply anything that seemed to him to be in the nature of a slight. He recognized an element of weakness in this, but it was a weakness which he never wholly overcame. In 1907 he went to New Bedford to deliver an anniversary address. A few persons went out while he was speaking, and he stopped his address and expostulated from the platform, urging that if any more were going before the meeting was over they should go at once. He sat down to wait, only to find that there was no general exodus. When it was told him afterwards that the few who left had had to catch the last trolley for Marion, he refused to accept the explanation. They had tired of his address; they had shown their dissatisfaction. He had to take it all to himself.

On November 3, 1849, McKenzie writes in his diary: "I may, I think, consider myself now in as prosperous circumstances as could reasonably be expected. How long I may remain thus settled is a matter of not a little doubt." The "doubt" in this case was not due to the business side of his life. The business was in good condition and he was plainly giving satisfaction to his employers. The doubt lay in the unsettled state of his own mind. It is evident that something within him

would not permit him to settle down contentedly to a business career. He had really been called, set apart, intended for something else; and now that inward calling asserted itself in a fashion that carried conviction with it.

Late in the year 1849, McKenzie noted some trouble with his eyes. In July, 1850, he consulted Dr. Dix, a popular oculist, who performed a simple operation. After a brief vacation McKenzie was back at his desk, his eyesight improved. One does not hear again during his long life of any trouble with his eyes. The slight drooping of one eyelid was the only visible result of the operation. But there were destined to be other results far more important.

His health was not robust, and his doctor advised the country, for more quiet and freedom and fresh air. Consequently, in May, 1852, he removed to Auburndale, where an old friend was boarding. "I met him [Fred Church] on the street one day and told him I thought of boarding in the country. 'Come to Auburndale,' he said, and I did, into the home of Rev. J. E. Woodbridge, an editor of the 'Boston Recorder.' He was a good scholar, Mrs. Woodbridge a very able woman. I had a pleasant home."

In these surroundings the young man found himself very well off. The diary mentions many pleasant social occasions, and acquaintance with some of the young women in Lasell Seminary. The evenings are dotted with calls. He had intended to go into town on Sundays, but instead he spent them at Auburndale, where there was a service in a public hall. "There were brief family prayers daily and Sunday evening. I took my part in all this naturally, and in the neighborhood meeting. I intended when the summer was over to return to Boston."

It fell out differently, and the story can best be told in Dr. McKenzie's own words: "One day Mr. Woodbridge suggested to me that I should study for the ministry. He did not know

how much I longed to do so, though I may have told him something of my dream. I told him that I could not do so; that I was too old and had no money. He told me that I could do it, and that he would help me. . . . He said I could enter Hinsdale Academy and then Williams College. It was a serious matter."

The first result of the proposition of Mr. Woodbridge was to uncover for the young man the real depth of his own desire. The journal contains a full account of his self-examination, which revealed that from the first there had been an inclination to the ministry.

The natural tendency of my mind [he writes] is too decidedly toward the course on which I am now entering to leave any serious impression that I am making a mistake. I remember playing the preacher when I was young, and through my schooldays my tendencies were rather toward books than play. Upon the completion of school I had intended to continue my studies, but I was prevented. I lacked health and money.

Followed his "conversion." He became a Christian disciple. Followed also the death of his sister Nancy, an event which deepened his religious feeling. Then he left home. In Cambridge and Boston he had been thrown with kind Christian friends and helpful church relations. He received the nurture which he needed, and the active part which he took in Christian work developed his liking and capacity for it. He was told by many people that he should have been a minister. These people imagined that he was more educated than he was.

I was a little envious when Charley Tyler went off to Yale. When Houghton bade me good-bye at the Essex Street meeting because he was going away to prepare himself for the ministry, I was still more envious. But I saw no way of gratifying my desire. . . . I knew something of church life. I wanted to preach. I liked to speak and I thought that I could. My small efforts encouraged me. The life of a minister was full of attractiveness. Yet I do believe that I had some sincere desire to be of service to the world and an honest conviction that as a minister I could be more useful than in any other calling.

Thus the matter lay until Mr. Woodbridge began to urge him to study for the ministry. This brought up from the depths all that lay there silent, waiting to be called into life and action.

But he took time in making his decision, and he sought good advice.

I consulted Mr. Richards, who encouraged me to make the beginning at any rate. Dr. Prentiss considered the matter and distinctly favored it. Mr. Craig approved it. . . . My father hesitated. He thought I was doing well and should keep on. The ministry was not as attractive as I thought, and it would be hard to keep the wolf from the door. But he made no strenuous opposition. My mother — well, she was my mother. I think she would have preferred to see me a minister rather than anything else. She said very little. She must have thought and prayed much. . . . I laid the case before Mr. Lawrence, and he objected strenuously. He wanted me to stay with him. I should have Mr. Holden's place. He reasoned with me, and not prevailing, asked me to consult with Mr. William Ropes, a deacon of the church. Mr. Ropes said "We need Christian merchants more than we need Christian ministers." Then Mr. Lawrence said: "We will lay it before Professor Park. You shall state your case, and I will state mine." I consented to this. When I reminded him of his proposal a few days later, he said: "It is of no use. Your mind is made up." Mr. Stone encouraged me, and Mr. Slade seemed to think well of it. Mr. Holden favored it, and he knew that a bookkeeper's life was not very promising. They asked me how much money I needed for my education. I told them; the firm promised to give me the whole of it, and they did.

No one can read the record which finally led the young man to make up his mind to enter the ministry without seeing how blessed he was in his friends; how they gave him the courage, the counsel, the practical guidance which he needed. As he hesitated, firm hands were held out to him. In answer to a long letter of inquiry, Dr. Prentiss wrote:

Taking all the circumstances into account, I advise you to gratify your long-cherished wish and study for the ministry. I think the argument preponderates decidedly in that direction. My only ground of hesitation relates to your health. . . . You may feel no difficulty in relation to this point; if so, your path seems to me plain before you.

Mr. Lawrence now set himself to aid the young man in every possible way. He insisted that Andover was the place to prepare for college, and that Harvard was the college to attend. He told McKenzie that it was a settled thing that he was to go there. At Mr. Lawrence's suggestion also, the young man wrote to Mr. Stone in New York about his plans, and Mr. Stone wrote to Mr. Lawrence: "I have received an interesting letter from McKenzie and think higher of him than before. He has more energy and character than I supposed. There is room enough for him in his new field. I shall invest something in him. I have done so in many similar cases, and I have never regretted it." Probably Mr. Stone believed in after years that he had never made a better investment than this. The following letter from him to his young friend breathes such a noble spirit that it must be given in full:

While I regret to have you leave the countinghouse of my firm, I cannot but rejoice at the Christian spirit which pervades your letter and that you have resolved to devote your life to the service of your Heavenly Master in the ministry. Although you could be very useful in pursuing a mercantile life where Christian influence and effort is much needed, you can undoubtedly be more useful in the ministry provided you are qualified for that high calling. On that point you have taken good advice and I shall confidently expect that you will succeed. I have shown your letter to Messrs. Slade and Jenkins, and we have concluded with Mr. Lawrence's approbation to give you, as a firm, two hundred and fifty dollars a year for three years. This will amount to the sum you require of \$750. I will add that your letter gave Messrs. Slade and Jenkins as much pleasure as it did me, and they at once proposed the offer I make above.

This was in October, 1852. On October 11, there is this brief entry in the diary: "Went to Andover, saw Professor Park and Mr. Taylor and decided to study for the ministry." He had hoped to begin at once, but yielded to the request of his employers to remain with them till the business of the year should be closed. So he decided to remain in Auburndale. Mr. Woodbridge offered to tutor him in Latin, and work was begun with recitations every evening; they talked Latin grammar together

as they walked to and from the station or sat in the train on their way to Boston. His education for the ministry had begun during the last months of his business life.

During the summer of 1852, McKenzie had made a trip "west" as far as Westfield and to Niagara Falls. Of this trip a full account is given in the diary. It came as a welcome respite from the routine of business and the serious reflection on his future plans. Thanksgiving Day he spends in New Bedford. And when he returns to Boston it is to terminate his business career. The weeks pass quickly, and in February, 1853, we come to these entries in the diary.

Feb'y 7. Returned to Boston. In the evening attended a meeting of the Young Men's Association and spoke briefly. Feb'y. 8. At Auburndale. Packing. A very busy day. Feb'y. 9. Left Auburndale and left Boston, too. Very busy all forenoon saying good-bye, etc. Then proceeded to Andover.

His business years were behind him. With clear conviction and deep inward satisfaction, he began to prepare himself for his life work.

Yet he never regretted the seven years which he had spent in the commercial world.

Of one thing I have long been persuaded: that my four years in Boston were worth as much to me in reference to my work as a minister as my four years in college. They gave a practical nerve to my character. I came to know something of the real world. I gained a certain orderliness and method which I have found useful. A minister's life is so varied that no knowledge comes amiss, and I am sure that I have found great benefit in the everyday life of a merchant's clerk and in my fellowship with young men in the boarding house and the church. I have always learned of men . . . even more than from books. Religion came to me on its practical side. What I gained was for use. I believe that I was better off when ordained in 1861 than I should have been if I had had no break in my studies. I was young enough when I was ordained, and I had gained in my business years an experience, a testing of character, a knowledge of men, especially of young men, which has been of incalculable service to me.

I have told this story . . . in the hope that some other young man detained from college and the ministry might forget his years and go onward

in his living hope. I almost tremble when I think what my life might have been in any other calling. All honorable callings are honorable, and I could have been useful in any one. Yet I should have carried a strain of disappointment to the end. God spared me this and in His own time and His own way fulfilled my desire even beyond my thought.

He admits that these years may have deflected his mind from interest in technical scholarship. In his later years he sometimes wondered if he could have been of more use to the college men in his congregation if he had been more of a scholar, of a philosopher. Yet he felt — and doubtless he was right — that he had his own peculiar gift. “Truth came to me through experience. . . . I believe in the inner light. I believe God has instructed me. The vision has been given — the insight, the form and spirit of the truth. Most humbly, most gratefully I write this.”

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

1853-1859

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE entered Phillips Andover Academy to prepare for Harvard College at an age when most young men have already graduated. It took courage to begin an eight years' course of study when he was twenty-three years old. But he was resolved to be thorough. It seemed wise to others and to himself that he should have a good preparation. Thus he found himself in association with men much younger than himself.

He took with him to Andover the following letter of introduction to Principal Taylor from his pastor:

Boston, Oct. 9, 1852.

My Dear Sir:

The Bearer, Mr. Alexander McKenzie, a member of our church, and a Bookkeeper of Messrs. Lawrence, Stone, & Co., is proposing to fit himself for the Christian ministry. He has our entire respect and confidence. We wish him God speed in his new sphere.

Any information you may give him on the subject of Education in general, and of Phillips Academy in particular, will be gratefully appreciated by him, and by your

friend and servant,

(Signed) George Richards

When McKenzie entered Phillips Andover Academy, Samuel H. Taylor had been principal for sixteen years. He ruled with an iron hand. "If I have ever seen anywhere any semblance of despotism and absolute monarchy," once said Dr. McKenzie, "it was Phillips Academy under Dr. Taylor."¹

1. Quoted from Alexander McKenzie's "Centennial Address" in *An Old New England School*, by Claude M. Fuess, p. 238.

Under his able direction, the school had grown until in 1855, the year of McKenzie's graduation, there were 396 pupils. Not until 1892 was the school again so large. The number of teachers was wholly inadequate. In 1855 five instructors were in charge of nearly 400 boys. After the union with the Teachers' Seminary in 1842 there were two departments, classical and English. McKenzie entered the classical department, the curriculum of which contained almost nothing but Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The school was divided into three classes, junior, middle, and senior. Mr. William H. Packard was the teacher of the junior class, which McKenzie entered in the middle of the year.² The evening studies which he had pursued with Mr. Woodbridge at Auburndale put him about even with the class.

"I was," he writes, "much the oldest member of the class. One of the boys I knew, Harding, and he was amazed that I had joined the Academy. But I was there. It was not long before I forgot my advanced age, and the boys seemed to make small account of it. I took up my work with them and did well, though [with] less facility than I should have had at their age. I had experience and a strong purpose, and the new life was from the first congenial." This "strong purpose" is revealed in a prayer recorded in his journal as he begins his work: "O Thou God of our fathers, Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hast called me to be Thy minister, I dedicate my life, my all to Thee. Grant me Thy Holy Spirit to direct and sustain me that I may ever maintain a just Christian warfare against all foes within and without, and at last be received in thine Everlasting Kingdom, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen."

He found a pleasant boarding place with a Mr. Ellis, who lived a short distance from the academy, and began his studies.

2. The exact date is February 10, 1853.

He worked industriously and stood high in his classes. Dr. Prentiss wrote to him urging thoroughness and reminding him that a year or two might seem long now, but would not seem so later on. He made many friends. His was a companionable nature, and his life from beginning to end was enriched by his friendships. The boys seemed to like this older classmate who had joined them, and took him into their fellowship from the first.

Dr. Taylor was a rigid disciplinarian and sometimes resorted to spying in order to detect culprits. In speaking of his ubiquity, Dr. McKenzie once said:

There was nothing he did not know. There was no wall so silent, there was no bedroom so secret, there was no midnight so dark, there were no recesses of the mind so obscure, that the thought of any boy was not known to him; and oftentimes when we came up in the innocence of our artless life, supposing we had walked alone, there came that momentous sentence after morning prayers when every boy waited the words that should come next, — “The following individuals are requested to remain.”³

Dr. Taylor taught the seniors chiefly. Within his method, which relied largely upon memory work, he was a good although a severe teacher. He intimidated some of the boys, but there is no record of this in McKenzie’s case.

“The old farmhouse,” writes Dr. Fuess, “was used in 1852 for the Union Club of which Alexander McKenzie was president. Dr. McKenzie once described the bill of fare as consisting of ‘bread and molasses every day, beefsteak from the neighboring tannery once a week, and apple pie on Sunday; with once in a while some buckwheat fritters that boys used to use when they wanted to play quoits.’”⁴

McKenzie continued at the academy his religious interest

3. Fuess, *op. cit.*, p. 257.

4. Fuess, *op. cit.*, p. 280.

and activities. There were daily prayers morning and evening, and compulsory Bible instruction every Sunday morning before church. "We all know the stone academy and remember its large room where we met for morning and evening prayers, and above the twin recitation rooms and their carved seats and the narrow passageway between, ending at the door with the mystic and awful number" ⁵ (No. 1 on the ground floor, where the boys assembled for religious services). Church attendance in the seminary chapel was required. Here doctrinal and theological preaching was the rule. In addition to these requirements, McKenzie's journal records his constant attendance at the class prayer-meetings. The Sunday services are reported in full, and the sermons of visiting preachers, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and others.

The journal records a dramatic occasion, just before McKenzie left for his spring vacation, which seems to have left a deep impression on the mind of the young man. Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of Professor Moses Stuart and the wife of Professor Phelps of the seminary, had died the previous autumn (Nov. 30, 1852). On Sunday afternoon, March 27, 1853, Professor Phelps preached a memorial sermon, one and a half hours long, which reviewed the whole life of this brilliant and devoted woman.

She struggled for some years against her natural taste for the fine arts, cherishing the idea that she should not cultivate anything which was not of practical and tangible value; but her erroneous idea was finally corrected and she found herself not only happier but better in the use of the innocent tastes with which she was constituted. Mrs. P. was sent when quite young to the Mt. Vernon School in Boston under the charge of Rev. Jacob Abbott. She noticed Mr. A. did not speak to her upon religion, and it struck her as very strange. I think she remarked to him to this effect, when he replied that considering the manner in which she had been brought up, he supposed . . . that all that belonged to him was to fit her for happiness in this world.

5. Quoted from McKenzie in Fuess, *op. cit.*, p. 275.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the daughter, records the fact, so out of keeping with our ideas of to-day, that Amos Lawrence Phelps, the third child, was baptized at his mother's funeral.⁶

There are hints in the journal that McKenzie's ability as a writer and speaker was generally recognized. Thus he was chosen by his class to make the presentation address of a set of books to Mr. Packard, who was to leave the school at the end of the term. He spoke frequently at the school prayer-meetings, and he drew up the letter which the class sent to the family of a member of the class, Enoch Frye, who had died at school. On August 1 the term examinations were held once more and "passed very satisfactorily, I believe, to all concerned."

A notebook has been preserved containing essays written out by him during this period in a clear legible hand. Among them is an essay on "Money" delivered to the Young Men's Association of Central Church May 22, 1851, and again before the Philomathean Society of Phillips Andover Academy December 23, 1853. There is another on "Observation and Study the Means to Advancement," read to the same society July 29, 1853, in the chapel; one on "The True Method of Receiving the Spirit of God," given to the Society of Inquiry September 22, 1853; another on "The Third Age of Human Life," delivered on the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Philomathean Society July 21, 1854. There is an essay on "The Unity of the Race, An Encouragement in the Missionary Work," being the president's address before the Society of Inquiry July 23, 1855. These addresses show the beginnings of McKenzie's English style, and reveal the intellectual background and deep spirituality which characterized all of his later speaking and writing.

The summer vacation was not so long as now; it lasted less than three weeks. McKenzie returned to New Bedford, after a

6. *Memoirs of Austin Phelps*, New York: Scribner's, 1892, p. 91.

round of Boston visits, and made a short trip to Edgartown. His family were still occupying the old home, and he fell back easily and contentedly into the old familiar associations. By August 19 he had returned to Andover, to begin the fall term, which continued until November 21, when there was a recess until December 13. During this term he began teaching a Sunday-school class in the Abbot village school. He records that he had never so fully realized the responsibilities of a Sunday-school teacher. The journal continues to record with unflagging interest and regularity the Sunday sermons.

Thanksgiving, 1853, was spent at New Bedford: "The time-honored festival, the grand home day. Daniel arrived this morning, so we are all at home but Jim." It was the last festival with the family circle unbroken. The following April 18 his father died after a brief illness, nearly sixty years of age. New responsibilities were now assumed by the son Alexander. The older sister, Nancy, had died; the other two sons were frequently away from home on their voyages. From now on the mother and younger sister, Mary, were much in his care.

He finished the year's work creditably, and was made president of the Philomathean Society. After another vacation at New Bedford, he entered upon his senior year, and when spring came he began to think about Harvard College. Once more his good friends and his record paved the way. While in New Bedford during his spring vacation he received from Mr. Lawrence a letter written to the latter by Edward Everett.

2 April 1855

Dear Sir:

Mr. Taylor of the Academy at Andover has recommended to me young Mr. McKenzie as a roommate for my son who expects to enter college at Cambridge next July. He thinks you will be likely to see Mr. McKenzie the present vacation, as he is known to you. Should that be the case, if you concur in Mr. Taylor's favorable opinion, I wish you would ask the young man to call upon me. I have secured a very good room in

College and am anxious to find a young man some years older than my boy and of reliable character, to live with him.

I am, Dear Sir,
With great regard, ever yours,
Edward Everett.

This was indeed a rare opportunity. Edward Everett was one of the outstanding men of his time, and the proposal offered unusual advantages. McKenzie therefore wrote the next day that he had made no arrangements for a room at college.

I feel honored at this proposal. I cannot doubt that it will be of great advantage to myself. I expect to be in Boston on the 16th or 17th inst. on my way to Andover and will then call on Mr. Everett. If the matter requires earlier attention, if you will be kind enough to inform me, I will wait upon him immediately.

On April 16 McKenzie called on Mr. Everett.

I found him in his library. He greeted me very cordially and at once entered on the matter in hand. His son is in the Latin School at present, is 15½ years of age. . . . He has secured a good room at College at No. 1 Holworthy under Tutor Sophocles, which he will furnish, except what I need for my private purposes. I assented to Mr. E's. proposition to room with his son, and he said "we will consider it settled."

The following day McKenzie dined with Mr. Everett. His daughter and her husband and Will ("my future chum") were the other guests.

After dinner, spent a half hour with Will in his library: an enchanting place, the finest private library I have ever seen. Mr. E. left us alone, kindly inviting me to call when in the city before going to college. After leaving Mr. E's . . . went to Cambridge and walked about the college buildings: had a view of my future room through the window: all looks well. Supped at Mr. Lawrence's and spent the evening there. . . . So ends a pleasant day.

It must have been a very pleasant day. He had but one short term left in order to complete the first stage of his course in preparation for the ministry. His college future seemed as-

sured. He had made new and influential friends. With a glad and grateful heart he returned to Andover on April 18, 1855, the first anniversary of his father's death.

Returned to Andover, and resumed my duties there: a pleasant day and a pleasant prospect: had feelings quite usual for such an occasion, but this is my last Andover term. May it be a happy one.

Here, then, was another turning-point in the young man's career. Just as he had won the confidence of Mr. Lawrence by his industry and ability in the business office, so he had gained the respect of Principal Taylor at the academy by his work as a student, and received the recommendation to Mr. Everett which was to mean so much to him. He had good fortune, but he deserved it.

The weeks passed rapidly. With his final examinations before him, he applies himself to his work. He continues his religious interests, especially in the Society of Inquiry. He records one meeting at which fifty-three of the boys spoke. The difficulty of imagining such a religious occasion to-day at Andover or at any other boys' school emphasizes the difference in the mode of religious expression from age to age. There is probably as much "religion" to-day at Andover as there was then. It simply has a wholly different method of expressing itself.

In July he goes to Boston for the college examinations, and on Sunday attends Central Church and hears Mr. Richards preach.

Monday, July 16th. The great ordeal. . . . I shall not be likely to forget the occasion. We assembled in good numbers. . . . The examination commenced at nine o'clock and was wholly written during this day: we were examined in seven branches, one hour to each. [On Tuesday the examination was continued, all oral, in six "branches," and was completed by two o'clock. Those examined were not kept long in suspense.] About seven o'clock I received from President Walker my certificate of admission. So I am safely in. I have but one condition and that I hardly deserve, viz. Ancient History. I have a little matter of algebra

to arrange with the Tutor (Eliot), and Prof. Felton wishes me to read the lyric and dramatic extracts in the Greek Reader, though he does not consider it a condition against us but rather against the Academy.

He returned to Andover for graduation, on July 24. It was Andover's great day. In the morning there were examinations; the graduation exercises were in the afternoon.

I had a Greek dissertation. I was also King of Spain in the English dialogue. I supped at Mr. Lawrence's — my last for many weeks. Enjoyed it though it had its sad thoughts. But our great supper came in the evening at the Mansion House. Our class was there. Everyone was happy. There was many a speech, many a joke, many a song. I gave the class oration on "Courage."

Thus his days at Phillips Andover Academy ended.

Before returning to New Bedford for his summer vacation, he goes once more to Cambridge. "July 27. Edward Everett gives me a note of introduction to Tutor Sophocles. I call on President Walker. He thinks I will have no trouble about funds. I did not succeed in finding Professor Felton." He is tired out and glad to have a rest. Once more he makes a pilgrimage to Martha's Vineyard, goes fishing, renews his church associations, and visits his old friends. On August 27 he leaves New Bedford and goes to Boston and Cambridge. His college life is about to begin.

Harvard College was in the 'fifties and 'sixties a small local institution. The university as we know it to-day is practically the creation of the administrations of Presidents Eliot and Lowell. In the last year of President Sparks' administration (1852) there were only 320 students at Harvard and 14 resident graduates. Sparks' idea of a curriculum was a series of strictly prescribed subjects taught by recitations, varied with a few lectures. The faculty numbered between twenty and thirty.

James Walker was president from 1853 to 1860. He, too, was conservative in his ideas. In 1859-1860 there were 431

students in the college, 15 resident graduates, and 402 in the graduate schools. The whole gross income of the college in 1860 was hardly over \$125,000. As for the curriculum, it was meager in the extreme. The courses offered were nearly all in Greek, Latin, and mathematics.

There was one course in Modern History [writes George Herbert Palmer, who entered Harvard in 1860], one in Philosophy, a half-course in Economics. There was no English Literature, but in the Sophomore year three hours a week were required in Anglo-Saxon. A feeble course or two in Modern Languages was allowed to those who wished it. There were two or three courses in Natural Science, taught without laboratory work. . . . Such a curriculum — and it was no worse than in other colleges — would seem to have been arranged by a lunatic and to be valuable as preparing the way for an Eliot. But that would be a mistaken judgment. While students found little to attract them in the official programme, they had four free years to devote to sports, society, discussion, friendships, and the pursuit of individual tastes. There was enormous waste, of course. But any of us who cared for intellectual things enjoyed an elective system of our own.⁷

Professor Francis G. Peabody, who also came to college in the 'sixties, has written in a similar strain.

It is true that Josiah Quincy, in his presidency ending in 1845, had introduced what President Eliot later called a "rudimentary elective system"; but he was succeeded by five estimable scholars, all of whom had been bred in the classics or in theology, and who for twenty-three years directed a reversion to scholastic conservatism which made the curriculum of the College indistinguishable from the standardized system of a preparatory school. Indeed, the College at that time was no larger than many schools are to-day, having less than five hundred students and an endowment hardly exceeding two million dollars. Latin and Greek were the staple food for young minds, with a smattering of ethics, "American" political economy, and physics for flavoring.

It is a curious fact [says Professor Peabody] that there were gathered in their time at Cambridge some of the most distinguished scholars in America. One might meet at any corner a great man of science — Louis Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Asa Gray, or Benjamin Pierce — or a light of literature — Longfellow or Lowell — or a master of classical learning —

7. George Herbert Palmer, *Autobiography of a Philosopher*, pp. 12, 13.

Goodwin or Lane. Yet the still more curious fact must be added that . . . not one of these academic stars shed any light on the narrow path of the undergraduate. Agassiz, Wyman, and Lowell shone upon us only in a few incidental lectures. Pierce was so remote a planet as to be visible to only a few telescopic minds. Under Asa Gray's kindly instruction, spring flowers were brought to be identified in the classroom, but the class of 1869 learned the names for the most part not by analysis, but by nudging the elbows of the boys who lived in Concord. To commend oneself to the learned classicists, Goodwin and Lane, it was more essential to detect an aorist tense or an irregular verb than to appreciate Euripides or Terence. . . .

We studied chemistry without ever touching a test tube and physics without approaching a laboratory. Indeed the experiments in the latter science were so archaic that the successor of our teacher, being asked what had become of the apparatus with which Professor Lovering entertained our class, replied that not one of these illustrations of science was anything but an historical curiosity. My only permanent reminiscence of Professor Torrey's lectures in history was that he advised us always to read a title-page, and of Professor Cooke's instruction in chemistry that it was indistinguishable from the most exasperating form of mathematics except by its occasional and malodorous smells.⁸

Such was the academic institution which McKenzie entered on August 29, 1855. He took possession of his room, Holworthy 1, with William Everett as his roommate; he boarded at a Mrs. Baker's. His courses were in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and history. "I seem," he writes, "in coming to Cambridge to be renewing past life. Old scenes come fresh to mind as I meet once again those with whom I was associated in my early life away from home."

His class numbered 100 the first year, a good average for college classes at that time. College life was marked by an extreme simplicity. "We did our own work," Moorfield Storey has written, "built our own fires, blacked our own boots, lugged up our own water. We had no clubhouses, a few rooms scantily furnished."⁹ . . .

8. Francis Greenwood Peabody, *Reminiscences of Present-Day Saints*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1927, 24 ff. and 32 ff.

9. "Address before the Harvard Memorial Society," 1914.

The rules [writes Professor Peabody] governing a student's life were those of a reformatory. Smoking in the College Yard was a crime, as was the offense defined as "grouping," a group being any number more than two persons. At 6:45 in the autumn and spring, and at 7:45 in winter, the summons to pray dragged a half-clothed mob through the dark to the chapel, where proctors sat along the sidelines to watch for indecorum or insufficient attire, and monitors stood up, with their backs to the pulpit, to check absentees.¹⁰

"We had in my time," writes McKenzie, "something of athletics, a little boating, a small amount of football, but nothing which deserves mention when athletic pursuits hold a very high place in the college economy." McKenzie speaks of the college societies as they existed in his day.

The first to be named is the Institute of 1770. It began as the Speaking Club on September 6, 1770, and was for the promotion of elocution. Other societies were united with it from time to time, and it has come to our day as the Institute of 1770. In 1887, it became a sophomore society and so it has remained, though honorary members are occasionally admitted to membership. . . . I had the honor of being President when the office fell to our class. We had an "All Selected Library" which was housed in Holworthy. In my time the Institute reverted to its original purpose. We had debates and addresses and papers were read. The character of the society has since changed.

The Hasty Pudding was popular, as it was intended to be. The members could be recognized by a narrow strip bearing their names displayed over the door in their rooms.

Phi Beta Kappa was altogether honorary. It took eight men from the juniors and the same from the seniors. There was a secret initiation which was innocent and farcical. The candidate was summoned to a meeting of the resident members and asked a few absurd questions and thus admitted to membership. The fraternity easily stands at the head of the college organizations.

McKenzie was by far the oldest man in the class. In that era many graduated at the age of twenty, and he was twenty-six when he entered. He was eight years older than many of his classmates, older than some to whom he recited, older than his

10. *Op. cit.*, p. 25.

class tutor and instructor in mathematics, Charles W. Eliot. Inevitably this difference in age made itself felt in certain ways. One of his classmates has described this:

Among us college mates, McKenzie moved a full-grown man, sedate and lonely, mature in thought and worldly experience and having already a fixed purpose in life, while most of his classmates were doubtful or heedless of the future. [Yet] no loss or diminution was suffered in his quiet popularity. He remained . . . above all reach of class turbulence, looked up to and respected: still aloof from intimacy, as nature compelled, and better appreciated rather than better known. . . . Courteous to such as called, he went little outside, but kept somewhat secluded, as befitted one of his age and temperament. He sustained well his unique position, and, although not given to witticism or playful banter, he smiled indulgently and kindly on the frolicsomeness that went on about him, like one who could appreciate, but had himself put away all childish things. . . . With great unanimity we chose him chaplain of the class, as foreordained from the beginning, and the patriarch of '59 became its priest. In this, at least, the class made no mistake, for McKenzie's qualities of mind and heart were sterling.¹¹

McKenzie himself did not feel any embarrassment because of his age. "Taking everything into account, I do not think that it was a disadvantage. I probably did better by reason of my years." He always spoke of his classmates with deepest affection, and there is no hint in his diaries of any consciousness of aloofness from them because of his age. Some of these friendships were lifelong. Among those whom he knew best were Francis Ellingwood Abbott, a distinguished Unitarian minister, a journalist and schoolmaster, living later in Cambridge; Francis V. Balch, a well-known Boston lawyer; William B. Storer, who entered his father's commission business in Boston, became vice-consul to Russia, and died in Cambridge; Henry H. Richardson, the eminent architect who designed Trinity Church, Boston; Cyrus P. Osborne, his friend at Phillips Andover, and later at the Theological Seminary; William Reed

11. James Schouler, address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, October, 1914.

Huntington, later rector of Grace Church, New York; Edward W. Hooper, who became treasurer of Harvard College in 1876; James Schouler, Boston lawyer and historian; Henry Martin Field, a well-known physician; and John Chipman Gray, who became a professor at the Harvard Law School. The Civil War took its toll of the class. Forty-three of its members were in active service, and nine of this number were killed or died as the result of wounds or sickness.

Between McKenzie and William Everett, his young roommate, there was a perfect sympathy. The two men roomed together during all four years: as freshmen in Holworthy 1; during sophomore and junior years in Stoughton 13; as seniors in Holworthy 14. No misunderstanding of any kind marked this peculiar friendship. They never had a quarrel, and they were wholly loyal to each other. They had the touching practice of having prayers together in their rooms. When later in his college course McKenzie received substantial scholarships, no one was more pleased than Everett, who said: "I have been praying for this." Everett was a brilliant and social youth, somewhat nervous and eccentric, but warm-hearted and affectionate. On graduation, he studied at Cambridge, England, then entered the Harvard Law School; later he became master of Adams Academy, Quincy, and in 1893 a member of Congress. Like his father, he was a deeply religious man, and was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Unitarian Ministers.

In a simple and natural way [writes Schouler], McKenzie gained quickly great influence with his classmates, setting before them a high personal example of probity and honor. Early in our sophomore year he was made president of the Institute and performed the duties of that post with dignity and discretion. The college incident in which he made the most durable impression occurred toward the end of the sophomore year and relates to the action taken by our class of 1859 with reference to the Greek Letter Societies. One of these societies had prevailed upon three or four of the most popular men in our class to pledge themselves to join

it. Our class leaders, indignant, pressed those men to retract, but they felt they could not in honor do so, although regretting the step that they had hastily taken. Thereupon these leaders conceived the idea of persuading the whole class to repudiate the Greek Letter Societies and to refuse as a body to enter them. McKenzie was prevailed upon to advocate such repudiation. At a large class meeting, called to consider and decide the question, McKenzie's speech decided the issue. With uplifted face and animated voice and gesture after the pulpit manner characteristic of him in later life, he besought and exhorted us all to cherish class unity and class acquaintance. "I want," he said earnestly, "to see my classmates growing stronger and stronger in the bonds of affection, each and all of them. I want to know them and I want to love them." By a large and conclusive majority, the class of 1859 voted to stand out from all Greek Letter Societies and to have no fellowship with them.¹²

During his senior year McKenzie was called upon to render a unique service to his class. He describes the incident as follows:

The faculty . . . made a rule that Class Day should be pushed up against Commencement. In my time we used to have Class Day and Commencement about three weeks apart, and the fellows who had "parts" were supposed to be writing them. I do not know what the others were supposed to be doing. Then the faculty put the two days near together so that we lost that three weeks' recess. Well, we had a class meeting and remonstrated; and they appointed a man who afterwards became a prominent Boston lawyer, Frank Balch, and myself a committee to wait on the President. We secured the interview and stated our case. Our principal argument was that if they moved Class Day they took it out of strawberry time, and what would Class Day be without strawberries! I presume that the President saw the point. He heard all we had to say, and then quietly remarked, "Young gentlemen, your feeling is better than your argument." But he gave us what we asked for; they moved Commencement and let Class Day stand.¹³

From the first, he took high rank in his studies. "I do not think that I studied very hard. There was no such drill as we had at Andover under 'Uncle Sam.'" But he stood second

12. Schouler, *op. cit.*

13. "Some Cambridge Men I Have Known," *Cambridge Historical Society Papers*, January, 1908.

in his class in his senior year, and sixth for his whole college course, and was elected in the first eight to Phi Beta Kappa. He records receiving a college detur in his sophomore year. "November 24. The College Deturs were distributed to-day to perhaps the first twenty-five or thirty in the class. I received a handsome two-volume edition of Longfellow's poems." At the close of his junior year he was a marshal in the Phi Beta Kappa celebration. He was member of his class committee and had a commencement part. He was easily one of the ranking members of his class. He made his impression on the president and faculty, who recognized his merit and ability.

His reward came in scholarships. Finances were a serious problem to him from the time that he went to Phillips Academy. The sum given by Messrs. Lawrence and Stone was far from sufficient to meet his needs. Fifty dollars was all that he had from his father, who died while he was in the academy. His expenses there were small. At college, his room rent was paid, but he had to meet the costs of tuition, board, and incidental expenses. In his freshman and sophomore years he was given the Saltonstall Scholarship of \$90; in his junior year, a Thayer Scholarship of \$150; and in his senior year, a Thayer Scholarship of \$300, the largest which the college then awarded. In the middle of his junior year he did a little tutoring. He had some assistance from the College Loan Fund. Mr. Bowditch, one of the committee of the Loan Fund, who may have heard of McKenzie through President Walker, told him if he wished more money he would be glad to furnish it, and made him a generous gift which was a great assistance. This was after the failure of Lawrence, Stone and Company, when he could no longer look to Mr. Lawrence for help. "This was of God. I paid the money I had from the Loan Fund so promptly after my graduation that no interest was charged." Other friends helped him. When settled in Augusta, he was soon able to pay back all that he had borrowed.

As might be expected, McKenzie took an active interest in the religious life of the college. For his first three years, the college services were in the old chapel in University Hall.

We entered the new Appleton Chapel at the beginning of my senior year. The change was an advantage in some ways, but the chapel was not very attractive and for that year was very cold in the morning. As we sat and shivered together, the cold breath from hundreds of men had the appearance of smoke. There were two pulpits, one for Sunday and one for daily prayers. This was a look toward a more elaborate kind of worship.

There had long been in the college the Society of Christian Brethren. McKenzie early became a member of it.

It had a good history. It was a real part of the college life. Meetings were held in the basement of University Hall, a cheerless room with iron chairs, which was used as a recitation room. I was the president at one time. The weekly meetings were for conference and prayer and they brought together men of a kindred mind. We gathered a small library chiefly by gifts from a few interested persons. The constitution was evangelical, though liberal in its interpretation. There may have been small meetings for conversation and prayer held in different rooms, for we certainly had very earnest men.

In November of his freshman year he joined Dr. Albro's¹⁴ class in the Greek Testament. This was a small group which met at the parsonage. In his *History of the First Church in Cambridge*¹⁵ McKenzie records his impressions of those meetings:

There are many who can never forget the sacred hours spent with him in the study of the Greek Testament during their college course. We went once a week to his study and bowed with him in prayer, then sat about his round table, while, with his well-worn Testament before him, and his ivory paper-knife in his hand, he opened to us the Scriptures. He would have us read a verse, would ask some question upon it, and then would expound it in his own inimitable way, with learning and piety and rare facility of illustration. We questioned him more than he

14. John Adams Albro, pastor of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), 1835-65.

15. Pp. 233-234.

questioned us. The exercise was almost an expository lecture. One who belonged to his class has said: "His principles of interpretation were the soundest; and after studying the New Testament subsequently with Professor Stuart, I could hardly ascribe, even to that master of Biblical interpretation, any superiority, as a teacher, to the Cambridge pastor." Another has written: "Many theologians refer to the principles of interpretation which he gave them as laying the foundation of their interest and success in Biblical studies." It was a happy circumstance that, when he lay dying, one of the physicians who attended upon him should be recognized as formerly a member of his Bible class. The results of such instruction as he gave to an ever-changing company of those who were themselves to be teachers, cannot be measured. In this we have one other method of his usefulness.

How little the leader of this class realized that he was instructing and preparing for the ministry a man who was to succeed him as pastor of the Cambridge church.

Shortly after McKenzie entered college in 1855, he records the induction of Frederic Dan Huntington as first Professor of Christian Morals on the Plummer Foundation (1855-1860).

It had happened [writes Professor Peabody] that a leading citizen of [Salem], Judge White, in an address before the Harvard Alumni, had expressed his concern for the moral security of students and had said: "Let the next foundation laid here in aid of education be a professorship of the philosophy of the heart and the moral life." This sentence attracted the attention of his friend Miss [Caroline] Plummer, and in her will of 1845 she made provision for the support of a "Professor of the philosophy of the heart whose province it shall be to instruct the students in what most nearly concerns their moral and physical welfare, their health, their good habits and their Christian character. . . ." Miss Plummer died in 1854 and in the following year the President and Fellows of the University, apprehensive, not unreasonably, that a "professorship of the heart" might be interpreted by susceptible boys as proposing a course in pre-nuptial training, determined . . . to describe it as endowing a "Professorship of Christian Morals."¹⁶

Dr. Huntington was appointed to fill the chair. Of him McKenzie has written: "He began the year we did and resigned the year after we graduated. At the time of his election to the

16. *Op. cit.*, pp. 33, 34.

professorship, Dr. Huntington, who had graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1842, was minister of the South Church (Unitarian) in Boston, and had a great reputation as a preacher. For some reason he was not so popular with Harvard students. It was a difficult post to fill. He was the college preacher. He had classes and meetings with the students for the discussion of religious subjects. His teaching was spiritual and earnest and he was in all respects widely and heartily esteemed. He came with a deep and sincere purpose to meet the duties of the office whose methods had not been determined. The sincerity of his heart and the strength of his determination could not have been greater. [Yet] for some reason he did not quite meet the student mind."

He was not a graduate of Harvard College, which was a misfortune, and he did not get into the Harvard way. He was in a transition state; nobody quite knew where he was coming out. He was rather fond of ritual, which the Harvard faculty disliked. His conduct of the chapel services did not please those who were required to attend upon them. . . . College prayers had come twice in the day, but under his influence the evening service was discontinued. Still the men were discontented. The preacher was deeply in earnest, and possibly this was too evident. He was a ready speaker and inclined to be wordy; to roll his words into long sentences whose length detracted from their strength. This was in marked contrast to the custom of the President, who occasionally conducted prayers. He was concise, vigorous, impressive. . . . The fellows listened when he read, and he liked to choose passages which would compel attention. The contrast between the President and the Professor was marked, and it was not to the advantage of the man we were appointed to hear. . . . He talked too much of sin. . . .

You know, if a man gets an unfortunate name in college, he seldom loses it; and Dr. Huntington made an error in the beginning. He called us together and sought our favor, and among other things he said: "I have asked that I may not be required to join the faculty; I want to stand outside as your friend." Well, we believed in that and rather liked it. Then presently he was in the faculty. The fellows never understood quite how he got there . . . but it gave rise to one of those college prejudices which cannot be reasoned against.

The traditions and history of the college had been for some years in sympathy with the Unitarian church. With that body the Faculty were

to a large extent affiliated. Dr. Huntington's . . . spirit was evangelical and he was soon understood to be wavering. . . . It is believed that if he had been encouraged he would have entered the . . . Congregational Church whose teaching had ruled the college in its earlier days. . . . Things have broadened since. Still, I feel that he was destined for the Episcopal Church.¹⁷ . . . Its methods commended themselves to his judgment and taste. . . . He had a deep interest in his church and in the community. Public affairs appealed to him and he was brave and constant in his efforts for the good of those in any way under his charge. He had a long life, rich in usefulness and honor. To me he was a friend. We seldom met, but we were in sympathy.

The hardest contest in which I engaged was in Dr. Huntington's behalf. The time for our Baccalaureate was approaching and it was a question who should be the preacher. We had an excited meeting and there was a strong determination that Prof. Huntington should not be invited to preach. I urged that he should be, that it would be an insult to pass him by. I said all I could, but I was outvoted, as I have often been. They said the President should preach the sermon. Dr. Walker was waited on and he simply remarked, "Whoever happens to be preaching that day will preach that sermon." The Plummer professor preached it. I had my way after all. I have the greatest regard for Dr. Huntington. I think it was unfortunate that he was here, but no man was ever more faithful and loyal, and he did more in some ways than anybody else at that time.¹⁸

McKenzie attended Dr. Huntington's religious meetings for the students with unflinching regularity. The diary is dotted with the record of them.

A meeting of some 50 or 60 students. Prof. Huntington speaks on "Our Need of Religion." Prof. Huntington on "The Lord's Prayer." I have before me [he wrote in 1910] the programs for the meetings which Dr. Huntington arranged for the students. They were held in the "Music Hall" which was a disused station of the railroad which had formerly run through this part of the town. The first of these papers is for the second term of 1858. It was headed "Religious Meetings" and read: "A meeting is held at the Music Hall every Wednesday evening from 7:30 to 8 o'clock for religious conversation and worship. Open to students of every depart-

17. Dr. Huntington later became rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, 1861-69, and Bishop of Central New York, 1869-1904.

18. From McKenzie's autobiographical reminiscences and also from an address, January 28, 1908, printed in *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, vol. III.

ment of the University. All are invited. F. D. H." The topics follow: Self-Examination; The Motive to a Christian Life; Christ's "Come Unto Me"; Excuses; Prayer; Courage in the Christian Cause; How to Become a Christian; How to Help Others to be Christians. These subjects show the direction of Professor Huntington's thought and the character of his purpose. The attendance at these meetings was fairly good [one wonders what it would be to-day], and all ready minds must have been instructed and encouraged. The meetings bound together more closely the Christian students and gave a quickening to the religious life of the College.

The meetings of the Christian Brethren, Dr. Albro's group, and the meetings with Dr. Huntington were as regular a part of McKenzie's college course as were his college classes.

The same sources from which the reference to Dr. Huntington has been taken contain interesting comments on McKenzie's other college teachers. For President Walker he had profound respect and admiration. "A greater man has rarely walked the streets of Cambridge in this or any preceding generation. He was a man of very sturdy character. He was lame and walked with labor across the college yard. . . . But his words told. His face was one of those strong massive faces. His preaching was of that strong, massive kind. . . . It was something to remember to hear Dr. Walker read the Bible. . . . I can hear him read now: 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.' Every fellow felt that he was in the scales, and that the scales were turning the wrong way. Then in preaching he would come out with some such thundering sentence as 'Young men, you have more need of religion than religion has of you.' Yet a kind man he was, a courteous man, a man to be trusted."

"In Greek, we had Felton and Sophocles. Felton, who succeeded Walker as President, was tremendously popular. He was a man whose very presence was full of gladness and beauty. A large man, a jolly man, with curly hair and smiling face. He was not a great teacher, at least according to my standard. He undertook to read Demosthenes with us but I think there was something wanting."

It was pretty hard upon us as Freshmen to be thrown upon Sophocles. Sophocles was a Greek right through. It was a current mystery whether he was a monk, or soldier, or what. . . . In the recitation room it was simply an impossibility to move with assurance. No matter how well you got your lesson, he would take you off on some track you never dreamed of. He would mislead a student; he would give a cue which a poor fellow would follow and get into trouble. "Is that verb in the second aorist?" "Yes, sir." "It is not." And he had one question relating to . . . something in regard to an old temple and its fallen columns. "Why is that so?" Well, the fellow had never heard of the thing and he gave a guess. "No, that is not it." The fellow who tried next without success varied the guess. Another was inquired of. . . . "I do not know, sir." "That is right. Nobody knows."

In mathematics, McKenzie had Charles W. Eliot. Mr. Eliot was of the class of 1853 and was nineteen years of age at his graduation; the next year he became tutor, and in this office he remained until 1858, when he was made assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry. This position he held until 1863, when he became professor of analytical chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1869 he was elected president of Harvard University. McKenzie describes Eliot as "a beautiful teacher, clear, accurate, just as he is now, very kind, very helpful, very considerate."

We learned geometry, analytical geometry, trigonometry. . . . There was not much instruction beyond the books, but our recitations were based on what we had learned and this was a good test, for we were required to be exact in all subjects. He took a squad of us out to survey. We surveyed the whole college yard. . . . I think the only place which baffled us was the curve around by Harvard Square. . . . He was appointed as tutor of our class and had a general oversight of our interests. I enjoyed the studies and I presume had some facility in them. I remember with some pride that the hardest demonstrations were often assigned to me. I recall one instance when after a demonstration for which I had prepared myself, the class gave me modest applause. I look with pleasure and satisfaction upon my freshman and sophomore years with Tutor Eliot. I have great confidence in mathematical study. It is fine training. One can take liberties with translations from foreign tongues and in philosophical dissertations, and there is some freedom in history, but the multi-

plication table and its adjuncts demand precision, and there is precision, exactness, and truthfulness which a man must have and use in all the thought and action of life. The curve of thought must be loyal to the center and life must move on straight lines and the dominant angle must be right. I have long admired the epitaph of one of our great Harvard lawyers of the class of 1818: "He had the beauty of accuracy in his understanding and the beauty of uprightness in his character." It may not be worth much to know that "Of isoperimetrical regular polygons, that is the greatest which has the greatest number of sides; so that a circle is the greatest of all such polygons as having an infinite number of sides"; but it is worth something to be able to prove it as I could then, and could again learn to do.

"At my 40th anniversary, Dr. Eliot was pleased to say, 'I think that I have known Dr. McKenzie longer than any man here present. It is now fifty-one years since I saw him enter my class room to study with me the subject of geometry. For two years I taught him mathematics — geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, — the only subject by which the human mind can arrive at certain demonstrated truth. Now the young McKenzie was an admirable student, with great facility in writing. This facility was prophetic.' I am giving this as his thought and not my own. I was fortunate in coming under him at the outset of my college life."

Then there was Benjamin Peirce, popularly known as Jimmy Peirce. "If it is any fun to see a man stand before a blackboard and cover it with Japanese or Chinese or some other characters you cannot understand, we had that satisfaction. He spent the morning amusing himself at the blackboard. We used to follow along a little while, all of us together, and then one pencil would drop and then another, and another, and by and by the last man had given in."

The only thing really practical which I got from him was a formula which one day he put upon the blackboard in his simple, childlike way. "That formula," he said, "is the one by which the universe was constructed — by which every conceivable universe must be constructed." I took it down.

"In science we did not do a great deal. We had Professor Agassiz a little, Professor Jeffries Wyman a little." Of Asa Gray, afterwards a parishioner, he writes that he was a great man, but not very successful as a teacher of undergraduates. He was one of those men who knew so much that they could not understand how it was that their students knew so little. "But the courtesy of the man! He would call on a poor fellow who did not know anything on the subject of his inquiry and whose remarks were inadequate. But there was no sneer, no rebuke. 'Allow me to pass that'; and the student, not to be outdone in courtesy, would allow him to pass."

"Joseph Lovering was the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and taught physics. He was of the Class of 1833. . . . From 1835 to 1838 he was instructor in mathematics, from 1836 to 1838 tutor, 1838 to 1888 professor. He was an easy teacher. His lectures were interesting but somewhat monotonous. He was not quite the prophet."

He had no large expectations regarding electricity; he remarked while it was used in toys, it had not been set to large service. . . . I have the impression that Lovering did not make any substantial addition to his department of study. In after life I found him a pleasant acquaintance. . . . Lovering seems a quiet figure in those distant days, doing his work in fidelity and kindness, and liked by his students.

"We were fortunate in our teacher, Josiah Parsons Cooke, of the class of 1848, who was tutor for one year and became in 1850 Ewing Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, and held this office until his death in 1894. He was a fine lecturer, a good teacher, but that was about the whole of it."

We had no laboratory work except here and there. The Professor once said that he knew a smell worse than that of an egg which had outlived its usefulness. But he never told us what it was. . . . By personal experiment he attained his knowledge and could impart this and could point out the way in which it could be reached. . . . He gave lectures on the "Religion of Chemistry" and published them. . . . On the lips of students his name was abbreviated [to Joby] but the man was respected. My thought of him is strengthening.

Professor Bowen was absent in Europe when the time came for McKenzie's class to study philosophy. "If my memory serves me truly, he was to have been Professor of History, but his ideas regarding Kossuth, who was traveling through the country and interesting people in the Hungarian movement, were not popular with the Overseers and he was not confirmed. As a result of this he was placed at the head of the Department of Philosophy. He was practically the department. He was a man of learning, an acute mind, an able writer." As a result of Professor Bowen's absence, McKenzie's class had really no instruction in philosophy at all — a lack which he always lamented.

It was a positive wrong to put us under Jennison in elocution, philosophy, political economy and forensics. James Jennison graduated in 1847. . . . He entered Harvard Divinity School and graduated in 1852. . . . He seems not to have liked the profession for which he had studied. . . . Before he had graduated in Divinity, he was appointed tutor in the college and a tutor he remained until 1872; and four years later he died. There was no man in the Faculty more to be commiserated, for while he was a good man, with some elements of knowledge, he never had any place or much respect. I asked not long ago of one who was then on the Faculty, why Jennison was retained. He answered, "Compassion." Why he was to be pitied at our expense does not appear. If he belonged anywhere, it was as an elocutionist. . . . He would divide the class and place the two factions far apart in a large room. The men on one side were to call out some word which was to be answered in the same way by the men on the other side. It is easy to see the result. One side would call out "Tuesday" and the answer would be "Saturday"; or "horse" would come back as "cow," or "elephant" as "rhinoceros." It all became so absurd that the tutor put it to a vote whether we should continue the study. The fellows voted no, but we kept on. . . . This was the man who was put for a time at the head of the Department of Philosophy, and the other things embraced in the long title. It was too bad, for there if anywhere we had a right to a master and instructor. I confess to personal pity for the man, for he was well-meaning and kindly and did as well as he could the work assigned to him. But in all respects he was in the wrong place.

In history McKenzie had a first-rate teacher in Professor Henry Warren Torrey, "a pure, delicate man, sensitive as a

woman." McKenzie had a special acquaintance with him. "There was a man in New Bedford whose boy was out of health; the doctor advised the father to take his boy to the Azores, and they took Mr. Torrey along as a tutor. It so happened that they embarked on the ship of which my father was the captain; and when I came to college, Professor Torrey was kind enough to remember that, and I think he always treated me with some special courtesy because of that voyage he had made with my father. There was no man on the Faculty for whom I had greater respect."

He taught us the policies and politics of modern Europe, and many other things that have stayed by me to this day. . . . The lectures were fresh and instructive, and charmed us who heard them. He was kind to everybody and could not be otherwise, for he was refined, sensitive, modest, and in his whole manner the finished gentleman. Every thought I have of him is serene, quieting, steady. He was a tutor and instructor in Elocution from 1844 to 1848. For a few years he had a school for young ladies in Boston. In 1856 he returned to the College as McLean Professor of Ancient and Modern History and held this chair until 1886, when he was made Professor Emeritus. He died in 1893. He was an Overseer of the College from 1886 to 1893. His course was to me one of the most satisfactory in the College. It was devoted to English history for the most part, but the textbooks were enlarged and illumined by the professor's comments. . . . The courtesy of the class room was never surpassed elsewhere. The professor was cautious almost to timidity and hesitated where a student would have rushed in. . . . He gave a course of lectures on the historical method. . . . Years afterward I told him that I wished he had published those lectures. He said, "No; they were very well then, but others have been over the same ground since, and they would lack the freshness which you recall." This was like the man.

"With the two or three of the Faculty to whom I am especially indebted, I place Francis James Child, Harvard, 1846. He was for a time instructor and tutor, and in 1856 was made Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. This chair he held for 25 years, which included my four years; in 1886 he was made the first Professor of English, and this place he held until his death in 1896."

His chief service was through our themes. The subjects were of the Professor's selection, and were peculiar. This was the first one: "When the people of Crete in times past had a mind to curse anyone, they prayed the gods to engage him in some evil habit." Let me give a few others taken almost at random. "The compatibility of poetical genius with practical talents, illustrated." "Which is your favorite virtue? Do you select it because you delight in practicing it? Or because you feel the need of it? Or because you have seen it beautifully exemplified in a friend?" "The sense of beauty never furthered the performance of a single act of duty." . . . These subjects were calculated to put us upon thinking in a serious way. Others called for reading or a knowledge of history or of present public affairs. . . . The real value was in the Professor's criticisms. These were boldly made, often with a pencil making a strong mark in red or blue. . . . The theme went in on fair white paper and came back decorated; with red marks sometimes drawn across a whole page to show how much he liked it. . . . When a fellow had expended his whole nature on a passage, there would be a single word: "Bosh." As I have had to talk a great deal since, I think it has stayed by me even better than that formula for constructing the universe. We found that he had a high regard for simplicity. . . . I came to college writing with the training of the Academy, where fair writing was encouraged. My first theme seemed elegant. The Professor did not so regard it, and the first two pages were enclosed in blue brackets. I was bright enough to discern his taste and to approve it. After the first there was not much crossing out. . . . I learned simplicity, to use short words, and words of Saxon origin.

While I claim no merits for my later writing, I can feel the influence of Professor Child's blue and red pencils. A young minister once asked me what books I had read to "form my style." I was not aware that I had a style. I know that I had not learned to write by reading, though reading has had its influence. I could have referred him to the bound volume which contains my college themes with Child's illustrations. . . . Prof. Child taught us nothing in oratory further than I have indicated. That part of the work was in the hands of Prof. Jennison. But Child did teach us the elements of Anglo-Saxon and he read with us parts of Chaucer. . . . I am sure that the study of English is very near the head of college teaching. One who can write well and speak well has a good equipment for life in a land and a day like ours. I reverence the classics, yet I cannot hold them of so great account as works in our own tongue to which the classics must be tributary.

Of James Russell Lowell he writes: "Mr. Lowell's lectures as we heard them were not exactly suited to the student taste.

The course he gave us was on the English poets — minor poets. . . . To most of us they were not appealing. But two sentences have stayed in my mind." These two sentences were recorded in his journal at the time (1858), and he reproduces them verbatim fifty years later.

He spoke of the wishy-washy nature of Tupper's poetry — said the big words go floundering around like bones in a charity soup, adding nothing to the flavor and only suggesting unpleasant comparisons. [And in speaking of Pollock's "Course of Time, a Poem in Ten Books," he said] "When we read these poems, we feel as when we see a mastodon, that he is fearfully and wonderfully made, but we are glad the breed is extinct."

"I pass," continues McKenzie, "to the classics. A classmate of Child was George Martin Lane. He was University Professor of Latin and Pope Professor of Latin and at last Professor Emeritus, until his death in 1897. He was a man of great learning. Probably no man on the Faculty outranked him."

He had wit and humor, and I believe that to him and another professor is ascribed the authorship of the familiar song of the Fish Ball, in which the economy of an associate is celebrated. This man at a restaurant ordered a fish ball and bread.

"The waiter roared it through the hall,
We don't serve bread with one fish ball."

Prof. Lane made a Latin Grammar which is already an authority, embellished with verbal illustrations which make it entertaining. If we had come as freshmen under the professor, it would have been a fine start.

"We were put under Reginald Heber Chase, a graduate of 1852. The next year he was made tutor and two years later he was our teacher. . . . We read Livy. I have no distinct recollection of it or of the man."

"In the . . . catalogue, in the class of 1851, more lines are given to William Watson Goodwin than to any other man. He studied in Europe, where he received honorary degrees, and on his return was appointed tutor in Greek. In 1860, he became the Eliot Professor of Greek Literature."

He seemed possessed with variant readings of the text, and with these we were to be acquainted when even the text we had was beyond us. . . . I am quite sure that we respected Goodwin's learning. He published a book on Greek moods and tenses, happily too late for us to be burdened with it. . . . Goodwin has a pleasant smile now when he speaks of his first class, when he was busy with the critical matters which perplexed us. He was commonly known as "John" — I do not know why — and he was imagined to have unusually large feet which could not well be concealed under his table. I recall one occasion when he provoked a laugh. He stopped in the midst of a recitation and said that it was necessary for him to leave. Of course we called out "Go on, go on." He simply said, "I should be glad to go on, but I have to go off."

"The college library was the center of our life as students, but in itself, it was of far less dignity than it has since acquired. It was in Gore Hall, which had been built in imitation of a college chapel in England and was not very well suited to its purpose. . . . The librarian was Thaddeus William Harris. . . . John Langdon Sibley was assistant. Mr. Harris resigned in 1856, and Mr. Sibley was made librarian; in this position he remained until 1877 when he was made Emeritus. He was a prominent personage in our college life."

Nothing exceeded his fidelity. He was scrupulous to an extreme. Some would term him fussy. . . . The library was simple in our day. . . . When a book was selected, Mr. Sibley entered it in a large volume and passed his pen to the student who appended his signature. . . . He had not distinctly learned that a library exists not for its own sake, but for the benefit of all who need its contents. . . . He was fond of historical study and his annals of the early years of Harvard are of inestimable worth. . . . This account of the library would be incomplete if it had no mention of Ezra Abbot, who for sixteen years was assistant with Mr. Sibley. His fame rests on his literary work, especially in the New Testament. He was a critical scholar of the first class.

In the fall of his senior year McKenzie was elected a member of the class committee. "Balch, Brown, Gray, Stevenson also on." He began the study of Hebrew with Professor Noyes. Occasionally he confesses to a mood of profound melancholy.

Passed a quiet evening. Sat for an hour alone; read a little; went into a brown and blue and profitless morose study on matters and things of various sorts. I have felt some uneasiness about money matters which rather clouded my spirit. January 1, 1859. Received this morning a very kind note from N. J. Bowditch, Esq., stating that the committee on the loan fund had decided to loan me \$75 (more than to anyone else) on account of the report made to them of my standing. For this kind report, I presume I am indebted to President Walker. Mr. Bowditch also said that if it would be convenient for me to receive any further aid he would be glad to help me. I am much touched by this kind offer and the kind manner in which it is conveyed. January 4, 1859. Received another kind note from Mr. Bowditch, enclosing his check for \$150, the sum I stated I needed. Wrote Mr. B. a note of thanks and hope soon to have the pleasure of thanking him in person. Everett says he has prayed every night for a year that something of this kind might happen. I thank him. The Lord answers prayers.

The journal records few public events, although his college years were momentous ones in our national history. He notes the dedication of the Franklin monument in Boston. The students were given a holiday and were asked to join in the procession. He did not vote in the national election of 1856 because he "had not been assessed. Buchanan probably elected. Should have voted for Fillmore if at all."

During the whole of McKenzie's college course he maintained a close connection with the Winter Street (Central) Congregational Church in Boston, of which he was a member. There is no record of a single Sunday when he attended Dr. Albro's church in Cambridge, of which he later became the minister. He was not a peripatetic churchgoer. He stuck to the church of his choice and allegiance. He attended not only the Sunday services of the Boston church, but the Friday evening services as well, and frequently took part. He was developing rapidly his abilities as a religious speaker. He continued his interest in the Sunday school, had a class of boys, and in the absence of the superintendent, Mr. Denison, took his place and conducted the work of the school. When Mr. Richards resigned as pastor in March, 1859, McKenzie was chosen to write

Mr. Richards a letter for the young people of the church, expressing their appreciation of all that he had done for them. He attended the council called to dissolve the pastoral relation. In all of this we see the prominence which he had gained in the life of the church.

But his religious interests were by no means confined to college and to the Boston church. We see the gradual emergence of the preacher. He is in demand, although still a student, as a speaker in neighboring churches. As early as his freshman year he records a visit (October 14, 1855) to the church at Charlestown, of which Mr. Miles was the minister. "Was introduced as Rev. Mr. McKenzie of Cambridge." The same year he was engaged to take charge of a meeting under the auspices of the City Missionary Society at the South End — "a work I love." In his home town, New Bedford, his abilities were recognized, and on his vacation visits he was frequently invited to preach. "August 9, 1857. I preached to-day at the Fourth Street Methodist Church, the minister being absent — an extempore sermon from John 3:16." This seems to have been his first appearance as a preacher at a regular Sunday service. "I was in some little doubt about the propriety of preaching in a church on the Sabbath at a regular service, but threw the responsibility on Mr. Baylies, who requested me to do so, and on Mr. Craig, who advised me to do it." On February 7 of the following year, he preached at the Cedar Street Chapel on: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me," and on February 14 again at the Fourth Street Methodist Church. On May 30 "at earnest request preached for Mr. Baylies in Allen St. Church. Had good and attentive congregation." The great occasion, however, came during the summer vacation in his junior year, when, at the invitation of Mr. Craig, he preached in the church of his boyhood. "Sunday, August 8 [1858]. A bright beautiful day. Preached all day in Mr. Craig's church. My labors were very kindly received." On August 15 he

preached at North Church. "Went through the day very comfortably." From this time on, he was regularly called upon to preach when at home on vacations in the different New Bedford churches. Already we have come upon Alexander McKenzie the preacher.

Unconsciously to himself, he was developing his technique. The journals record frequent visits to the law courts in Boston. Whole Saturdays were often spent in the rooms of the Supreme Court, listening to the pleading, and marking the methods of those who argued the cases. He himself, as a preacher, always argued for a decision. He records his impressions after attending a political meeting at which J. F. Hale spoke in favor of Burlingame for Congress.

October 31, 1858. I have been thinking since I heard Hale on Friday night that the style of talking used at political meetings might well be used in religious meetings. Preaching does not seem to effect all it might, and I think chiefly because it is of the wrong kind. The hearts of the hearers are not reached. People are interested and entertained but not moved. We want the zeal and wisdom of Paul. All that has been done in the world in church and state has been done by earnest and fearless men. . . . I have been thinking to-day that I should like to preach to the poor. It seems so discouraging a task to preach to those who believe and know all you say and are determined not to be moved by it.

Underneath all of this religious activity there runs a stream of pure devotion, of personal religious thinking and living. Thus he writes: "I think I have received a portion of the Spirit of God, so generously poured out of late. I think I have felt its power. I believe that I have higher aims than ever before and a sincere desire to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ and a useful minister in His Church."

No record of Alexander McKenzie's college years would be complete without mention of the rich and unusual friendships with which his life was blessed. From the beginning of life away from home, as we have seen, he came under the influence of men and women of culture and social standing. His own

character was largely shaped by their influence, and never more so than during his college years. Naturally, he was frequently in the home of Edward Everett. In his address before the Cambridge Historical Society, Dr. McKenzie later recorded his impressions of this outstanding citizen of Massachusetts.

Edward Everett was one of the gentlest men I have ever known. There was nothing ever more impressive to me than Edward Everett at family prayers. He would stand and read the prayers with all the reverence and dignity befitting that solemn service. He was a man of charming wit and great resources in his historical and personal incidents which came constantly to his mind. . . . Mr. Everett has always been called a cold man. It has been my fortune to know some of these cold men. . . . They are as genial men as I have ever happened to encounter. They are not men with whom you take liberties. They are reserved towards those who intrude on them; but anyone who has the slightest claim finds them very approachable. Such, at least, has been my experience.

He speaks of attending a meeting of the Thursday Evening Club at the home of Mr. Everett and meeting many of the literati of Boston. How much all this meant to the young collegian it is not difficult to imagine.

The Sweetsers, another cultured and well-to-do family, with a large country home at Brookline, were also his friends, and the journal records many happy visits with them. The outstanding friendship, however, during these years was with the Denisons. John N. Denison was a wealthy merchant who at one time was treasurer of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, when its office was in Boston. He was in Winter Street (Central) Church almost, if not quite, from its beginning, and was the largest systematic giver it ever had. He was prominent in its affairs, a deacon of the church, and for some time the superintendent of its Sunday school. It was thus that McKenzie came to know him and Mrs. Denison. He was so intimate with them that he seems almost to have been a member of the family. He rarely if ever during his college course spent a Saturday evening or Sunday in Cambridge. Always he

went to Boston or elsewhere, but most frequently to the Denisons', where he spent long afternoons and evenings. He dined there, spent the night, passed many a Sunday afternoon. Here was an unusual privilege, and a distinctly formative influence in his life. For this college student, at least, there were no lonely week-ends. The conclusion is inescapable that he possessed a genius for friendship. He must have had an attractive personality to have won for himself a place which any young man might have coveted. Also, he knew enough to cultivate his friendships.

And always there were the Lawrences, who had now made their home at Andover. There are many references during his freshman year to happy visits there. He speaks of them as "the kindest and best friends I have found in a seven years' wandering from my father's house." He describes family prayers in their home: "Mrs. Lawrence officiating, reading a prayer after Scriptures while we knelt together. Seldom have I joined in a more delightful service." He had one more Christmas with the Lawrences, his fifth and last. In his sophomore year the failure of Lawrence, Stone and Company, of which mention has already been made, came as a great shock to McKenzie as to many others.

October 1, 1857. The failure of Lawrence, Stone and Company was announced to-day, much to my surprise. Their indebtedness is large, and owing to the extreme stringency of the Money Market they are unable to raise funds to meet their maturing paper. Sad, very sad, is this great change. May they have a happy deliverance from their troubles.

In his reminiscences written late in life, Dr. McKenzie remarks that Mr. Lawrence once said that he thought that he could have prevented the failure if he had been at home. He was in Europe at the time. "He thought that he would have gone insane but for the Bible which he read continuously. Mrs. Lawrence remained at Andover after Mr. Lawrence had left. The last supper I had with her, the silver service was not

used. Tea was poured from a small earthen pot. . . . Mr. Lawrence began business again as a wool broker, and had rooms at Fulton St., New York. I dined with him. It was a grim feast after the luxury we had shared in his better days. He afterwards lived in a pleasant home on Staten Island, where I visited more than once. His business prospered for a time. But Mr. Lawrence became unable to carry it on, and he removed to Stockbridge where he died."

Such were the friendships which enriched the life of this young man during his formative years. Yet all of them were earned. Faithful work at the office, steady habits, high ideals, won for him his entrance into the home of the Lawrences. High standing, character, and ability at Phillips Andover resulted in his introduction to the Everetts. Loyalty to the church and unswerving devotion to its interests brought him into his intimate relations with the Denisons. It was so throughout his life. He came to know the best people of his time because he habitually lived on the highest levels and strove for the highest ideals. He was always first-rate in his thinking and living. The recognition which came to him was his legitimate reward.

Vacations were spent in the old home at New Bedford. His mother and his sister Mary were still there. The home life was maintained, although the family was small. The two brothers were away voyaging in their ships. McKenzie always went home for Thanksgiving: "Our family was small but we were happy together." Occasionally, as in the May vacation in 1858, the brothers Daniel and James were at home, and the whole family was reunited. His mother and sister made infrequent visits to Cambridge. They came once when the "Exhibition" took place.¹⁹ "I gave the Latin version from the plea

19. The exhibition was held on Tuesday, October 20, 1857. The "order of performance" gives as No. 16, "A Latin Version. From the Plea of Sergeant Buzfuz in the case of Bardell vs. Pickwick." The oration is preserved in manuscript, four pages sparsely written.

of Sergeant Buzfuz, which was well received. 'Spread' in the room afterwards." Summer vacations were always spent at New Bedford, with a few days at the beginning or end at Andover renewing old associations. When at home, there were always the trips to Edgartown, with picnics, fishing excursions, and other outings. "Sharking should not be omitted, as I caught some five or six." Once he went to Nantucket to visit some friends, the Cobbs, whom he had learned to know in Boston. Sundays in his later college years he was busy preaching.

His preaching led to his licensure as a preacher in the spring of his senior year at college.

It came [he writes] out of due time. I had done considerable talking at religious meetings and had preached at New Bedford by Mr. Craig's advice. He thought it was not best for me to be unable to preach according to rule, and proposed that I should apply to the Old Colony Association for a license. The meeting was at Wareham. I was examined and everyone seemed satisfied. I shall enter with more courage and confidence on the labors to which I may be called.

Two months later came Class Day and Commencement. The class supper was at Point Shirley, June 1. "Reached Cambridge at 6 A.M. the next day. Examinations followed. All went well." Class Day fell on June 24. It was a dark and rainy day. "I officiated as chaplain." Breakfast was at the President's; the oration, the poem, and the ode in the church. A crowded levee at the President's closed the day. "I had my oration at Commencement and spoke on 'The Rationale of Success,' a subject suggested by Professor Torrey. I do not know what I said, but it must have been based on some knowledge of the world and some experience in its affairs and in a life among men." His mother and sister Mary were there. Next day came the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, with Professor Felton presiding. "Finis. I joined the association of alumni."

I recall the hour [he wrote years later], when I said good-bye to Everett and went down the stairs from Holworthy 14 and made my way across the Yard. There I was no more to have a place, and the familiar



ALEXANDER McKENZIE

From the class-album of the Harvard Class of 1859

paths would not know my footsteps. When I came back, other fellows would have our rooms and we should have no right to enter them. It was a bold but hopeful step into the waiting world. Yet it was not long before I was here again, established as a parish minister of the church which was as old as the College, and which had been one of the attractions for the prophets and builders who sought a place for their College.

“As I look back over the years,” Dr. McKenzie wrote later [1910], “I do not find that I stored up very much. . . . The teachers as a whole do not seem to me to have excelled in their calling. . . . We gained much in discipline. We learned many things about books and how to use them. We learned how to study. We had great benefit from our recitations. We were required to stand up and state clearly what we knew. . . . The ability to recite was good and useful and has been of great help to me as a public speaker. The memory was trained and made to work in an orderly way. The logical processes were encouraged. . . . It was in ways like this that I seem to myself to have found the greatest intellectual profit in college life. It was worth a great deal to be at Harvard, to live in its old buildings, to be enrolled with the great men of the centuries, to have the traditions as personal wealth. The college friendships were of great value. . . . It was with a sad heart I reached the end of my college life and walked across the Yard for the last time as a student there. I have long ago found that there is more to be learned from men than from books, and that it makes much more difference who the teacher is than what the study is, and that to be in the presence of a man who has succeeded . . . in making a great life, is a help and a liberal education.

Heart to heart, boys, hand to hand, boys,
Stand we members of the class of '59.'

CHAPTER IV

ANDOVER SEMINARY

1859-1861

DURING his senior year at Harvard College McKenzie's future course was much in his mind. It was settled that he would go to Andover Theological Seminary, but was it necessary for him to take the full three years' course? He was now twenty-nine years old, he had a preacher's license and experience, and he had already done work in Hebrew while at Harvard under Professor Noyes and in the Greek Testament with Dr. Albro. Under the date of March 6, 1859, he writes in his journal:

After the last ministers' meeting at New Bedford I had a long talk with Mr. Craig in regard to my future course. He strongly advises me to enter Andover one year in advance or to go to New York. It seems the opinion of all with whom I have consulted, except Prof. Park, that it is desirable for me to enter on the middle year when I go to Andover. I shall have been over most of the important ground of the junior year.

On Tuesday, June 28, he went to Andover to make arrangements for his course there. He laid before the faculty a certificate from Dr. Noyes, regarding Hebrew, and the following letter from Dr. Albro regarding his work in the Greek New Testament:

The bearer, Mr. McKenzie, has been an attendant upon the exercises of a Greek Bible class held at my study once a week, during the college course in Cambridge. In that time we have gone over a large portion of the New Testament exegetically . . . in a very thorough manner and with evident progress and benefit on the part of the members of the class, who have been constant and earnest in their study. Mr. McKenzie is a young gentleman of an excellent mind and character, a good scholar, and a devoted Christian, and as such I cordially commend him to the confidence of the Theological Faculty at Andover.

John A. Albro

Cambridge,
June 21, 1859

"The faculty considered the suggestion and decided that it would not do for a man to go from the senior class in college to the middle Sem'y class. With all respect for my character and attainments and ability, they therefore declined my application. It was then proposed that I should come as a resident student. Prof. Park pronounced it just the thing. This gives me all the privileges of the Sem'y and the right to preach on my license besides; while I do not *actually* join the Sem'y. The plan pleases me." Thus he planned for the last stage in his long course of preparation for the ministry.

In the year 1859, Andover Theological Seminary, which had been founded over fifty years before, amid conflicting cross-currents of theological opinion, was in its palmiest days.¹ When McKenzie entered there were about 130 students. On the faculty were men of learning and reputation. Edwards A. Park was then at the height of his influence. He was one of the spiritual and intellectual leaders of his age.² He had been for three years colleague pastor with Richard Salter Storrs the elder at Braintree, Massachusetts; for one year he had taught mental and moral philosophy; for ten years he had been professor of sacred rhetoric at Andover, and he had then taught systematic theology for thirty-four years. He had a brilliant and versatile mind, and was himself "a great soul above vanity and trivality." He knew all that was worth knowing about New England theology, and he was among the foremost of American theologians. He expounded the conservative theology of the Andover Creed. Yet his teaching was profoundly spiritual, and far removed from dry or didactic systematizing.

1. It received its charter in 1807, opened in 1808, and graduated its first class in 1810.

2. See *Bibliotheca Sacra*, April, 1901; *Memorial Addresses*, "Edwards A. Park as Teacher and Preacher," by Alvah Hovey, D.D., and Joseph Cook.

He was well read in modern poetry and hymnology (he assisted Mason and Phelps in the publication of the *Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book*), and had himself many of the qualities of a poet. He believed intensely what he taught, yet he cultivated among his students the spirit of free inquiry and insisted that they care for evidence and not mere assertion. It is the heart, Neander said, which makes the theologian. Within the theology which Park taught there was a simple faith and a childlike heart.

Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife Harriet Beecher Stowe was famous as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1855), taught the New Testament to the junior or entering class, and is described as "a bluff hearty man with sharp wit, good nature and strong common sense."³ Elijah P. Barrows taught Hebrew and Old Testament, "a laborious and painstaking teacher." William G. T. Shedd expounded church history and doctrine. He had been trained in philosophy under Dr. James Marsh at the University of Vermont, and later graduated from Andover Seminary, where he studied theology under Dr. Park. After a two years' pastorate at Brandon, Vermont, he became professor of English at the University of Vermont, and later taught sacred rhetoric at Auburn Theological Seminary. From there he came to Andover. He was a theologian of the old school, and deprecating the tendency in the Congregational Church to discard the old Calvinism, he became a Presbyterian and ended his career as professor of sacred literature in Union Theological Seminary (1863-1874) and of systematic theology (1874-1890). It was said of him that "not since Coleridge [whose works he edited in 1853] has so fine a gift of literary expression been employed . . . in the exposition of the loftiest subjects in philosophy and theology."⁴

3. See A. H. Currier, D.D., *Life of Constans L. Goodell*, New York, 1887, p. 34.

4. John DeWitt, in *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, April, 1895.

In the chair of sacred rhetoric and homiletics was Austin Phelps, a brilliant and devoted man. He became a good Hebrew scholar, and was well read in theology, "an ideal lecturer, himself the embodiment of Christian courtesy and refinement."⁵ At the age of twenty-two he was minister of Pine Street Church in Boston (afterwards Berkeley Temple), and six years later began his work at Andover. He had, writes McKenzie, an

exalted idea of the office and work of a Christian minister. He regarded the pastoral office as the first of all human vocations. . . . His constant aim was to fill the minds of his pupils with the same enthusiasm with which he from childhood to manhood had been possessed and controlled. "A sermon," he felt, "must come out of costly experiences of intellect or heart or both. A preacher must brood over his theme as the prophet stretched himself over the dead body of the widow's child until new life is breathed into [it]."⁶

He stressed the importance of style, of developing a taste for aptly chosen words, of acquiring a wealth of diction from the reading of the best models of classical and of English literature.

Such were the personalities with whom McKenzie came in contact. Many of their theological ideas have been outgrown with the passing of the years. Yet, as we look back, we cannot fail to be impressed with the nobility of their character, the sincerity, the depth, and the passion of their faith. No wonder that great preachers were bred in the atmosphere of their teaching! The influence of their lives went farther and deeper than their exact theological ideas. They witnessed to a great ideal which captured the imagination and fired the enthusiasm of their students. It was thus that Andover fulfilled its mission.

The plan of study [according to the catalogue of the period] is designed to concentrate attention, so far as this is practicable, upon single depart-

5. Currier, *op. cit.*

6. Daniel L. Thurber, "Austin Phelps," *Bibliotheca Sacra*, October, 1891.

ments in succession. Accordingly the first year is given mainly to the study of the Scriptures; the second to that of Systematic Theology; and the third is necessarily divided between the departments of Ecclesiastical History and Sacred Rhetoric. Exegetical studies are continued through the entire course.

This was a simplification of curriculum which to-day appears quite naïve. Yet it had its strong points.⁷

Since McKenzie had registered as a resident student, in the work of the middle year, he omitted the work of the entering class, and came at once under the influence of Professor Park. Park lectured at eleven o'clock on six days in the week. This was the only lecture period of the day for the middlers. But the lectures were interspersed with evening discussions and with frequent examinations. It must have been a pretty steady theological diet, unrelieved as it was by other subjects, as the professor expounded "The Existence and Attributes of God," "The Divine Authority of the Bible," "The Purpose of God," "The Deity of Christ," "Election," "Total Depravity," "The Atonement," "Eschatology," "Apostasy."

No greater mistake, however, could be made than to imagine Alexander McKenzie living the life of a theological recluse. He was gregarious, social, expansive, and human in his instincts and interests. Consequently he was no sooner settled at Mr. Draper's ⁸ at Andover than he began to move about freely in the world which he had made for himself. Coming back to Andover was like coming home. He felt keenly the loss of the Lawrences, to whom the journal of the period frequently and touchingly refers. But there were other old friends, and he proceeded promptly to make many new ones. He records fre-

7. An incidental and important result was that men came to Andover for a year or two of intensive work under the master which appealed to them, often not preparing for pastoral work.

8. Probably Warren F. Draper, publisher and printer of professors' books, catalogues, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, etc. He was a very valuable aid to the educational work of the school.

quent visits at the home of Samuel H. Taylor, the principal of Phillips Academy, his old preceptor; at Captain Perry's; at Mr. Aiken's; at the homes of the different professors; and at Abbot Academy, where he knew the teachers. Andover offered ample opportunities for social diversion. According to his own statement, he was seldom alone in his room in the evening.

Outside of Andover there were Salem, Boston, and Cambridge. In the month of October, 1859, the year that McKenzie entered Andover, his sister Mary married William S. Daland, and made her home in Salem. The marriage ceremony was held in the church in New Bedford. Daniel, the older brother, had returned from a voyage, and took his father's place in the service. Mr. Craig performed the ceremony. "May this change," writes McKenzie in his diary, "which seems to break up our little family, bind us together! May we see more of one another than we have for the past few years! The Lord bless us each and all." Shortly after this — there was one more Thanksgiving at New Bedford — the mother went to live with her daughter. The old New Bedford home was given up at last. For the next two years there were frequent visits to the new home at Salem, so near by. Yet he continued to go to New Bedford for summer vacations and on occasional trips. The old ties were not easily broken; in fact he maintained them to the end of his life.

McKenzie never went to Boston or passed through it without visits with his old friends. He was present at the council to install Rev. Mr. Todd, a successor to Mr. Richards; there was the wedding of one of his friends; and there were constant trips for preaching engagements. From the day of his licensure, McKenzie was in demand as a preacher. One wonders, in reading the record, how he found time for his work at the seminary while preparing his sermons and preaching as he did nearly every Sunday during his first year at Andover. He

formed, very early in his life there, a connection with the little country church at Boxford, which invited him to "supply" for them. It was a beautiful experience, filled with friendship and with ideal pastoral relations. He would drive out there on Saturdays, often in stormy weather, preach on Sunday, talk to the children in the Sunday school, and make visits to the aged and the infirm. His first systematic training in pastoral work came from this connection with the Boxford church. The people would gladly have called him to be their minister, and he records that he would gladly have gone to them; yet both seemed to feel that this was not to be. He maintained his relations with the Boxford people, however, during his two years at Andover, and made frequent visits after he had ceased to preach for them.

When I was in the Seminary [McKenzie has written in his reminiscences], I had a quite continuous ministry at West Boxford where there was no pastor. I drove over from Andover, and was finely cared for in the home of Mr. Isaac Andrew, a brother of Governor Andrew. My visits were a great pleasure. I was at home. Mrs. Andrews and the two sisters were very good to me and I enjoyed the hospitality and the preaching. The church was small, but I came to know many of the people and they seemed to like to have me with them. Once they gave a reception and presented me with a generous sum of money. Now and then, I had to be elsewhere and then I sent a fellow-student to take my place. At times, I used to ask the leading men how they liked someone whom I had sent, but the highest comment I could elicit was: "I don't hear any fault found." That was meant for approval, and it was approval.

But he could not confine himself to Boxford. Invitations to preach reached him from many directions. We find him one Sunday at the village church at Dorchester; another Sunday at Newton Centre; a third at New Bedford. Later he preaches at Brookline, at Jamaica Plain, and at Fall River. He is invited to take a Sunday at his old church in Boston. He has Sundays at North Cambridge and at East Cambridge, at Salem, and at Nashua, New Hampshire.

These early sermons have not come down to us. Some of them were used again and again. There was a sermon on "Patience"; one on "Faith without Works"; another on "Stedfastness." He preached on "The Immutability of Christ" ("too orthodox for Miss Alfreda [Andrew]"), and on "The Glorious Gospel." In a way, as we have seen, it was not a new experience. For years he had been addressing Sunday schools and speaking at prayer-meetings. His early gifts as a speaker had been penetrated by his deep religious experience. He was now only doing in explicit fashion what he had practiced for years in informal ways. Thus for him the transition from theological student to Christian preacher was far less abrupt than for many of his fellow-students.

He seems to have enjoyed this weekly preaching in different churches. He made an immediate impression as a preacher, and at least three churches, aside from Boxford, wanted to call him at once, although this was only his first year at the seminary. The first church to take positive action was the church at Brighton. He had preached there several times, and then learned that the church wanted him for its pastor and was willing to wait for him. Later the church at North Bridgewater where he had supplied for a month or more made similar proposals. He was told that there was not a man, woman, or child who did not desire his settlement. His answer to both churches was the same: he was not ready to settle; he wished to complete his studies; he was not moved from his purpose to complete his preparation for the ministry; he was resolved to be cautious and to proceed slowly.

More serious were the negotiations with the church at Nashua, New Hampshire, a strong and united congregation which made a determined effort to secure this popular young preacher. This came toward the end of his first year at the seminary, and for a time he hesitated; but in October, 1860, he answered them as he had the others: "I expressed a decided

opinion that I had better stick to my books. There the matter rests as far as I am concerned." ⁹

So his first year at Andover came to an end. He had entered on this work with the prayer: "O that I may have grace to use well the short time for preparatory study yet remaining. The Lord teach me." In all this outside activity he had not neglected his study. He took the weekly examinations in Professor Park's work and spent much time in outside reading. He found time to tutor for a while a young man, son of Mr. Treat,¹⁰ who needed help in order to pass his entrance examinations for Harvard College. He attended many lectures outside of his regular courses: "Shall try to profit from Mr. Choate's suggestions and by reading and speaking become a better reader and a better speaker. Read Cicero for arrangement, Tacitus for words, Burke for eloquence in speaking." Underneath the ease and fluency of McKenzie's speaking and preaching there lay these years of constant, unremitting intellectual discipline and self-culture.

He attended Harvard College Commencement in June, 1860, and his class reunion at "Porter's." He was present at the inauguration of President Felton. "Dr. Holmes presided [at the dinner] and spoke, also President Walker, Agassiz, Judge Shaw, etc." Following his old custom, there were summer weeks at New Bedford and Edgartown, and he preached for Mr. Craig. Then he went back to Andover, and destiny knocked at his door.

At the beginning of his second year at Andover, McKenzie was invited by the faculty to become a regular member of the senior class. Thus far he had been a resident student. The faculty, appreciating his good work and his growing reputation

9. The call to Nashua was not finally declined until October, 1860.

10. Presumably John Harvey Treat, Harvard 1862, who died in 1908. His legacy of \$42,000 to Harvard College founded the Treat Fund (1911) for the uses of the Library.

as a preacher, wished to make him a member of the graduating class. He took time to consider. By a somewhat obscure rule, which did not seem to be applied in his case, enrolment as a member of a seminary class suspended one's licensure as a preacher. He would not be as free as he had been to go where and when he would. Yet, to his mind, this temporary suspension of preaching activities would have its advantages. His health had never been better, but more quiet would be good for him. He was also running out of sermon subjects. He would be glad to be a regular graduate of the seminary. After some deliberation, therefore, he accepted the offer of the faculty. His name appears for the first time in the 1860 catalogue among the regular members of a seminary class. He settled down for a quiet year, with Professors Phelps and Shedd for his teachers, and began to hear sermons once more instead of preaching them. On one occasion the rule was suspended.

One day, one of the Trustees called on me and asked me to go to Worcester to preach for him on the coming Sunday. I told him that I was not allowed to preach. He made light of this objection, knowing that the rule could be suspended at his instance, and I went and preached. I do not recall any other instance until I reached the place where seniors were permitted to preach.

Early in October, 1860, he received, at Professor Park's suggestion, an invitation to preach at the South Parish Church in Augusta, Maine. A Sunday there would be a diversion, and he accepted. The record of this trip, from his journal, is as follows:

Friday, October 5, 1860. At five, left Boston in the steamer "State of Maine" for Augusta. Enjoyed a pleasant night's rest. At Gardiner, took a small steamer, the "Augusta," for the rest of the journey. Cold, wintry morning. Saturday, October 6. Reached Augusta in due season. Was kindly received at Deacon Means'. Called in the p. m. at Mr. Blaine's.¹¹ Mrs. Blaine is a sister of Mrs. E. C. Stanwood of Boston. Called with

11. Hon. James G. Blaine.

Deacon Means at Mr. Bradbury's, late United States Senator, now out of health. Mr. Blaine called in the evening. Sunday, October 7. Pleasant day. Preached to good congregations, the finest intellectually that I think I have ever preached to. Monday, October 8, 1860. Mrs. Blaine gave me a fine drive around Augusta, and over the river. Had some talk with Mr. Blaine and Deacon Means about my studies, when I should be through, etc. They asked whether I could preach for them while the legislature was in session, say through January and February. I suppose if I please them then, they would suffer me to finish my studies. I can think it over.

Recalling this visit later in his life, he wrote:

I took a carriage for Mr. Means' house and decided on the way up that wherever my home might be, it should not be here. I changed my mind. The kind daughter of the house received me and refreshed me with currant wine and cake. She took me to walk and pointed out houses of interest, and also the church. Senator Bradbury, who was a near neighbor, called in the evening, and Mr. Eveleth called. . . . The next day I preached from "Faith without works is dead," and "O remember not against us former iniquities." It was a good congregation. The house was stately and convenient. It was a better house than I knew then. I have since come to admire the architecture of that period, and this was one of the best specimens of it. That now seems to me superior to many churches of a later date.

He preached for four consecutive Sundays in October, going back and forth on each week-end, and highly enjoying the trips. From the beginning, the church seems to have been convinced that it had found its minister. McKenzie preached his familiar sermons, and they met an instant response from the congregation. After his second Sunday, the church officers began already to ask him when he would be ready to come.

Sunday, October 14. Pleasant day. Preached to large congregation. Took tea at Mr. Blaine's. Monday, October 15. They talked about my settling, when I should be ready, etc. . . . I have decided not to settle here till I have finished my studies. I am asked to preach again and am told they can wait. . . . Left at 11:15. At Portland, met Mr. Blaine and we rode together to Andover. He was bound to Boston. He repeats the old story and says he is set on my coming to Augusta, that he never knew the people so unanimous on anything before. He represents the place as desirable. . . . He says a call is inevitable, but they will not ask me to

settle until I am ready. Saturday, October 27. Went to Augusta.
Stayed at Mr. Bradbury's. Sunday, October 28. Supped at Mr.
Blaine's with Mr. Eveleth.

The church was wise enough not to urge him to come before he was ready. It respected his desire to finish his theological course.

On his different visits McKenzie had met all the leading people in the church, and had been entertained in their homes. He had had a conference at the Augusta bank with a group of influential men. He had attended informal receptions, and records the presence, among others, of Mr. Eveleth and his sister. The mutual acquaintance ripened rapidly.

The records of the Augusta church leading to the call of Mr. McKenzie are as follows:

South Parish Vestry, October 25, 1860

An adjourned meeting of this church was held this evening at 7½ o'clock, Dea. Means in the chair. After the meeting was opened, the time was spent in discussing the merits and peculiar qualifications as a preacher and a Christian of a young man by the name of McKenzie, who has preached in our pulpit the last three Sabbaths. It was moved by Bro. J. L. Child to get at the feelings of those present that there be an informal vote taken yea or nay with present information: shall this church give Mr. McKenzie a call to become its pastor? 49 votes cast, all yea. Bro. Bradbury moved that when this meeting adjourned it be for one week.

November 1, 1860

An adjourned meeting of the church was held this evening at 7½ o'clock. Dea. Means in the chair Moved by Bro. J. L. Child that this church give Mr. McKenzie a call to become its pastor and after a free and pleasant discussion [it was] voted to call him.

On November 14, 1860, McKenzie received the formal call to the Augusta parish. The call was accompanied by a very kind letter from the committee. Later, Mr. Bradbury visited him at Andover and gave him "a very cheering account of the people there and of their desire that I accept their call. There is a fine state of union. No one voted against me, and only two

refused to vote. These two will be supporters of any ministry, I am told. . . . Let me forget them as distinct from the others."

As in every other crisis of his life, McKenzie now turned to his friends for counsel. He went to New Bedford and had a long talk with Mr. Craig, whose father was a member of the Augusta church. He talked with Mr. Means of the Roxbury church, a son of Deacon Means of Augusta. He sought the advice of the Rev. E. B. Webb, who had just left the Augusta church. He visited Salem and talked the matter over with his family there. And he leaned heavily on the advice of Mr. Taylor of Andover Academy and of his professors at the seminary. He wrote to Professor George Shepard of Bangor Seminary and received the following reply:

Bangor, Nov. 21, 1860.

My dear Sir:

Yours of the 15th inst. came when I was away at an ordination and supplying the pulpit at Augusta on my way home. There is evidently a great unanimity among the people in extending the call to you. It is regarded as very remarkable by themselves that they should so soon, and so perfectly, be brought to act together in this thing. That church and society I regard as furnishing one of the most, if not *the* most, important positions for pastoral labor in the state. The average of intellect and culture there is evidently beyond what is found in most of our congregations.

There are fine social qualities and circles there. The church has its due proportion of good working members. As I regard it, a call more honorable, more eligible, could be issued from no religious society in the state. I trust that the path of duty will be made clear to you, so that you will have no doubt what the Lord will have you to do.

Yours very truly,
George Shepard

There was not a dissenting voice. His friends all felt that he would be doing wisely to go to a church so influential, so united, and so willing to wait until he had completed his seminary course.

On December 6, 1860, he formally accepted the call in the following letter:

Andover, 6 December 1860.

My dear Brethren:

I have received from you a copy of the record of the action of the Church and Parish which you represent by which they have invited me to become their pastor. I thank you for the very kind terms in which you have communicated their desire. The proposal they have made to me, as stated by you, formally or informally, embraces three principal points: which are

That I shall not be expected to enter upon my ministry until the close of the present Seminary year;

That my salary shall be Fifteen hundred dollars per annum; and

That I shall have an annual vacation of four weeks.

I have now the pleasure of replying that I accept the invitation which has been extended to me.

It is only necessary to add that I anticipate being ready to be installed as your Pastor at an early date in September next.

I commend you to the gracious care of our Lord and Master, and remain,

Affectionately your friend,
Alexander McKenzie

To Rev. Benjamin Tappan D.D.

E. A. Nason, Esq.

Hon. James W. Bradbury and others

Committee of the South Church and Parish, Augusta, Me.

"I need only add," McKenzie writes in his journal, "that I have reached my conclusion happily. I accept the call with all my heart. May the Lord bless me in it. I shall, of course, find trials in my work, but where should I not? The Lord has called me to work in this field. So I humbly trust that he will bless me in it. I had hoped that my settlement would be nearer Boston, that I might be with my old friends and near especially . . . to my mother and Mary, but the distance is not great, and need not, will not cool our affection for one another. There are special attractions in a Boston parish; but there are also special attractions in the Augusta parish.

"The Lord bless the people, old and young, and fit me for my work among them."

Soon after, he reaches his thirtieth birthday. "Friday, 14. My Birthday! A turning point in my life. I am a man indeed.

The Lord has been good and gracious to me. May he forgive my sins and still bless me." To celebrate, he went to Boston and in the evening attended a gathering of some forty members of his college class at the home of E. W. Hooper.

Here, then, is this young man of thirty, with his future settled, his health and courage strong, his finances in good condition, with many influential friends, and only six months left of his long course of preparation for his profession. No wonder that his heart is filled with gratitude and with hope.

In the interim between his call and his settlement, the relationship between him and the Augusta church was strengthened and deepened by occasional visits and by frequent letters. In January he went to Augusta and visited with his friends. He preached on Sunday (the 20th). The choir gave him a pleasant welcome. His sermon, on "The Glorious Gospel," he had just received back from Professor Phelps with his criticism. He spoke informally to the Sunday school. He preached again in the afternoon, "Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?" and in the evening he spoke at the Young Men's Christian Association. He remained over a few days, "called on some of the old ladies," and attended a social gathering of the parish, "about two hundred and fifty present. All seemed as happy as possible." He went to the Kennebec County Conference at Winthrop and made a few remarks. He officiated as chaplain at the House of Representatives in Dr. Tappan's place. He went to a meeting of the Maine Historical Society at the state house, and made other calls and visits. He gained the finest impressions. "I like the people very much. I like the work to which they have called me." He went again in April, and "looked at rooms at the Augusta House but saw nothing that seemed to meet my views." A third visit was made in May. He preached at Hallowell, and performed the marriage ceremony for the first time. "The ceremony was brief and seemed satisfactory." He looked at rooms at Stanley

House. "I find some which will answer my purpose and which I shall probably take."

In addition to his visits, he wrote letters which could be read in the evening meetings and serve to continue and strengthen his personal relationship with the parish. "I am already beginning to live for you and shaping my work somewhat with reference to my life among you. . . . I am glad of your prosperity and strength. But . . . we are strongest when we are weakest. I pray that we may be as little children in spirit and in understanding. Remember me in your prayers." In truth he was already their pastor; and already he was exhibiting the heart of a true shepherd of the sheep — a heart whose tenderness and love grew and deepened all through the years.

There are various references in his journals to the solemn political happenings of the time preceding and following the outbreak of the "War between the States." Thus, he records a debate at the Porter Rhetorical Society. "Whether the North ought to resist the slaves if they should make an insurrection."

Saturday, Dec. 22, 1860. South Carolina this week passed her ordinance of secession. Perhaps other states will follow her example. These are troublous times. January 4, 1861. A National Fast. The times are full of troubles. Slavery is as usual the contention. States are seceding and violence is apprehended. There is certainly danger of Civil War.

On March 4 he records the inauguration of President Lincoln. During his April visit to Augusta he attended a meeting at Winthrop Hall, "held for the purpose of giving some religious advice to the first company of volunteers. Made a few remarks. Hall *packed* with people." Later we find that drilling has been begun by the students at the seminary.

His last Christmas at Andover was a quiet one, "much in contrast with days which are no more. Christmas was once the brightest day of all the year. I thought of my dear friends the Lawrences." He heard R. W. [Ralph Waldo] Emerson lecture "on clubs, or better, on society or conversation. The lecture

was very interesting." On March 12 there came a letter from his mother announcing the birth of a little girl¹² to his sister Mary. "The Lord bless mother and child." Later in March there came the examinations, followed by a vacation spent in Salem, Boston, New Bedford, New Haven, and New York, where he saw his old pastor Dr. Prentiss and heard him preach. Then he went to Augusta and preached there the two following Sundays. Vacation ended, he returned to Andover and settled down for his last term, preaching Sundays, however, in Boston and New Bedford. He began preparing his "inaugural" at Augusta, and making plans for his ordination and installation there. Mr. Craig agreed to give the sermon. A letter of invitation to attend the council was sent at his request to the Central (Winter Street) Church, of which he was still a member. The date of the council was fixed for August 28. Graduation from the seminary took place on August 1. There were twenty-four speakers, of whom McKenzie was one.

My subject was "The Preachers of the Crusades." The exercises passed off finely. We received our diplomas. We dined at the Mansion House with the Trustees in the evening. Took tea at Mrs. Perry's and said good-bye. . . . Here ends Andover life and my course of study. All the years have been very pleasant. The last two at Andover have been very happy and useful ones — long will they be precious. I have enjoyed my home at Mr. Draper's, and my Seminary connection. I have enjoyed the study and my lectures and my preaching. . . . And now I go to new scenes and duties. Here is the end of the long course. Not for a moment have I regretted my decision to be a minister. One need not shrink from a course of study though it be long, if there is a good work beyond.

Andover Seminary made three definite contributions to the intellectual and spiritual development of Alexander McKenzie. In the first place, it equipped him with a distinctly evangelical theology as the basis of his preaching. He was never an exact theologian, and had little philosophical training. But his evan-

12. Eliza H. Daland, who died April 11, 1934.

gelical interpretation of Christianity was wrought into a consistent whole, and remained practically unaltered to the end of his life. For him, to use the title of a book he afterwards wrote, it was "Christ Himself." In thus centering all of his Christian thinking in the person of Christ, he had well learned his Andover lessons. It was the heart of Christ which spoke to him from the lectures to which he listened; it was upon this that his mind fastened. With this for a guide, he went on without wavering through all the changing theological ideas of later years. Again, he learned the gift of expression, of literary skill, of the fine and telling diction which beautified all of his speaking. What had come to him in college under Professor Child was developed under Professors Shedd and Phelps. A natural gift was trained and cultivated. Finally, he was confirmed in his devotion to the Christian ministry as a calling. He entered upon it in no professional mood, but from a deep and all-controlling conviction which carried him joyfully and with increasing enthusiasm through more than fifty years of uninterrupted work as preacher and parish minister. He had been nine years preparing for his work. When the time came to begin, he was ready.

In his autobiographical reminiscences Dr. McKenzie has preserved his recollections and impressions of his teachers at Andover. Of Edwards A. Park he wrote:

"It was with much satisfaction and ambition that I became his student. [He] had the entire middle year. No one was allowed to encroach upon it. He was sovereign. He has said that he would not write [his lectures] out, for he wished to come to each one as to a fresh subject. He was interested, and it followed that his students were. He had copious notes, but I felt that the most impressive parts were when he left his notes and just talked to us. He was a rhetorician. He could tell a story with effect."

He found illustrations everywhere. The fearful accident at the Pemberton Mills he could use whether he was lecturing on predestination or on infant baptism. He spoke earnestly but in a deliberate way. We could take down his very words. He repeated them. He was willing to be questioned, and was patient to the last. I never heard him refuse to answer but once, when an eccentric fellow asked him if angels stubbed their toes in heaven. The lectures ranged the theological field. On eschatology he said very little, even when that subject was rising in importance and was much talked about.

"I learned theology, and probably as well as I should anywhere. But I always felt that the great benefit was on the rhetorical side: in clearness of statement and felicity in using familiar illustrations. In this respect the lectures have stood by me better than anything else I had in the Seminary. He was a most impressive preacher and it was a red-letter day when he stood in the chapel pulpit. There was no resisting the force of his argument or the passion of the preacher who gave all the energy of his mind and the proclamation of the truth.

"He liked to talk to the men. He liked a good story. It was a great change when he retired, and the Trustees did not know where to look for one to take his place."

After his retirement, he was supposed to be preparing "My System." What he was really doing, no one knew. There was some suspicion that he did not wish to publish his system, since he knew that it was somewhat antiquated and that it would be severely handled if it came into print. He was always cautious about printing. There was a finality from which he shrank. At any rate his lectures were not published.

"Professor Park was a most interesting companion when he was so disposed. He was not very ready in lighter conversation, for his mind reached beyond it. He kept himself under control, perhaps even under restraint. It was told that when a distinguished Boston preacher had come to be his guest for a Sunday, the two men sat together in the parlor in silence. The silence was oppressive until the professor broke it with an inquiry which may have been pertinent if not elevating: 'Dr. Webb, will you have your boots blacked?'

"It was once my privilege to have Professor Park as my guest. It was on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. The various officers of the college were asked to entertain visitors, and I was told that Professor Park would come to me. . . . It seemed an unhappy appointment. I thought that he would not like the arrangement. We were friends, but in various matters we had differed in opinion, at times with earnestness. There had been no alienation, but the proposed meeting had an awkward look. I wrote to the committee suggesting that a change should be made. Then I tore up the note and accepted the appointment. The Professor came. I met him at the door and took him to his room. I said 'Professor, I am glad to see you in my home.' He replied courteously, but I think he felt a little constraint. The next day my wife escorted him to the college chapel and in the afternoon he came with us to our Communion service on the understanding that he was not to be asked to take part. At our family devotions on Sunday morning he offered the prayer. So the day passed. He began to feel more at his ease. My family greatly enjoyed his conversation. I asked him at night how he liked the morning sermon, and he replied in a characteristic way with a story of someone who heard a famous preacher and was asked if he enjoyed it, and he answered, 'The music was magnificent.' 'So, if you ask me how I liked Phillips Brooks' sermon, I answer, "The music was magnificent."' That told the whole story in his own way. I sent him my sermon preached on the same occasion. He wrote in acknowledgement that he liked its rhetoric, but could not assent to all the sermon. The trouble was that I had commended those who had enriched the college even if they held opinions which were not those of the founders."

Professor Park did not hold his predecessor [Leonard Woods] in honor. He spoke of his work in his later years with extreme disrespect. He did not hesitate to say that Dr. Woods would present the truth in a way to

sustain his system. (The truthfulness of Dr. Woods was clearly impeached.) It was by no means a charge peculiar to that time. . . . Something like this has been asserted of Professor Park himself. It was reported that he expressed the wish that Professor Stowe would adapt his exegesis to the teaching of the theological department and that Professor Stowe replied that he wished the Professor of Theology would adapt his teaching to the New Testament. I fancy that this process of adaptation is not confined to theology and that in many lines of thought a man may lay hold of anything which can be made to fit the views for which he stands. . . . I should not be surprised to learn that this may be so even in science, which claims to be impartial. . . . I have always liked the saying of John Pope the Puritan, that he "would rather suffer for speaking the truth than that he should suffer for the want of his speaking." It makes some advance in theological method that there is less reliance now on separate proof texts and more on the broad understanding of the Sacred Scriptures. . . . The difference between these two professors was in the men quite as really as in their teaching. This hardly belongs in my personal recollections. Anyone who wishes to make a close distinction will find the material in the publications of the period. The "*Bibliotheca Sacra*" will give the indications clearly enough. Professor Woods sought to keep connection with the theologians before him by retaining their language and giving to it a broader interpretation. Professor Park was more critical and possibly more adroit in his definitions and was willing to make advance upon the beliefs of the past. One adhered firmly to the New England theology and the other wished to add the improvements which he had discovered and advocated. Professor Smythe made a plain distinction in their divergence and their psychology.

Let me give Professor Smyth's account of this, which I copy from a letter. Dr. Woods adhered to the old psychology which drew no clear-cut line of distinction between the sensibilities and the will, or between permanent choice and dependent volitions. Professor Park made the most of such discriminations, both in theory and application. This led to an independent treatment of the moral agency in general, particularly of the doctrines of the divine purposes, depravity, sin, regeneration, conversion, spiritual life, and to a more vigorous criticism of traditional representations, and to a rejection of some to which Dr. Woods adhered. This is dealing with antiquities, but these matters were of intense importance to the men of their time. There was a reality in their themes and in their having a belief and creed, and something of the reality remains, while the formulas have given way to modern statements.

"There was room for variance when Professor Park came to his great office. He was assailed, but he fought his battle and

he was strong enough to prevail. His opinions commended themselves to most of his students and they carried them to the churches. In this way Professor Park's life should be accounted a success. . . . I do not attempt to do justice to the powers of Professor Park. Let me say again that he was a great man and a great teacher. His mind had a large grasp. He carried analysis to its limits. Nothing escaped him. I have heard him make this classification: 'Some men are Calvinists, some Calvinistic, others Calvinistical, still others Calvinisticalish.'"

After his retirement, he was deeply interested in the affairs of the seminary, and the controversy which disturbed the institution enlisted his deep feeling. He claimed with some reason that he was outside of it. Yet he was not outside of it, and his opinions were well known and had their influence. His last days were quiet. He could be seen slowly walking in his yard, meditating, looking forward and into the past. He felt more than he told. For it must have been with profound emotion that he saw his time moving to its transition and knew that his "system" would never be printed to stand side by side with the volumes of Woods and Hodge. He wrote McKenzie a pathetic letter under date of February 10, 1881, to express the hope that the committee appointed by the trustees for collecting funds on his account would be able to get the money in hand so that he might be released from public duty in six months and might begin the work of writing his lectures.

If I prepare my system of theology for the press, I must begin it very soon. I cannot expect to finish it in less than five or six years and I cannot safely calculate on having so long a time for labour. It seems necessary for me to begin the preparation of my theological system as early as our next Seminary anniversary or else give up the hope of writing out my system and make other arrangements for the remainder of my life. . . . I ought to add that I do not anticipate a suspension of my office in the event of the funds not being raised. I cannot live without my salary. If

I remain in my office I must turn my attention away from this preparation to some lighter work.

“He must have known that his influence was less potent than it had been, and possibly he saw the time when he would be little more than a memory. It seemed a pity that he could not have entered into the new life. He could have directed it almost as he would. He could have had Andover men at his feet, paying him homage and giving him praise. Whether he thought of this, I do not know. I do not believe that he was altogether unhappy. He was too great for that. He knew the past, but he moved silently into the future in the ‘power of an endless life.’ He was ninety-one years young when he was called and he moved into the increasing light, drawing closer to the Teacher who had ruled his willing mind. Professor A. V. G. Allen of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, who was a student under Professor Park, wrote to him on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday: ‘A great part of one’s best training comes through admiration and affection for the teacher. Such a teacher is very rare, coming but once in an age, and such a teacher you were to us.’ He was generally regarded as the most eminent professor in theology of his time. Dr. R. S. Storrs has said that ‘as a preacher to students Professor Park at the time I was permitted to hear him was the greatest that New England had produced.’ ”

His sermons [McKenzie has written] are full of energy and light. When I pressed him in regard to the preparation of his sermon, he wrote me in this wise: “I have always said that the excellency of my system is that it can be preached. With this in mind I have published a volume of sermons in which my teachings are unfolded.” This book was of great value. After his death, a volume of sermons was prepared by his daughter and placed in our hands. The sermons have variety, but each is forcible in carrying out its intent. The preacher is missed, but one who has heard him can with little difficulty put the words upon his lips and seem to hear his voice and the passion which entered into the sentences.

At his funeral service there were read portions of an address written ten years before by one of his students in which mention was made of the

friendship of Professor Park and Professor Henry P. Smith. "The two were great teachers. The two became separated by a misunderstanding, and through the mediation of my dear friend, Dr. Prentiss, they were reconciled in a loving friendship. Dr. Plumb said that Professor Park was in warm sympathy with Professor Smith's noble words: "The great fact of objective Christianity is Incarnation in order to Atonement. The great fact of subjective Christianity is union with Christ whereby we receive the Atonement." With this confession of faith I close this imperfect delineation.

Of another of his teachers, Dr. McKenzie has also written in his reminiscences. In his senior year he came under Austin Phelps, who taught sacred rhetoric, "so called because it was to be applied to sacred subjects and not because its methods were to differ from those employed in other writing."

The lectures covered a wide field. Beside relating directly to sermon-writing, they ranged the whole field of language and were instructive in their words and in their thought. He gave lectures on English style which were admirable. But these were not quite what I wanted. For general writing I felt myself pretty well equipped. But the lectures on the construction of a sermon were more direct. We were told what kind of texts to use and what to do with them. There should be a text, the proposition, the development, and the application. This was all good, but it was likely to make the sermon too orderly to be effective. Professor Phelps did not disclose the mathematics in his own preaching. For he was a favorite preacher. It was a pleasure to mark the even flow of his phrases, and the quiet, dignified, impressive style in which they were spoken. He was a scholar and his preaching showed this.

"I think," continues McKenzie, "that the principal benefit I received from this professor was in his personal criticism. He criticized a sermon before the class. . . . Most writers have one or two leading faults. He called my attention to two of mine. The one was that I was over-careful of the sound of a sentence, sensitive to its rhythm and balance. While this is desirable, it tends to weaken the style, to sacrifice force to melody. He was right in this. The other fault was worse, the use of compounds and passives. This was spoken of in a criticism before the class, and of course with no name. Men smiled.

I do not blame them. Those were faults. The former has some authority, for who can forget the magnificent perorations of Dr. Storrs or the superb swing of Edward Everett's oratory? I presume I carried it to a fault. I remember that a keen writer said that the end of one of my sermons which he read was blank verse, and I saw this when he read it to me. The rhythm was poetical. Prof. Phelps' comment was more flattering than one given by Prof. Shepard of Bangor on a similar occasion. 'This sermon will make young ladies think of their albums.' I do not believe that I ever came down so low as that. George Riddle printed a part of one of my sermons in a book of selections; a Harvard student chose it for a prize declamation and he took the prize. Of course, it was the speaking that was rewarded, but perhaps the vehicle had some part in it. I place Prof. Phelps' instruction by the side of Prof. Child's and they rank as the chief benefits I derived from college and seminary."

Prof. Phelps' logic was strong and he pushed on to the conclusion in all matters, fearless as a Calvinist. His inaugural address magnifies history and shows the breadth of mind of the new professor. Let me copy one or two of his sentences. "The true history of Christianity is the history of true Christianity." "Let anyone place the Apostles' Creed beside that of the Westminster Assembly and see what a vast expansion has taken place." "The line of orthodoxy is not a mathematical line. It has some breadth. It shows what path a church can travel, not merely a direction in which it can look." "It is a high and royal road where Christian men can go abreast, may pass each other, and carry on the practical business of a Christian life, and not a mere hair-line upon which nought can go but speculation and provincial bigotry." He recognized the friendship between good men whose opinions differ. His books reveal the heart of the man. "The Still Hour" was in its time a classic. I do not hear it named now, but it would be good reading in these noisy days.

"Professor Shedd was in every way different from his associates. He was a young man, rich in learning, and he was a student. He had been a college professor and a seminary professor. His mind was keen and quick and his whole manner of speaking and writing was incisive and direct. Every sentence

told. His logic was strong and he pushed on to the conclusion in all matters. He was known to be of the older school in theology and this became marked in his later teaching. His impulses were generous. When I mentioned to Professor Phelps that I was asked to go to Augusta, he advised me not to go: Maine had its own seminary and should take care of its own churches. When I said the same thing to Professor Shedd, he advised me to go. He thought the interchange of men between states was an excellent thing."

He rendered me a service once which I remembered. We were required to hand to him for criticism the pieces which we proposed to deliver at the Anniversary. I wrote upon "The Preachers of the Crusades" and passed it in with confidence. . . . His comment when he returned it was: "You can do better than that." I have never forgotten that word.

"We had no instruction in public speaking. If we could have had the teaching and example of Professor Churchill as later classes enjoyed them, it is probable that some of us would have been more effective speakers. I have had a general rule: to know what I would say, and to say it as well as I could. But I fully believe that instruction in the use of the voice and in distinct enunciation is of permanent value. It seems hardly worth while to say what cannot be heard, or to speak in a tone or manner which fails to impress the truths which are uttered. I have come to believe that in a theological seminary, no department outranks in importance that of elocution. Many a minister fails for his imperfect speaking and many a minister is sought because he can be heard and because his words find their way to the heart of the hearers. . . . I have heard some of the great orators. I heard Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. I heard Wendell Phillips in his renowned oration before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard. Mr. Moody was an orator. He made no claim to learning or to accuracy of pronunciation, but he had something to say which men came to

hear. His word was with power. I think that the most impressive address which I have ever heard was given by Mrs. Geraldine Taylor of the North China Mission. . . . We felt the reality, she was the reality. The impression of that testimony and appeal has never left me."

Dr. McKenzie's relations with Andover Seminary remained unbroken throughout his life. The record of them will be continued in later chapters.

CHAPTER V

AUGUSTA

1861-1867

AUGUSTA in the early sixties was a city with a population of about 9000 — a small town according to our present standards.¹ It was the capital of the state, had thriving industries, and was the center of a considerable printing and publishing trade. In a word, it was a place of importance, as it is to-day.

The city occupies the site of the Indian village Koussinoc. Originally it was a part of the town of Hallowell.² In 1797, however, it was incorporated as a separate town and named Harrington, in honor of Lord Harrington, a distinguished patriot. For some reason the name was later changed to Augusta. Nearly two thirds of the territory and one half of the population and valuation of Hallowell were embraced in the new town. It became the county seat in 1799; it was chosen by the Maine legislature as the capital in 1827, but was not occupied as such until the completion of the state house in 1831. It was chartered as a city in 1849.

When the town of Hallowell was divided in 1797, three parishes were created, known as North, Middle, and South Parishes: South Parish was set aside as the town of Hallowell, and North and Middle Parishes were incorporated into the town of Augusta. Middle Parish then became South Parish of Augusta, and the Congregational churches in Augusta were known as the South Parish and North Parish Churches. In

1. In 1850 the population was 8232, and in 1890, 10,527.

2. See James W. North, *History of Augusta*, 1870, p. 301.

1782 the first meeting-house was "raised" in Middle Parish. In 1806 a new church building was begun, and on September 20, 1809, it was dedicated. It stood on the site of the present church edifice and was a fine example of colonial architecture. It was burned in 1864.

The first settled minister of South Parish, Hallowell, was Rev. Daniel Stone. He had graduated from Harvard College in 1791. Coming to Augusta from Lincoln, Massachusetts, he was ordained and installed on October 21, 1795. He continued as pastor until 1809. For some reason, not altogether clear, a portion of the congregation was not satisfied with his ministrations. In 1801 a parish meeting was called "to see if the parish wish for the continuance of the Rev. Daniel Stone among them as their minister and to take measures to dissolve the civil contract with him."³ The "poll of the meeting" showed thirteen for Mr. Stone and twenty-six against. In those days, however, the contract between minister and people was a civil contract, and it was not easily broken. Mr. Stone agreed to call a Council to dissolve the pastoral relationship if the parish would submit to arbitrators "what compensation they should make him for the injury he should sustain."⁴ This condition proving unacceptable, pastor and people continued to worry along together. Finally a satisfactory settlement was made with Mr. Stone, who was to receive a thousand dollars "in damages." He continued as an exemplary member of the church under his successor.

Rev. Benjamin Tappan became the second minister of the church. He was the son of David Tappan, Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard from 1792 till his death in 1803. His successors were from the liberal, or Unitarian, wing of the Congregational church. He himself graduated from Harvard in

3. North, *op. cit.*, pp. 321-322, 369.

4. North, *op. cit.*, pp. 321, 348, 370.

1805; he studied divinity, and became a tutor in Bowdoin College in 1809. In 1811 he was called to succeed Mr. Stone. Doctrinal questions had already divided the parish into orthodox and liberal camps. During the interim between the two pastorates, Andrews Norton, subsequently a Unitarian professor at Harvard, had preached as a candidate, and William Ellery Channing had "supplied" for several Sundays. Tappan was known to belong to the conservative wing, and the parish "concurred" by the slender majority of a single vote with the church in calling him. At his ordination, William Ellery Channing made the introductory prayer and Dr. Appleton of Bowdoin College preached the sermon. It is recorded that "the neighboring 'orthodox' clergymen were not invited to officiate." The "charge" was given by Rev. Hezekiah Packard of Wiscasset, a Unitarian minister. Mr. Tappan, however, neither temporized nor compromised in doctrinal matters, and the liberal element felt less and less at home. It is a proof of the good sense and mutual good will of both sides that there was no open rupture. The Unitarians quietly withdrew in 1825, and in 1826 East Parish was organized by an act of the legislature. "By so doing there is reason to hope that harmony and good will and Christian concord will be promoted and perpetuated in this place."⁵

Doctrinal questions, however, were not the only matters which caused discussion and division. A "conflict arose through the attempt of the pastor and his followers to lay down rules as to conduct becoming professed Christians."⁶ Specifically, the issue was whether Christians and church members should indulge in dancing. Two members of South Parish,

5. North, *op. cit.*, p. 463.

6. Edward S. Drown, "There was War in Heaven," *New England Quarterly*, vol. IV, no. 1, 1930. Reprinted in pamphlet form. Southworth Press.

Carleton Dole and Deacon Tappan, a brother of Pastor Tappan, a practicing physician and a bachelor, had presented a report in which the recommendation was made "that Christian parents should employ all suitable instrumentalities to restrain their children from engaging in that amusement as it is *generally practiced*." The test case came when on April 8, 1840, some girls from ten to fifteen years of age belonging to the "Winter Circle" Sewing Society danced at the house of Judge and Mrs. Nathan Weston. Mrs. Weston's daughter, Mrs. Fuller (mother of a chief justice of the United States Supreme Court), played the piano, and her son Daniel the violin. The situation was difficult, for Mrs. Weston was a prominent woman, "one of the oldest members and a lady of distinguished piety."

The full story of how this delicate affair was conducted by both sides in the controversy may be read in the delightfully written article by Dr. Drown, to which reference has been made. There were many meetings of the church, and the final result was the suspension of the members of the Weston family. This caused "much indignation among members of the Parish and citizens of the town. Judge Weston and his family felt that they could no longer sit under the preaching of Mr. Tappan. Accordingly they changed their place of worship to St. Mark's Episcopal Church, which was just at that time being established in Augusta."

It speaks well for the character and ability of Mr. Tappan that in spite of these difficulties, he steadily maintained his ministry for thirty-eight years and retained the confidence and respect of the entire community. When, in 1861, the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement was duly observed and he delivered an address, "Judge Weston occupied the pulpit with him and made introductory remarks appropriate to the occasion." Industrious and devoted, Mr. Tappan became one of the leading figures in the Congregational church in Maine.

During his entire ministry he received a salary of \$700 a year. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Harvard College in 1836. In 1849 he was appointed corresponding secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. He therefore resigned as minister of South Parish, but continued to live in Augusta.

He was succeeded by Edwin B. Webb, coming directly from Bangor Theological Seminary, who was installed in September, 1850, and continued as minister of the church for the next ten years. During his ministry the church building was remodeled and the pastor's salary was advanced to \$1500. In June, 1860, he resigned, to become pastor of the Shawmut Church, Boston.

Such was the background of the church of which Alexander McKenzie became the fourth minister. It was unquestionably the leading church in Augusta and one of the leading churches in the state. Some of the foremost citizens of Augusta were its members. James W. Bradbury, a prominent lawyer, had been United States senator. William A. Brooks was president of the Granite Bank and of the Augusta Savings Bank. Samuel Cony, a leading member of the Kennebec bar, had been mayor of Augusta and judge of the probate court, and was to be governor of the state from 1863 to 1865. Daniel C. Stanwood was a prominent book merchant and a highly respected citizen. Deacon John Means was a successful business man and a very influential member of the community; one of his sons became pastor of the Second Church in Dorchester. James G. Blaine, then thirty years of age, was editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, and had served as a member of the Maine legislature; in 1861 he was elected to the House of Representatives and thus began his brilliant career in national politics. Dr. Cyrus Briggs, a graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Medical School, was a leading physician. Lot M. Morrill, a law partner of J. W. Bradbury, served in the Maine legislature, was

elected governor in 1857, and later became United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hannibal Hamlin to accept the office of vice-president of the United States. No wonder that in retrospect Dr. McKenzie could write: "I had a noble set of parishioners. Nearly every lawyer, doctor, bank president in the town was among my hearers. . . . What an array it is, and each man stands clearly before me as I write the names!"

Thus McKenzie stepped at once into an important and conspicuous position. He had already served his apprenticeship. He was now thirty-one years of age. He had had unusual experience as a mature theological student both in preaching and in some pastoral service. He was equipped and prepared to do a large work, and this came to him when he was called to the Augusta church.

It was a fortunate beginning of his ministry. His whole ministry was fortunate. He encountered none of the disappointments and difficulties which are sometimes the lot of the parish minister. From the first he won the confidence and affection of his parishioners, and these he never lost. Already in the earliest period were disclosed those qualities of mind and heart which make for a truly great and effective pastoral relation. And these endured to the end.

He was supremely happy in his Augusta ministry. When he left it he could write:

I look upon my first pastorate not alone as a blessed opening of my life as a minister, but as a fine preparation for the years which have followed it. I cannot think of any position in which I could have been placed where the conditions would have been more favorable. . . . I cannot remember that I had any desire to change my place. I should have been glad to live there and to die there.

Augusta was a pleasant city to live in. I was at the center of the State and its life. Wise men had laid the foundations of the town. There were the State House, the Court House, the United States Arsenal, the State Hospital. There was a large proportion of men distinguished for their ability, and this made the town notable.

Into the social life of the city, with his own gregarious social nature, he entered with full enjoyment, and formed friendships which lasted throughout his life.

The spirit was more democratic than elsewhere. We were some seven or eight hours from Boston, which was an advantage to us. We were sufficiently remote to be independent, almost provincial. The people knew one another and at a reception met as acquaintances even if they were of different social rank. The leading families were simple in all their ways.

He early formed the habit of certain regular social engagements. Every Monday evening he had tea at Judge Cony's; when the Judge became governor, the simple ritual was continued. He spent the evening and played with the children. Of Judge Cony he has written:

[He] was not much known beyond Maine. He could have filled any position with distinction. I spent many evenings with him before his fire. "This," he used to say, "is the pleasantest spot in the world." He made a fine Governor. He was my friend. He sat in a front pew. Yet he never came into communion with the church, although he believed in it and supported it.

On the eve of his own marriage, McKenzie notes in his diary, "Tea with the Governor. The last of this long series of bachelor teas in this pleasant home."

Every Saturday evening he was with the McArthurs, and Sunday evenings found him with the Bradburys. James W. Bradbury was one of the eminent men of Augusta. He had graduated from Bowdoin College as a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry W. Longfellow. He was a staunch friend of McKenzie, as was Mrs. Bradbury:

I entered the parish to a great extent through her door. Ever afterwards she helped me. My questions she answered. My problems she solved. If there were any matters of difficulty, she came to my relief. Her house was a home to me and to my mother and my wife. She was surrounded by six men; her brother was of the household, and there were four sons. It was a strong house and it was a privilege to be there.

Until his marriage these engagements were faithfully kept, and warm personal friendships came out of them. And there were many others. In a single week he notes in his journal no less than six or seven social appointments of a simple nature which met his own need for recreation and fellowship. He formed the habit, which he kept up during his Cambridge ministry, of attending the meetings and teas of "The Ladies' Society." On one such occasion he notes: "Miss Ellen Eveleth played finely, and so we had a good time." Sometimes the social functions were more formal: "Attended Gov. Coburn's Levee at the State House. 1500 were present. The Governor gave me his sister-in-law for the early part of the evening; then I circulated around generally."

He loved his church and his congregation. Beside the notable men in it, there were the legislators who attended the services when the legislature was in session. "The War was beginning. Augusta was headquarters, [and] many regiments were there. The long line of blue-coated men in the gallery was impressive." Lieut. O. O. Howard was at the Arsenal, a warm friend and parishioner.

[He] was known as an active Christian. His family were with us during the War, and he was there a few days at a time. We saw him at the prayer meeting, where he gave his witness. I remember the simple way in which he said that in time of battle he was at peace. His life belonged to the Lord, and if He chose to take it away, it was right. Once, as he was going away, he took me to one side and said: "You have to raise money for various purposes. When you do this, I want to have my share in it." That was the soldier and the man.

McKenzie's relations with the church life in the state were cordial and rewarding. There were notable men in the ministry in those days in Maine. George Leon Walker, and Chickering, and Carruthers, and Dwight were in Portland. Fiske, a son-in-law of Mr. Tappan, was in Bath. Field was in Bangor, and Professors George Shepard and Samuel Harris were at the

height of their influence at the seminary. There were many others. Exchanges were far more frequent in those days than in ours, and at least one Sunday in the month found the young minister of the Augusta church at Portland, Bath, Bangor, Rockland, or Norridgewock. He attended conferences and councils, gave addresses at Bangor Seminary and at Bowdoin College. His life was rich and full with all these interests. It was in all respects a happy ministry. Dr. Tappan had written the letter of invitation to him while he was still at Andover, and had also written to him privately

suggesting that I accept a smaller salary than Mr. Webb, being a beginner. I replied that I had already accepted the call and that was the end of the matter. I do not believe that I should have acceded to Mr. Tappan's suggestion. \$1500 was a good salary as things were going. My salary always came, sufficient for my needs and to pay off some of my obligations.

On August 26, 1861, he had gone to Augusta to stay, and took rooms at the Stanley House. This was his home until some time after his marriage. He was accompanied by his mother, who stayed at Dr. Briggs'. His ordination and installation council was not delayed; it took place on August 28. His old friends were there, Rev. Wheelock Craig from New Bedford, Rev. George Richards, who was then at Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr. Denison from Boston, and his classmates at Andover, Davenport and Osborne. Dr. Tappan was moderator of the council; the examination lasted for some three quarters of an hour, and was unanimously voted satisfactory. The service of ordination and installation took place in the evening.⁷

Mr. Richards gave the sermon (Isa. 28: 10), and at its close he used these words: "Not that I distrust you! We are not strangers to each other. Having loved you and confided in you amid the exposures and temptations of a great city and its business pursuits; having been cheered

7. The proceedings, with reports of all the addresses, are preserved in pamphlet form.

by your countenance and aid in the devotional meeting, and by your Christian fellowship at the fireside and the family altar; having watched your growth and progress in the Academy, the University, the Seminary; gladdened this evening by the ample field which Providence has so early opened to you, my affection and respect for you would make me doubly solicitous were I not assured . . . that you rely not on your own strength, which is weakness, nor your own wisdom, which is folly, but on the "grace which is sufficient for you!" Dr. Tappan gave the prayer of ordination, Dr. Webb gave the charge to the people, and the Rev. Wheelock Craig gave the Right Hand of Fellowship. He spoke beautifully of McKenzie's boyhood home in New Bedford. "Reserve a place for those now sundered companionships, and admit, as a starry evening-shine, affectionate recollections of the days that will return no more."

In his journal McKenzie records his feelings and his impressions of the occasion. "All passed off finely. The church looked admirably; the singing was excellent; the congregation large and interested. And now I am an ordained minister, and a settled pastor. I lift my eyes up to the hills. The Lord give me grace and crown my labors with his rich blessing." With a deep spirit of consecration, he entered upon his work. He trusted in the unseen powers. "The work of this great parish weighs on me. But Christ is strong. I am but a laborer with him. I pray for a token of his favor. Lord, pour out thy spirit, and thine be the glory." The sources of the man's strength from the beginning lay in his inner life of deep devotion. The picture which we get of him is not of a brilliant man bent on the exercise of his gifts and talents and well conscious of them; rather it is the sight of one who is always on his knees, looking for and so receiving strength and illumination. Here lay the source and secret of a truly spiritual ministry. Dr. McKenzie's work, whether in his preaching, his pastoral work, or his personal ministrations, always had a certain spiritual quality; and this, in turn, was the result of his own deep inner spiritual life. Touching indeed are the recorded prayers in his journal which run like a golden thread all through these first years of his parish ministry. "Lord, pour thy spirit

upon us." Each week ends with a prayer. "The Lord give me increase. The Lord bless us always." And after four years of his ministry, the note is unbroken: "Four years ago to-day I was ordained and installed over this church. To-day marks another beginning of my life. Bless us, Lord. Glorify thyself." On his birthday he writes: "Lord, I thank thee for another year. Pardon my sins. May thy ever-renewed mercies make me devoted, soul, mind, strength." And before taking a journey: "The dear Lord bless me in my journeying and in my rest. Bless those I leave. Let no death come among this dear people. Guide us in the whole matter of the new church and give rich spiritual blessings. Amen."

Out of such depths came his work and ministry. There was this constant reliance on God, this unbroken spiritual communion with Christ. At heart he was a humble Christian man. The reality of this Christian experience was the reason above all others for his continuing strength and influence.

He was surrounded, too, by warm, affectionate, and loyal friends. The faith that was in him worked by the love which encompassed him. He always acknowledged what this meant to him and did for him. The bonds between pastor and people were close and intimate. So warm was this reciprocal feeling and sympathy that he could not bear the thought of leaving the people whom he loved and who loved him. Suggestions that he listen to invitations to go elsewhere, which began to come early in his ministry, were laid aside without a moment's hesitation. Nothing could tempt him to leave a work which appealed to him more and more as time went on. "It seems," he writes, "almost an ideal life as I live it over." On one occasion of discouragement, he records "a pleasant talk with Deacon Deering, a good man, true as steel, and kind and thoughtful. He gave me a pleasanter view of things and made me feel better."

The parish flourished. "I am told," he writes soon after be-

ginning his work, "that the parish never entered on a year when things stood so well." Then he modestly adds, "I suppose mostly owing to the saving in preaching last year." Numerically there seems to have been no gain during his ministry. In 1861 the number of members was 326; in 1867 it was 320.

The people were satisfied and happy. From time to time substantial gifts were made by his parishioners as a token of their affection, and there was a feeling that his salary must be advanced. He never lacked the assurance of the sympathy, confidence, and support of his parishioners. Good Mr. Davis had said to him at the start, "I want to tell you one thing. You cannot please everybody. All I ask is that you please me." "That was not difficult," records McKenzie, "for he was my constant friend." But so, apparently, was everyone else.

It is not to be inferred from this, however, that the new minister lacked conviction, or failed to act on his convictions. The outstanding instance of this occurred during the early days of the war, and brought him in conflict with no less a person than James G. Blaine. McKenzie records the incident as follows:

It was my nearest approach to a broken friendship. Mr. Blaine was very anxious that I should go to Augusta and, with his family, was very courteous and kind. But once, in the heat of war-time, soldiers were brought home to vote the Republican ticket, and the train came in near to our church at the time of Sunday service. Many persons were offended at the whole business. Feeling waxed warm, and I, perhaps rashly, alluded to this event as a violation of the Sabbath. Very naturally, Mr. Blaine was angry. He asked for my sermon, which was written. It had already been borrowed, which further provoked him because it had gone where it would be approved. When it was returned to me I placed it in his hands. He returned it saying he had decided to print a part of it, but had desisted lest it should hurt the parish. He gave me his whole view of the matter and it was not mine. I replied, and that seemed the end. [Commenting later in his life on this incident, McKenzie wrote] I think I did speak . . . more strongly than I should now. Mr. Blaine wrote me a long letter of disapproval to which I replied. But long after, Mr. Blaine told me that he had destroyed the letter, whereupon I destroyed his.

That ended what might have been a serious affair. . . . The incident stands alone in my pastoral experience. It seldom comes to my mind and almost never to my lips and then only to those who have some knowledge of my relations with Mr. Blaine.

McKenzie's relations with the Blaine family do not seem to have been so intimate as with the other outstanding families in the parish, and there was destined to be another misunderstanding, which belongs to later years. Yet he was frequently entertained at the home of the Blaines. On the occasion of an illness of Mr. Blaine, McKenzie writes: "Called several times this week and had pleasant religious conversation with him. May his sickness be sanctified." And he never lost his faith in the character of Mr. Blaine. "He lived in a difficult time. I have heard him offer prayer in one of our meetings, and I cannot doubt his sincerity."

When we turn to McKenzie's preaching, we discover that the Sunday morning sermon was as a rule carefully written and read. Copies of these sermons are still in existence. They were written on good, lined folio paper 10 x 8 inches. The handwriting of this period was beautifully clear, and the sermons have the same spiritual distinction which was the characteristic of all his preaching, and the literary quality which was the result of careful training. The preaching was born, too, out of deep spiritual experience and was directed to immediate human problems. The preacher came early to grips with reality. "When your preaching gets too close," one of his men said to him, "I always dodge that the man behind me may get the full benefit of it." It is still a favorite device. Yet few escaped the impact of these sermons. His preaching must have been impressive. After a certain Sunday service he notes in his journal that he did not have his "usual freedom." Usually, the "word" went freely from the preacher's heart to the heart of the hearer. It was thus all through the long years of his preaching. The titles of these sermons suggest subjects

familiar to those who heard him in later years: "I have called you friends"; "No more sea"; "He that taketh not his cross"; "Strive together with me in your prayers"; "Temptation in Eden"; "Methuselah"; "Felix"; "Fulness of time." In retrospect he has written:

It surprises me that they were content with my preaching. But I did my best. There is a sort of frankness and charm in the thoughts of youth and in the language in which they are expressed. I know that I was very happy and that the people were apparently contented. [And again] When now I look at one of the sermons of that time, I am amazed at the judgment of those who heard them. But there was some quality in them, or in the preacher, or in the fact of his position as a beginner which caused them to carry.

It was this indefinable "quality" which caused his preaching to "carry" as long as he continued to preach. There are frequent references in his journals to "ex tempore" preaching, by which is meant preaching without notes. His sermons were always carefully prepared, but from the beginning they were not always written. Thus, within two weeks of his settlement at Augusta, he notes: "Preached an unwritten sermon"; and again: "Preached ex tempore two sermons A. M. and P. M." He continued as a rule, however, the practice of reading his manuscript sermon, and he did not altogether abandon it until much later.

These early sermons were concerned almost exclusively with inward and spiritual interests, which is only to say that they belonged to the religious period which preceded the new scientific and philosophical and economic interests of the world in which we now live. They were after the "old manner." He hopes for an "awakening"; he detects signs of spiritual "concern"; he prays for a revival; "the feeling grows." "I am deeply anxious for this people. I cannot but feel that some impression for good has been made to-day." He appoints special prayer-meetings. He meets with some discouragement: "None stopped for conversation altho' I requested it." The

chief effort is for individual conversion, and "success" is interpreted in terms of individual converts. This was the burden of church life at the time, and this was the burden that he bore.

In addition to the service on Sunday morning, there was one in the afternoon, and he preached at both. In the evening there was a "Conference meeting," or a missionary or Sunday-school "concert." On Wednesday came the prayer-meeting. Often he expounded a book of the Bible, with the varying satisfaction which has come to many a minister at such "meetings." "Evening meeting was not very brilliant." "Wed. eve. meeting only fair. Dr. Gleason lecturing here on physiology, etc., which I am mortified to say has thinned our meetings somewhat." A notebook is preserved containing outlines of these evening addresses. It is written in a beautiful hand, and contains devout meditations showing unerring spiritual insight, practical helpfulness, and a deeply Christian attitude towards life and its problems.

He was much interested in the religious life of the children — a beautiful characteristic of his whole ministry. He believed in the Sunday school and worked for it. He helped to plant a number of Sunday schools in various parts of the city, and watched closely over their growth. The service of infant baptism always appealed to him. He appointed Sunday-school teachers' meetings, and committees to canvass for scholars. "Voted to divide the School into departments. The youngest to take the catechism; 1st division, the children's manual; 2d division, the Life of Christ; 3d, the Harmony of the Gospels. Any who choose can take Old Testament or Whately's 'Evidences of Christianity.'" He planned to organize the school on the model of a college with committees, etc. He appointed special meetings for the children and young people. "The room was crowded at both meetings. I talked simply on 'Becoming a Christian.'" He cultivated the friendship of the boys and girls. He entertained them. He talked to them of his

journeys. "Monday, Christmas Day, 1865. Had a Christmas Tree in the morning for the children. I officiated as Santa Claus." One is impressed, in reading the record, with the number of children's funerals; and one is made vividly aware of the subsequent progress of medical science in dealing with children's diseases.

McKenzie performed faithfully the ministrations of the parish minister, visiting the sick and comforting the people in their sorrows. He was at his best, all his life, when death entered his parish. The funeral services which he conducted were always exquisite in depth of sympathy and felicity of expression in prayer or address. Among his parishioners was Elias Craig, the father of his New Bedford minister. McKenzie describes him as "a most interesting man. I saw him at Mr. Bradbury's Sunday night, quiet, thoughtful, gentle, much alone and weak, a welcome friend at the house I have named. He disliked to have interference. Wished to have his own way and very innocent in it." When he died in 1866, McKenzie spoke of him in tender and beautiful fashion.

McKenzie's work was by no means confined to his own parish. "From time to time I preached in schoolhouses out of town. I had addresses at funerals where preaching was seldom heard." He performed the work of an evangelist. Frequently he was chaplain at the state legislature. He conducted services at the army camps and ministered to the soldiers. He preached at the insane asylum. On one such occasion he was rewarded by having an apple thrown at him, wrapped in a newspaper. "The next time I went there, the man who did it asked me how I liked the apple."

As time went on, he came into prominence in the life of the state. He was frequently made scribe and moderator at church councils. He was made clerk of the state conference—"not an office I desire; still I am willing to attempt its duties."

At an association meeting at Gardiner, the preacher was absent. He was asked to take his place, and preached without preparation or manuscript. He was asked to give the "Rhetorical Address" at Bangor Seminary, with which he maintained the closest relations all through his ministry at Augusta. He was a member of the committee of the state conference for visiting the seminary. On occasions he would spend a week at Bangor, addressing the students and preaching at the churches. The greatest distinction which came to him during this period was his election in July, 1866, to be a trustee of Bowdoin College. He held this office until his removal to Cambridge. "I have always appreciated the honor of being a trustee. I gave the Phi Beta Kappa address and it was received in a kindly spirit." In all of this, one can see the beginnings of that ministry-at-large which formed so important a part of McKenzie's later life.

From this life of parish work and routine he took frequent respite. He never allowed himself to get jaded or worn down. There were many trips to Boston to revisit old scenes and old friends, and his voice was often heard in the churches of Massachusetts. One vacation trip took him to New York, where he visited the Lawrences at their Staten Island home. He went on to Philadelphia "in a miserable freight train," and then to Baltimore and Washington. "I found Mr. and Mrs. Blaine and went to the White House and heard President Lincoln address the 12th Indiana Regiment, and called on the President. . . . With Mr. Morrill I called on Secretary Stanton, and visited the Maine Barracks and the Capitol." In Boston he called on Mr. Ropes to pay back the money he and Mrs. Fiske had given him while in college. He called on Mr. Alpheus Hardy for the same purpose. Both men demurred at receiving the money, but agreed to do so on condition that they should pass it on to some other needy student. "Afterwards

paid Mr. D. H. Williams \$50.00 and Mr. Cash \$10.00 which closes all accounts."

He preached at Park Street Church and at Winter Street Church. We find him a guest at Mary Lawrence's wedding, Dr. Vinton officiating. In the letter of invitation Mr. Lawrence had written him: "Dear McKenzie: Nothing could give us all more pleasure than your presence at Mary's wedding. Our four sons will be with us, barring accident, and you are the fifth." In his friendships he remembered that he had a fellowship of hearts to keep as well as to cultivate. He was wise enough not to allow his new life to permit him to drift away from the old.

The years at Augusta saw many changes in McKenzie's family life. In December, 1861, the old home in New Bedford was sold to Orlando J. Thompson for \$1275.

It is with regret that this step is taken, especially on Mother's account, but it seems best. . . . This ends the home of our youth. Our scattered household now goes its several ways without this spot for our wandering thoughts and feet to rest in. It has been a good home to me. Scenes of joy and sorrow have made it well-nigh sacred in our thoughts. The Lord carry my Mother happily through these changes and comfort her amid them. The Lord bless her and Mary and Daniel and James. May we spend many years together.

Yet the years which they were to spend together were already drawing to a close. On August 5, 1862, came a letter from his brother-in-law, Mr. Daland, announcing the death of James S. McKenzie, Alexander's younger brother. He was lost overboard from the *Simoda*, a merchant-marine vessel of which he was first officer, in a gale on January 25, 1862, eight days out from New York on a voyage to Melbourne. He was only twenty-three years old. "It is a very great loss to us, very, very great. God comfort my poor mother and sister. Sanctify this loss to us all." The following year, in May, McKenzie on a trip to Boston "looked over James's things and

sent part to Mary and took some books for myself. And we shall see his dear face no more on earth." It was a seaman's death of a seaman's son.

In June, 1862, his mother and his sister Mary and her child came for a summer visit. In September, his mother was taken ill. The days were anxious. "Preached sermon September 14, written under many and great difficulties." Typhoid fever developed. She died on September 18. "My dear, dear Mother. What shall I do without you?" A few days later he wrote calmly about her in his journal.

To her was intrusted almost entirely the training of her children. She taught us to fear God and to honor His law. Among my earliest recollections is kneeling in her presence and saying the Lord's Prayer. She gave us to God in baptism and blessed us with her prayers. Her religious feelings were deep; her faith, I think, strong and childlike. . . . She loved to make others happy. Her words were few but her feelings were deep, and in her family circle she talked freely though seldom uncovering her heart entirely. She had a careful watch over all my interests. . . . I am glad that she came here for the summer. We three were together when the news of Jimmy's death came. Had she lived I could have done more for her.

Services were held in the old church at New Bedford. "The attendance was large. The choir sang sweetly 'There is an hour of peaceful rest.' Mr. Roberts was providentially in town and preached the funeral sermon. . . . Then we carried the hallowed remains to our sweet burial place and laid them by the side of the dust of my sainted father." It was from such an inheritance that the soul of Alexander McKenzie was reared and enriched.

In October of the same year, 1862, there came a letter from his older brother Daniel to his mother, dated Shanghai, August 2. He was sick but hoping to get away. But the following February came the tidings that he had died at Nagasaki, Japan, on December 6, 1862, at the United States consulate and house of Walsh and Company.

He had long been sick with a disease of the hip . . . and from China had gone to Japan hoping for a benefit from a milder climate. He had excellent care, but it could not save his life. The Lord took him. He was a true brother. Of remarkable talent, he had attained a foremost rank in his profession. After my Father's death, and indeed before, he had generously cared for the wants of the family. We all loved him devotedly. And he has gone. May God comfort poor Mary. Dear Mother is spared this sorrow. Our little family dwindles below. May we all meet above.

Looking back upon these bereavements in the perspective of time, McKenzie wrote in 1900:

I know what a broken household is, an unroofed house, with the rain breaking through. When I enter the house of mourning I am no stranger. But I am sure of immortality. Life is strongest. They live, we live forever. It has always been a sorrow to me that my mother never saw my children and they do not know her save from my words and the poor presentation of her gracious face.

With the death of her mother, the home of Mary Daland at Salem was given up and she and her family removed to Brooklyn, where McKenzie made them a visit. On his way back he stopped at Cambridge "and obtained my A.M. diploma." By October 16 he was back again at Augusta, and found his table decked with flowers and fruits. Later he settled Dan's effects. "Mr. Patterson, owner of the 'Golden West,' takes nautical instruments, etc., with what money if any may come from Japan. Mr. Patterson has been kind throughout. Mary has many of Dan's things. Some I have put up for Edgartown."

Simultaneously with the breaking up of his boyhood family, there came the beginning of his own home. When he arrived at Augusta he found a good choir at the church, which took much pains with its part of the service. Mary Sayward was for a long time the leading soprano. She was the daughter of the editor of the *Kennebec Journal*. "We were on good terms. I often attended the rehearsals on Saturday evening. The leader of the choir was Joseph J. Eveleth. The organist was his sister, Miss Sarah Eveleth. They lived at the Augusta

House. Their niece Ellen H. Eveleth became my wife. She had begun her life in Augusta. The people knew her, and it was in some respects her home-coming."

At the time of McKenzie's settlement in Augusta she was living with her family at Fitchburg, Massachusetts. She came frequently to Augusta on visits, and there McKenzie had met her. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and McKenzie made many visits to Fitchburg in the years 1863-1864. They were married in Fitchburg on Wednesday, January 25, 1865, by Rev. H. L. Jones of the Episcopal Church, of which Miss Eveleth was a member. At the suggestion of Mrs. Blaine, the wedding journey was to Washington. En route they visited the Lawrences at Staten Island. "Nellie was fairly adopted where I have so long had a home." They saw the sights at Washington and then came back to New York and Fitchburg. In Boston, Mrs. Denison had a reception for them with "a collection of old friends and a very happy day." Then they returned to Augusta, found their rooms at the Stanley House decorated for their arrival, and were given a happy welcome.

Later in the year they moved from the Stanley House to Mrs. Littlefield's. It was not without some regret that he said good-bye to the rooms which had sheltered him since he came to Augusta. "It has been my home for about four years. There my Mother stayed with me. There I took Nellie after we were married. It is best to change now. But I shall retain an affection for the old home." The Stanley House was burned in the great fire one month after they had left it.

Mrs. Littlefield's establishment, known as the Remington House, was situated across the river. Two other local clergymen and their families lived there. "Some expressed surprise that three ministers of different churches could live happily in this close intercourse. We all liked the good woman who conducted the house, and she did all that she could for our comfort. There were large grounds about the house, where we

entertained the children of the church. There we remained until we left Augusta."

During much of the Augusta ministry, the Civil War was in progress, and the Augusta capitol was the center of stirring scenes. The soldiers were often present at the church services. McKenzie conducted services for soldiers at the hospitals, and assisted in the raising of money for forwarding supplies to the sick and wounded at the seat of war. He attended a service at the Baptist Church to raise funds to provide the 4th Battery with books. In December, 1863, he read Wendell Phillips' lecture in the *Times*.

We think slavery not yet dead, and that the President is pine rather than oak. He is not a leader; the people must press him on. May 14, 1864. Fearful battles in Virginia, but the victory is with us. So may it be. May 15. In feverish state of mind by the war news. July 4, 1864. Some little noise of crackers in the streets. The glory of the day was a little dimmed by the critical state of our affairs near Richmond. November 8, 1864. National Election Day. Day of fearful interest. I voted for Abraham Lincoln. March 4, 1865. Inauguration of the President. A Service of Prayer. April 3. News to-day of the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. Great rejoicing. Saturday, April 5. Nation shocked by the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The President died this morning at 7:22 o'clock. A good, great man. Trusted and loved. The Friend of his country and her guide in and through her perils, the Emancipator of a race. Wrote something appropriate for the close of the morning service to-morrow.

So run the records in the journals, reflecting the struggles, the fears, the hopes, and the grief of the nation during the four fateful years of her history.

On Monday evening, July 11, 1864, the old meeting-house of the South Parish was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire. Dr. McKenzie was absent at the time in New Bedford with his sister Mary, who was sick. "So vanishes out of our sight the venerable structure endeared to us all by many associations. It was the Lord's and He has taken it. The Lord's

will be done. Wanted to be at home with my troubled people. But I could not leave Mary." But by Thursday he is back in Augusta and attends a parish meeting at which it was voted to build a new church at once. At first, services were held in the Baptist Church, later in Meonian Hall.⁸ But when this too was destroyed in the great fire which swept through Augusta,⁹ services were finally held in the chapel, a commodious building separate from the church which had been destroyed, and there they were continued until the new building was completed. McKenzie earnestly supported the movement for the immediate rebuilding of the church. "The Governor favors waiting to rebuild because prices are high. I don't." McKenzie wanted a Mr. Billings of Boston appointed as architect, but acquiesced in the selection of Mr. Fassett of Portland. The taking of subscriptions began at once and proceeded slowly. A project to enlarge the chapel was considered, but finally abandoned. The journal of the time reflects the alternate hopes and discouragements which always attend such a project. Yet on the whole things moved strongly and well. The plans for a granite Gothic structure to cost \$36,000 as presented by Mr. Fassett were approved, and the work of construction began.¹⁰ On May 26, 1865, the corner stone was laid, and the pastor began the services by reading the hymn

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are,"

8. In a business block on the east side of Water Street (now Main Street), not far south of the bridge over the Kennebec.

9. This disaster, which overtook Augusta on Saturday evening, September 17, 1865, and destroyed a great business section of the city, is thus referred to in McKenzie's journal: "City fire raged beyond control. A fearful sight to see. No services in the city on Sunday. A strange day. Monday, the ruins. The people are full of courage and plan to build again."

10. See North, *op. cit.*, pp. 764-765.

and gave the address. Other local and near-by clergymen took part in the services, and the pastor then deposited the copper box in its place and the corner stone was laid. By June 19 McKenzie can write: "The new church is going on well, and looks finely. . . . The bell is being talked about." The organ presented greater difficulties, but it was provided before the church was dedicated. In this connection, McKenzie relates the following incident:

When we were building the church, Mr. Blaine said to me: "I have a chance to make some money in this business of substitutes [for soldiers in the war]. If I do, I will give an organ to the church. Think of it and tell me your opinion." I considered it. Many were doing what he proposed to do, but it was not creditable. When I saw him I said, "I have concluded that you had better not go into this business." He said: "I have come to the same conclusion." The organ came in time, but not as his gift.

The church was dedicated on Thursday, July 5, 1866, with Mrs. McKenzie at the organ. "A crowded house. Order of Exercises: Introd. prayer, T. Adams. Reading, B. Tappan. Sermon by myself. I Kings 9:3. Prayer of dedication, Webb. Benediction, Dinsmore. With *singing*. All passed off pleasantly. God be praised that we have at length a convenient sanctuary wherein to worship Him. There may He meet us and bless us."

The building is thus described by North in his "History of Augusta":

The walls are built of stone. The trimmings are of granite rough hammered. The building is one hundred and fourteen feet six inches long and sixty-four feet wide. . . . The tower and spire reach to one hundred and seventy-eight feet from the ground. . . . The walls are plainly frescoed in a soft drab color on a rough finished surface. . . . The organ was made by the Messrs Hook of Boston at an expense of \$4,625.¹¹ . . . Some of the larger contributors to the building fund were James G. Blaine, \$1500, Jacob Stanwood of Boston, \$1,000, Charles F. Potter, \$1,000, E. A. Nason,

\$500, H. R. Smith, \$500, John Potter, \$500. The same gentlemen with other members of the parish, guaranteed the additional sum of \$21,025. The total cost with all furnishings amounted to \$57,000.¹²

With the dedication of the new church, Alexander McKenzie's ministry at Augusta came virtually to an end. Of great interest, as revealing his own church ideals, which were later and even more fully incorporated in the church building at Cambridge, are the following passages from his sermon of dedication:

There can be no question that God is pleased with our highest skill and taste in the erection of churches for His honor. . . . Probably the proud will be proud here and the humble, humble here, but a sense of content with our work of any kind, a feeling that we have done as well as we could, is very different from pride. The consciousness that in our service we have tried to please God is certainly not pride. [He goes on to show that money given for the beautifying of a church is really money given to the poor.] I suppose people will remember the needy better and give to them more generously in a good house than in a poor one. I am sure that the Word preached in a church where all is in keeping with the service has a better hearing than in a house where all is alien to the service, and between two churches is not that the best which, because of its form and arrangement and appearance is most favorable to worship, and if we worship well and carry away the lessons of the sanctuary, shall we not meet the duties of life more faithfully? . . . It is to be wished that we could keep the doors of our church always open, that any hour of the day, the devout man, the tired, tempted worker, the sad and lonely sufferer, might draw apart from the world and spend a little time alone with God in His house. Three hours in seven days seem a scant time for the waiting upon God.

Reviewing in later years his ministry at Augusta, Dr. McKenzie has written:

My five years were prosperous. The people were kind and considerate. I presume that there was a conservative and old-fashioned element which could not always approve what the new minister said and did. But it did not hinder me. I had large liberty. The church was strong and well organized. I often wonder at the favor shown to my preaching by intel-

12. *Ibid.*, p. 754 n.

ligent men. Through the years of the [Civil] War I had my own views which were "patriotic," but I was allowed to state them as I would. I kept the favor of men of both political parties. . . . It was a time when men were sensitive, and I had strong friends who approved the ways of the Government and strong friends who did not approve of the war or its management. My intimacy with Senator Morrill and Mr. Blaine and Governor Cony was never broken. During the war I learned many things from [Senator Morrill] in my visits to his home. He was a rare man. The last time I saw him was in his own home. He was very feeble and his mind was weakened. He kissed me as we met, and I had a pleasant talk with him largely in the way of reminiscence. Mr. Bradbury was a grand man, wise, faithful, affectionate. He was always a strong friend to me. To him and to Mrs. Bradbury I am indebted for the pleasantness and usefulness of my Augusta life.

CHAPTER VI

THE CALL TO CAMBRIDGE

1867-1871

IN 1865 the long and uneventful ministry of John Adams Albro, the tenth minister of the Cambridge church, drew to its close. On April 15, 1835, he had been installed, and thirty years of quiet, energetic, and successful work had followed.¹

At the Sunday afternoon service on March 12, 1865, Dr. Albro, then sixty-six years of age, surprised his congregation by reading to them a simple and touching letter of resignation. At a meeting of the church on March 23, 1865, this resignation was carefully considered, and Mr. Charles Theodore Russell was appointed to confer with him and see if he would consider withdrawing it. On March 25 Mr. Russell reported that Dr. Albro adhered to his decision. A council was called on April 11, 1865, at which the action of the church in accepting the resignation was concurred in. Possibly Dr. Albro may have had some premonition of his illness. For after a year and a half of a ministry at large, during which he performed certain offices for his own church, he died suddenly after preaching in the church at West Roxbury. This was in December, 1866, just a month before his successor at the Cambridge church was installed. When the news reached Augusta, Dr. McKenzie wrote in his journal:

Last Thursday, December 20, died in West Roxbury, Rev. Dr. Albro, whose successor in the pastorate I am to be. Some fruit of his labor may I gather in. I shall have pleasant recollections of him, especially of hours spent in his study while in college, in connection with his Greek Testament class.

1. See *History of the First Church in Cambridge*, by Alexander McKenzie, pp. 226-247, for an account of the ministry of Dr. Albro.

His funeral [McKenzie has written in his reminiscences] was from his old church, and lifelong friends conducted the sacred rites of sorrow and of hope. His form was born to Mt. Auburn and afterwards removed to the Cambridge cemetery where he desired to rest. He was laid near the spot where he stood to deliver the address at the consecration of God's Acre and which he termed "our future dwelling-place." A monument soon marked the place, which was given to the Church and Society for the use of their pastors and their families.

Meanwhile the ancient church had had to look for a new shepherd of the flock. It appointed committees "of the Church and Society" to seek the new minister; it arranged to have "scholarly and godly men" invited to preach in the church in the interim; and it consulted the theological seminaries. Of course the committee wrote to Professor Park at Andover; and the latter thought of his protégé McKenzie, whom he had already sent to Augusta. McKenzie himself tells the story thus:

Again it was Professor Park who touched my life. At a session in Boston of the National Council of our churches [June 16, 1865] he came to me with the proposal that I should preach in Cambridge. He was on intimate terms with the leading spirits there and he had commended me to their regard. To preach there for two Sundays was simple, but this meant perhaps a permanent pastorate. I do not altogether know why the professor was ready to give me what he considered an advance. It was believed that he liked to place in good positions men who had been his students and had accepted his "system." I had listened to his teaching and might be supposed to approve it, as indeed I did. His eye had been on me after he sent me to Augusta, and now he perceived a new opportunity. There was much to attract me to Cambridge. Of the church I knew very little, for my connection was with the Central Church in Boston. But I knew Harvard College and loved my Alma Mater. The thought of going was alluring.

But I told Professor Park at once that I could not go. It was not to be considered even. We were building a meeting-house in Augusta and I had no right to leave while the people were engaged in this enterprise. . . . The professor insisted and I persisted. "But go and see the path of duty," he urged. I saw the path of duty and proposed to keep to it. Finally, I consented to preach in Cambridge for one or two Sundays. . . . The result was that I was called to the pastorate. My Augusta people knew of the call and they prayed me to remain with them. Governor Cony wrote the letter in which they expressed their strong desire.

"You know us, and we know you," was the tone of the communication. But one answer was possible, and I soon told them that I should remain with them. I was happy in this, and I knew they were. Thus we took a new start. . . . I saw no reason for a change.

This was not the first opportunity that McKenzie had had to leave Augusta. He had been asked as early as 1863 if anything would tempt him to come to Brookline to take charge of a new church there. "Their letter was flattering, the prospect pleasing, but I cannot think of leaving here." In 1864, there came a proposal from Providence, Rhode Island, "to make acquaintance with view to settlement. I replied that I had no desire to make a change." In 1865, the claims of the High Street Church in Portland were urged upon him. But again he was firm that his duty lay in Augusta. In 1865 also he had received this note from his old friend, Alpheus Hardy:

Feb. 27, 1865

Rev'd. A. McKenzie:

My dear Sir:

Would you allow your name to be used and yourself thought of, in connection with the vacant pulpit in the 14th St. Church, New York?

Truly yours,

Alpheus Hardy

Then came the call to Cambridge. As a result of his conversation with Professor Park, McKenzie had agreed to preach there. His first sermon to the church of which he was for so long to be the minister was given on July 16, 1865. This was not only the first time he had preached there, but the first time, so far as can be discovered, that he had attended the church since boyhood. For in the intervening years he had maintained, while in Cambridge and Boston, an uninterrupted connection first with the Prospect Street Church in Cambridge, and then with Central Church, Boston. The journal record reads as follows: "July 16. At Dr. Albro's church. A.M., on 'Felix.' P.M., 'I have called you friends.' The congregation larger and the 'house' pleasanter than I had supposed. Saw

several of the people. Have enjoyed the day. Good to be so near dear old Harvard." He attended the Harvard Commencement after a brief visit to New Bedford, and was present at the commemoration service on Friday, July 21, in honor of Harvard's soldiers in the war. He speaks in his journal of the address by Dr. Putnam, but strangely makes no mention either of James Russell Lowell's ode or of the prayer by Phillips Brooks.

In September we find him again at the Cambridge church.

September 24. In Cambridge. Preached at Dr. Albro's. A.M., "Vanity of Vanities." P.M., "Thorn in the flesh." [After a week at Fitchburg, he preaches at Cambridge again.] October 1. A.M., "How shall we escape," etc. P.M., "Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it." This closes my engagement at C. Have enjoyed the preaching. Large congregation. May the word do good!

Evidently he thought that this was the end of his engagement; as a matter of fact, it was only the beginning. On October 25, 1865, he received a letter from Mr. N. D. Sawin stating that the church and parish at Cambridge had voted to give him a call to the pastorate. And on Saturday, November 4, on his return from a visit to Providence for the purpose of preaching the ordination sermon of his friend Osborne, he found papers inviting him to the Cambridge church. The church meeting had been held on October 10, and the letter of invitation was dated October 28.

It had not taken the Cambridge church long to act, and McKenzie did not need much time to reach his decision. On Saturday, November 11, he received the letter from the Augusta parish expressing a sense of the perfect harmony of their relationship and the feeling that it would be bad for them to be left with a costly church building on their hands. The following Thursday, November 16, 1865, McKenzie sent his letter declining the Cambridge call. It closed with the words:

The Lord bless you and give you a Minister far more worthy than myself to follow the godly man whose ministrations you have so long enjoyed.

With great respect, I am yours,
For Christ and the Church,
Alexander McKenzie

His mind was quite at rest. "My duty is evidently here, and here I am content and happy." We get the picture of a man who is loyal to his parish, in love with his work, not easily swerved from his purpose, and not impatient for prominence.

The Cambridge church, however, had made up its mind; it had found the man it wanted. The committee in charge was wise and patient. Even after declining the call in 1865, McKenzie visited Cambridge again early in 1866, supposing that the question had been definitely settled. There is no hint that he had an idea that he would reopen it by preaching again in Cambridge. Thus the record reads: "Sunday, February 11, [1866]. Cambridge. Long talk with Mr. Ward about coming to Cambridge, and requested that all thought of it be given up." By the fall of 1866, however, the new church building at Augusta had been completed and dedicated. And on Thursday, September 20, we find the following entry in his journal: "Messrs. Hubbard, Merrill and Sawin of Cambridge came to urge me to accept their proposal to take the Shepard Church. A long session at the Augusta House. Ended in my engaging to preach Oct. 14, and have another talk. Lord, guide me." He preached in Cambridge on October 14, and then went to New York. On the 28th he preached again at the Cambridge church, and then events moved rapidly.

Monday. Went in town. Met a part of the Church Committee. Talked of a new church, etc. Thursday. Talked with Mr. Merrill. The desire to have me come to Cambridge seems strong. A new church will be built soon. A house will be ready for me when I want it. I had thought that if I went to Cambridge it would not be until the fall. Mr. M. says if I will come in January and remain a few months, N. and I shall be sent to Europe for four or five months. Now I have a last answer

to give. A kind welcome home. Sad to think I may soon leave the pleasant home and dear people. [By November 17 he can write in his journal] My mind settles quite firmly into the purpose to go to Cambridge. God seems to be pointing that way. The people here are sad over it, tho' feeling it is for my interest to go.

Monday, November 19. Wrote to Mr. Merrill of Cambridge consenting to receive a call from the Church in Cambridge.

The Church and Society took joint action on December 11, 1866, when

it was unanimously voted by both Church and Society to extend to you a call to become their Pastor and Minister, and the undersigned were appointed committees to communicate to you this call, and to request your acceptance of the same.

It was further voted . . . to pay you a salary of three thousand dollars a year . . . and further to allow you a vacation of six weeks in each year to be taken at such time as you may select.

It was also voted . . . to allow you in the year 1867, for the purpose of enabling you to travel abroad, an additional vacation of four months. . . . We are not unaware of the strong attachment your present Church has for you, and we feel that we give you all the assurance you will require for ourselves, when we say that you will find in the Church and Society at Cambridge friends as true and hearts as warm as those you leave in the Church and Society at Augusta.

To this letter, after due deliberation, McKenzie replied as follows, having already tendered his resignation of the pastorate at Augusta:

Augusta, January 2, 1867

Dear Brethren:

I have received your letter of Dec. 11, 1866. I have given to this proposal the most careful consideration and have sought counsel from above. With my present field of labor I have been well content, and I have shrunk from leaving a people to whom I am greatly attached. But on the other hand the position to which you call me presents many peculiar attractions and an opportunity for usefulness which seems unusually large. . . .

Provided that I shall be regularly dismissed from my present pastorate, I accept the invitation to the pastorate of your Church and Society. I do this with great confidence in those who call me. . . . I do it in humble reliance on Him without whose blessing our labors are of little worth and through whose promised help the weak become strong. I am grateful to

you for the kindness and generosity which have marked all my intercourse with you. . . . From the grave of the man of God whom you have just laid to rest, whom I also have known and loved, who is still to speak to us, though being dead, we will go to our work in his spirit of devotion, remembering that our time of service is brief and that we know not at what hour the Lord will call for us.

It remains for me now to propose Thursday, the 24th inst., as the time for my installation. And I trust that "when I come to you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

I am most affectionately yours,

For Christ and the Church,

Alexander McKenzie

In all of this, it is not difficult to follow the mind of this sincere and conscientious man. Not only had he not sought to leave Augusta; he had discouraged every effort that was made to take him elsewhere. So long as he was convinced that his place was there, he had turned a deaf ear to all other proposals, including what must have been the appealing opportunity to come to Cambridge. When, however, the new church had been completed and the congregation well established in its new building, he naturally felt that his immediate task had been achieved. This, combined with the insistent desire of the Cambridge church, caused his mind to veer in a new direction. Without doubt the opportunity for travel and the broadening of his life had their influence. It was thus not unnatural for him to feel that the time had come for him to make the change. "Five years and five months at Augusta had made a ministry of reasonable length. After much consultation and deliberation it seemed best to accept the renewed call." Yet he did so with a heavy heart.

The people shared my sorrow. . . . It was my earliest work as a minister. I loved the people. I was content to live and die there. But my work seemed to be done. I left the church and congregation stronger than I found them. All things were in readiness for a new minister. The college drew me strongly. It was clear to me that I should return to Cambridge.

On December 16, 1866, McKenzie exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Fiske of Bath, who read McKenzie's letter of resignation. On December 20, 1866, the Augusta church accepted it. An ecclesiastical council was called on January 9, 1867, and the pastoral relation was formally dissolved. On January 20, 1867, was read a letter from the First Church in Cambridge and the Shepard Congregational Society, inviting the Augusta church to attend by pastor and delegate to assist in the examination and installation of Rev. A. McKenzie. William P. M. Means was chosen. On Sunday, January 6, occurred the last communion service in McKenzie's ministry at Augusta: "We enjoyed, with a great sadness, the last Communion together as pastor and people. A good place to separate, where the Cross reminds us of the eternal Communion of heaven and the union of all believers in Christ."

The farewell reception for Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie was held on January 15.

About 300 were present. It was a beautiful day. All passed off finely. The last parish gathering under my ministry. Sunday, January 20, closes my pastorate in Augusta. A beautiful winter day. Preached A. M. from Romans 14: 7, 8. . . . P. M. Acts 20: 32. "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace." It is hard to break loose from this dear people. *Very hard*. Is it the Lord who calls me? That is my comfort, thinking so. Thus may it prove in the result. I hope to do good at Cambridge, and to bless the dear old College and many connected with it. Lord, help me. Bless me. Glorify *thyself* in me. Amen.

On Wednesday, January 23, he and Mrs. McKenzie left for Cambridge. They were delayed by snow and failed to make the necessary connection at Portland. They therefore took the steamer *Forest City*. "A rough night, but we reached Boston safely. Mr. Sawin met us at the wharf and took us at once to his house in Cambridge." There the McKenzies remained until they left for Europe in April.

McKenzie never felt that there was any interruption in his ministry in coming from Augusta to Cambridge. "The five

years in Augusta gave shape and tone to those which were to follow them. Belief was established and methods were determined. There have been growth and expansion and adaptation since, but there was no serious break between the two pastorates." Indeed, he felt that there had been no break or interruption from the hour of consecration in the boy's room.

I have kept faith with that devotion and its acceptance. I find the meaning of it in the words which have given me inspiration ever since: "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you that ye should bear fruit." To be true to Him, loyal and trustful and obedient was the ideal life before me. From then on, it was all the continuity of the same experience. I was to learn of Him, and all of my opinions and the opinions of others were to be held subordinate to His teaching. . . . I was to persuade others to devote themselves to Him, receiving His words, keeping His commandments, relying on His redeeming grace. The circle of knowledge was large and every relation of life was to be under this guidance. I have never approached the limits of His teaching whether it were for personal control or for the duties that were required in daily life. I place this as a preliminary definition of my long ministry.

McKenzie's installation as minister of the Cambridge church took place immediately on his arrival.² On Thursday, January 24, the council met in the chapel. Rev. J. H. Means of Dorchester was moderator and Rev. J. E. Rankin of Charlestown scribe. The usual papers were presented and "an extended but courteous" examination followed. "After that came the

2. The "letter missive" read as follows:

"Dear Brethren:

This Church and the Shepard Congregational Society connected therewith, have under the direction of the Great Head of the Church, as they believe, united in the choice of the Reverend Alexander McKenzie, of Augusta, to be their Pastor and Minister, and he has accepted their invitation to that office. We therefore affectionately request your attendance, by your Pastor and a Delegate, at the meeting-house of said Church and Society, on Thursday, the 24th day of January current, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to unite in an Ecclesiastical Council then and there to be holden, to examine the Candidate, to consider our proceedings in this matter, and advise us in reference thereto, and if deemed expedient by

collation in the chapel which was given by the good women of the parish, of whom I recall Mrs. Farwell, Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Whittemore." The public service of installation was held in the evening. "Professor Park preached the sermon from 'The poor have the Gospel preached to them.' He was himself quietly amused at the choice of the text, but it was a strong sermon, afterwards printed in one of his volumes. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, a former pastor, addressed the people and told them that they must have a very strong reason for calling me away from my parish. To this they agreed. Dr. E. M. Kirk gave the charge to the pastor, Mr. Todd of the Central Church gave the right hand of fellowship, and Dr. Daniel R. Cady offered the installing prayer." The concluding prayer was by McKenzie's old friend, Rev. Mr. Woodbridge of Auburndale, who had first suggested to him that he should enter the ministry, and there followed a hymn written by Abiel Holmes and sung at the installation of Dr. Albro, April 15, 1835,

Great God! thou heard'st our fathers' prayer,
 When, o'er the ocean brought,
 They, with a patriarchal care,
 A sanctuary sought,
 Hither thy guidance led their feet, —
 Here was their first abode;
 And here, where now their children meet,
 They found a place for God.

them, to install the Rev. Mr. McKenzie as Pastor of this Church, and Minister of the Society connected therewith.

Wishing you Grace, Mercy, and Peace, we are, in the bonds of Christian Faith, Yours,

Stephen T. Farwell
 Charles W. Homer
 James P. Melledge
 Arthur Merrill
 George L. Ward
 George S. Saunders
 Gardiner G. Hubbard

Committee for the Church

Charles Theodore Russell
 William A. Saunders
 Asa Gray
 E. P. Whitman
 N. D. Sawin
 Charles P. Wood
 Francis Flint

Committee for the Society"

Thy flock, Emmanuel, here was fed,
In pastures green and fair,
Beside still waters gently led,
And thine the shepherd's care.
That care two hundred years attest;
The seal is still the same;
To every bosom be it pressed,
'Graved with thy precious name.

Here may the Church thy cause maintain,
Thy truth with peace and love,
Till her last earth-born live again
With the first-born above.
O glorious change! from conflict free,
The Church, — no danger nigh,
From militant on earth, shall be
Triumphant in the sky!

The following evening the newly installed pastor conducted his first church service, and on Sunday the 27th, his first sermon was preached as minister of the church. In a diary of Mr. Charles F. Stratton are these entries:

Jan. 25, 1867. Mr. McKenzie's first appearance as pastor this evening. The vestry was quite full. He read a chapter, Acts I, and commented upon it, particularly the 14th verse which he thought described a model prayer meeting. . . . He thought that most Congregationalists were inclined too much to ritualism, that is, to formal prayers and speeches. He wanted each one to take part a half minute, a minute or so — not to wait for one another, but to speak just as our hearts prompted us. Dea. Farwell, Mr. Beaman and others spoke. After singing, Mr. McKenzie invited all those who could find it convenient to remain and get acquainted. Mr. Merrill introduced me as one of the lambs of his flock. Sunday, January 27, 1867. Mr. A. McKenzie's first Sunday as pastor of this church. Preached in the morning from the text, "No man liveth to himself or dieth to himself." In the evening from the verse in St. John, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Wednesday, January 30. This evening the Sunday School spent the evening at Mr. Merrill's for the purpose of becoming acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie.

The first sermon which Dr. McKenzie preached as minister of the church was printed. It was an adaptation of his last

sermon in Augusta the week previous, and closed with the words:

Friends, I came to preach to you the Word of God. . . . I believe in a religion of the heart, deep, sincere, constant: a religion which draws its virtue from the Lord; a religion which is full of comfort and blessing; a religion which controls the life and makes a man honest, kind and good. . . . Such is the religion of the Bible and the church which, as God shall give me grace, I shall preach to you "publicly and from house to house." I have no other calling, no other desire, than to be Christ's servant and your minister.

The day before, the new minister had received the gift of a pulpit gown from the women of the church, accompanied by the following letter:

Will Mr. McKenzie accept this as a gift of welcome, from the ladies of his congregation. They present it as a token of the kindly interest they feel in his success and happiness, as Pastor and Preacher in this, his new field of labor, and would be pleased to see him wear it on all occasions when it may suit his taste and convenience.

In behalf of the Ladies of the

Shepard Congregational Society,

Mrs. S. T. Farwell

Mrs. E. P. Whitman

Mrs. Joel Parker

Cambridge
Jan'y. 26, 1867.

Cambridge was in 1867 a city of approximately 30,000 inhabitants. It presented, in general, the appearance of a large New England town. Homes with ample grounds and stately residences lined its quiet streets. The occupied area in those days did not reach farther than Linnaean Street. Beyond, there were pastures and meadows. The stage to Boston had given way to the newly invented horse-cars. Some citizens of Cambridge, still living, can remember the first little green cars which used to start from what is now Brattle Square. There had been also a branch of the Fitchburg Railroad, the terminal of which was on the spot now occupied by the Harvard Law

School; the engine was turned around there for its return journey. Great tracts of land, then vacant, have since been covered with dwellings, apartment houses, and factories. Cambridge in the sixties was noted chiefly as the seat of Harvard College and as the residence of famous American men of letters. It still retained the characteristics which caused Dr. Holmes to speak of it as a town which combined "the advantages of philosophical solitude with the benefits of a polite and refined society." In 1880, at the 250th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, President Eliot said, "I see that Cambridge is becoming a manufacturing center." As late as 1896 Professor Hart said: "A reputation for the manufacture of useful goods is worth having, but Cambridge can never compete with Lowell or Lawrence or Fall River or Worcester." But to-day Cambridge is on a par with any of them. Lots of land which housed three or four persons in 1867 now house three or four hundred. The Cambridge of 1867 was in all respects a different place from the Cambridge of 1935.

The Cambridge church worshipped in the meeting-house situated at the corner of Mount Auburn and Holyoke Streets. Its physical features are familiar to us from photographs and pictures. It was a plain building within and without. The interior was very simple, with windows of ordinary glass. The long pulpit occupied one end of the church and the organ the other, and there was a gallery in the rear. "The meeting-house," Dr. McKenzie has written, "was not attractive and it was poorly placed; but it was near the site where Shepard preached. . . . The vestry was far from convenient or attractive. But all seemed very well until we could build for ourselves."

"The congregation was not very large, but it had a goodly number of strong men and women, including University professors and students, business and professional men." As in Augusta, so in Cambridge Dr. McKenzie found himself sur-

rounded and supported by men who were prominent in the community. Of university men, there were Asa Gray, Judge Joel Parker, and Governor Emory Washburn. Asa Gray, one of the foremost scientists of his time, was professor of botany at Harvard College.

He was, beyond dispute, the most widely known of all Harvard scholars in the circles of highest learning throughout the world. He was also a simple-hearted man with a peculiar childlikeness and guilelessness and naturalness of mind. . . . No one could come into any relation with this life without this impression of its simplicity. It was the quality which gave lucidity to his literary style, straightforwardness to his scientific controversies, singleness of mind to his pursuits, and humility and reverence to his religion.³

He came to Cambridge in 1842 to the Fisher professorship of natural history in Harvard College. He died in Cambridge in January, 1888. During this long period he acquired, by his work in botany, his international reputation. He was early associated with Charles Darwin in the scientific work which led to development of the theory of evolution, and was an early protagonist of Darwinism. He felt no contradiction between his scientific and his religious beliefs. He described himself as "one who is scientifically and in his own fashion a Darwinian, philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the Creed commonly called the Nicene, as the exponent of the Christian faith." He entered the Cambridge church when he entered the college, and during the rest of his life he remained a faithful member of it. He was a close friend and constant helper of Dr. McKenzie, and endeared himself to all members of the church.

Joel Parker⁴ was another devoted parishioner. He

3. From a memorial address by Rev. Francis G. Peabody.

4. This paragraph was contributed by his son, Edmund M. Parker, who writes: "Shortly after my father's death [August 17, 1875], a memoir by his colleague in the Law School, Prof. Emory Washburn [the former



THE OLD MEETING HOUSE ON MOUNT AUBURN STREET

resigned as chief justice in New Hampshire and moved to Cambridge in 1848 to take up his duties as Royall Professor of Law at the Harvard Law School, which professorship he filled until his resignation in 1868. On moving to Cambridge he lived first on Kirkland Street, then in the house on Phillips Place which was later occupied by Professor Thayer, and, in 1855, built the house on Craigie Street where he lived until his death in 1875. I well recall that he was one of the few who always stood during the long prayer in the "meeting-house" on Mt. Auburn Street. He presided at the indignation meeting held in Cambridge on the occasion of the Brooks attack on Senator Sumner, and his reference to his father's service in the Revolutionary War and his statement "there were more of the same kind, if necessary" stirred the audience no little in coming from one of his position. This speech was quoted in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1856, as indicating the gravity of the political situation when uttered by such a man. . . . During the Civil War, his addresses and writings on the legal questions involved, made him a very prominent figure. He was one of the largest contributors to the church building fund.

Emory Washburn ⁵ was Judge Parker's colleague in the Harvard Law School. He had been educated in law there, had practiced in his home town, Leicester, Massachusetts, and had served in the state legislature. In 1853 he was elected governor of Massachusetts, and in 1865 was appointed Bussey professor of law in Harvard University. He resigned his professorship in 1876, and then opened a law office in Cambridge; later he represented the city of Cambridge in the Massachusetts legislature. From 1857 to 1878 he lived at 28 Quincy Street, a hospitable mansion, surrounded by ample grounds and gardens, torn down in 1924 when the college bought it to erect on the site the new Fogg Art Museum. In a memoir prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dr. A. P. Peabody speaks of his unswerving integrity.

Governor], was published in the Albany Law Journal. Later a much more detailed life by Hon. George S. Hale of the Boston Bar was published in the American Law Review for January, 1876."

5. The father of Mrs. Samuel Batchelder, whose daughter, Mary E. Batchelder, has supplied interesting data about her grandfather.

No one who knew Governor Washburn could imagine his departing one hair's breadth from what he thought was right, though it were to gain a world. In the public offices which he held in times of the fiercest party strife, no one ever dared to suggest that he was actuated by other than the purest motives. . . . There was in him a simplicity, a transparency of character which won the universal respect of those who differed from him. In the lower sense of the word, he could not be popular; . . . but in the better sense, no one has been more popular; for none knew him who did not see in him the man incapable of guile, intrigue or time-serving, true to his conscience, his country, and his God.

He was an antislavery man, though not a violent abolitionist. In every way he was distinguished; he was the author of numerous publications, and a speaker always in demand on public and on academic occasions.

Outside of university circles there were many prominent men. Eben Norton Horsford had been "Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the Application of Science to the Useful Arts" in Harvard University. He was elected to this professorship in 1847, on his return from a two years' course of study in Germany. He held it for sixteen years, and during this time many chemists of distinction were educated under his instruction. He organized the laboratory of the newly founded Lawrence Scientific School, and made important contributions to the application of chemistry in the development of industry. This interest led him, in 1856, to found the Rumford Chemical Works for the manufacture of certain products, including the acid phosphate beverage which bears his name. The demands of this business became so great that in 1863 he resigned his professorship to devote his entire time to its management. He used the wealth which came to him most generously. He was interested in Wellesley College from its beginnings, and its continuous benefactor,

showing in his gifts a wisdom which does not always distinguish those who give money to colleges. First among these should be placed his endowment of the library, providing for its administration, as well as more than doubling the number of books. And quite as valuable as his gifts

in money was the sympathetic interest with which, as President of the Board of Visitors from its foundation, he watched over the interests of the college, and fostered its growth.

His outstanding "personal characteristic was a genial gayety, which with his cordial, exuberant hospitality, was simply the overflowing of his large, warm heart: this endeared him to his hosts of friends among whom were numbered many of the brilliant poets and scientific men who adorned Cambridge during the time of his service as Rumford professor."⁶ He married in 1847 Mary L'Hommedieu Gardiner, who died in 1855; in 1857 he married her sister, Phoebe Dayton Gardiner. These were the daughters of Hon. Samuel Smith Gardiner of Shelter Island, New York. For forty-five years Horsford was a devoted member of the Cambridge church, and to him and to his family the church has been deeply indebted for many generous gifts; indeed, without this family it could not have become what it is to-day. Professor Horsford and Dr. McKenzie were warm friends and colleagues, both in the church and in their work for Wellesley College, and Dr. McKenzie was a frequent visitor not only in the Cambridge home but at the large summer estate at Shelter Island. When Mr. Horsford died, January 1, 1893, a memorial service was held for him at Wellesley College, and Dr. McKenzie paid him a beautiful tribute.

Charles Theodore Russell was a noted Boston lawyer, especially in admiralty cases. He was the son of Hon. Charles and Persis Russell. Born in Princeton, Massachusetts, he was graduated from Harvard College in 1837 and from the Law School in 1840. While in the Law School he became "converted" and gave serious thought to entering the ministry. In 1840 he married Sarah E. Ballister of Boston, a beautiful and brilliant woman, and they lived in Boston for the next fifteen

6. "Eben Norton Horsford," by Charles L. Jackson, reprinted from *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, vol. XXVIII.

years. During this period he was a loyal member of Central Church, and the friendship between him and Dr. McKenzie had its beginnings there. In 1845 he formed a partnership with his brother in the firm of C. T. and T. S. Russell — at the time of Mr. Russell's death the oldest law firm in Boston. He associated himself with a band of intellectually and religiously active men, the Gentlemen's Club, of which he was a member for fifty years. He was professor in the Boston University Law School from its origin till his death, lecturing on admiralty, evidence, and special pleading. He had a keen sense of humor, ready wit, sympathy, love for humanity. Mr. Russell's published work, *Manhood Suffrage*, best reveals his dignity and breadth of mind.

In 1855 the Russells moved to Cambridge and lived at the corner of Sparks and Craigie Streets until 1857, when they moved to 69 Sparks Street, a house until lately occupied by members of the family. Mr. Russell became connected at once with the Cambridge church, under Dr. Albro. For some years he was superintendent of the Sunday school and had a class of Harvard students. Till the end of his life he was active in church interests. There were ten children, of whom three died in infancy. One of the daughters, Sarah Louise, kept her membership in the church until her marriage to Rev. Daniel Moore Bates, an Episcopal clergyman serving as a missionary in China. Two sons, Charles Theodore, Jr., and William Eustis Russell, who became mayor of Cambridge and later governor of Massachusetts, continued their connection with the church under Dr. McKenzie until their death.⁷

Mr. Russell was a prominent member of the Massachusetts bar. He was counsel for the defense in behalf of Professor Smyth in the famous Andover case.⁸ He gave his thoughtful

7. From a letter from his daughter, Mrs. Daniel M. Bates.

8. See p. 296.

care to societies for charitable and missionary service. In speaking of him at the time of his death, which occurred January 20, 1896, Dr. McKenzie said:

He was happy in the conditions of his life from beginning to end. He grew up in the sincerity and simplicity of a New England home. For fifty-eight years he lived in fellowship with the Church of Christ. He was as simple in his faith as he was profound in his reasoning. He was wise, kind, genial, penetrating, just. [One remembers] his fine presence, his winning voice, his pleasant smile, his ample friendliness.

Gardiner G. Hubbard was a Cambridge lawyer. He was prominent in introducing the horse-car and starting the gas light company,⁹ and as a lawyer and the father-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell had much to do with the success of the Bell telephone. Sixteen months after the original telephone patent had been granted, he undertook the development on a business basis of Bell's invention. In later years, after his removal to Washington, he developed the use of the telephone in Europe and the Orient. In Cambridge he had a home on Hubbard Park, which is named after him. At one time he had a class in the Sunday school of the church. He was one of the leading spirits in bringing Dr. McKenzie to Cambridge.

Nathaniel G. Sawin, familiarly known as "Nat Sawin," was a member of the firm of Sawin and Edwards, produce merchants in Boston. He was a bluff and hearty type of citizen. He built the house at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Chauncy Street where Dr. McKenzie first went when he came to Cambridge.

Arthur Merrill was in the insurance business in Boston, and lived at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Mellen Street. He was superintendent of the Sunday school for the

9. The history of Middlesex County, published in 1890, has 120 pages devoted to Cambridge and its history, civil, religious, and educational. It alludes to the introduction of the horse-cars and Mr. Hubbard's connection therewith,

period immediately preceding the coming of Dr. McKenzie; he did not live long after it.

James P. Melledge was a prominent merchant. He was born on Charles Street, Boston, and in 1850 he married Miss Sarah Job of England and brought his bride to the house he had built in Cambridge at the corner of Harvard and Dana Streets, where it still stands. At that time the large garden reached through to what is now Chatham Street. It was an ideal home. Dr. Albro and Mr. and Mrs. Melledge were warm friends. The night that Dr. Albro died Mr. Melledge was called to go to him, and after his death he administered the little property of the Albro family. When the new ministry began, Mr. Melledge gave Dr. McKenzie his loyal support. He attended faithfully the Sunday and Friday evening services and taught for a time in the Sunday school. Among his pupils was Charles F. Stratton, who remembers that Mr. Melledge used *Barnes' Notes* for a textbook. When he died a newspaper notice spoke of him as a "perfect Christian gentleman." He left his five children a blessed heritage.

Then there were the brothers William A. and George S. Saunders. The former was born in Cambridge in 1818, the oldest of six children, in a small colonial house which stood on Waterhouse Street. He died in 1899. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was the famous John Hicks, who fell at the battle of Lexington. He was educated in the public schools and at Phillips Andover Academy. When fourteen years old he entered the hardware business with the firm of Lane and Read, and in 1841 opened a store of his own on Merchants' Row in Boston. Saunders was one of the original directors of the First National Bank of Cambridge and of the Cambridge Horse Railway, and one of the first trustees of the Cambridge Cemetery, having much to do with planning its grounds. He served the city in the Common Council in 1850, as an alderman in 1854 and 1867, and as state representative in 1857 and 1858.

In the church he was chairman of the prudential committee for many years and as chairman of the building committee of the new church was largely responsible for the ambitious plan which was adopted, and for pushing the building through to completion.

George S. Saunders was born in the house on Garden Street adjoining Christ Church, now used as the rectory. It was built by his father, William Saunders. After a thorough education in the Cambridge schools he entered the hardware business, in which both of his brothers were engaged, and in 1877 formed a partnership with his son George E. Saunders and conducted a successful business in the store near the corner of Washington Street and Cornhill. In 1855 he built the house on Concord Avenue, Cambridge, which was his home until his death in 1909. A lifelong member of the Cambridge church, he served actively as one of its deacons for forty years. He was for years, also, a member of the Cambridge Common Council and served for a term in the legislature. "Unambitious for distinction, but eager for service, . . . maintaining always the unbroken family traditions of public spirit and private honor, of success in affairs and genial friendliness in social life, [he] . . . was true to the best ideals of his city and his time."¹⁰

The two deacons were Stephen J. Farwell and Charles W. Homer. Mr. Stratton has described these men from his memory of them:

They were men of opposite types. Deacon Farwell was a large, heavy man, soft of speech and of a gentle character. I have in the house a large Bible inscribed with Mrs. Stratton's and my name and the date of our marriage which he took the trouble to bring to our new home on Winthrop Street with his congratulations soon after our marriage. His pew in church was diagonally in front of my father's. I remember seeing the

10. Obituary sketch composed by Warren K. Blodgett for the Cambridge Club.

tears pour down his face as he was moved by some passages in Dr. McKenzie's sermon soon after he came to the church. Deacon Homer was a short, stout man with white hair brushed back from his forehead. He was a very dignified old gentleman. He often began his prayer at the prayer meeting with the quotation from the psalmist: "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed."

Besides these men, who were most active and prominent when Alexander McKenzie came to Cambridge, there were others who took large interest in the church and became its strongest supporters in later years: Francis Flint, E. D. Leavitt, George L. Ward, E. P. Whitman, Horatio S. Parker, James M. W. Hall, John L. Sands, and J. H. Thayer. It was indeed a notable company of men and women who associated themselves as the years went on, a group of people that, as Dr. McKenzie has written, would go far towards making any congregation strong.

McKenzie found the church in excellent condition. Dr. Albro had been a faithful pastor and had left a well-ordered church behind him. Under these conditions, and with such strong backing, the new ministry began most hopefully. McKenzie devoted himself from the first to his preaching and pastoral work. There were services in the morning and in the afternoon; Sunday school came after the morning service; there was an evening prayer-meeting Sunday as well as Friday; for a time there was a Bible class on Wednesday. The pastor had his hands full.

The church services were extremely simple: the invocation, hymns, scripture, prayer, and sermon. The introduction of responsive readings was considered a great innovation and excited much comment. The old puritan order still prevailed.

A few extracts from McKenzie's journal will give us glimpses of his life during the first few months.

Sunday, February 17. Spoke at semi-centennial of City Missionary Society at Park St. Church. Governor Bullock and others spoke. Feb'y. 21. Parish reception at our home [N. G. Sawin's]. A very stormy evening,

but about 150 came and we had a very pleasant evening. Last Tuesday Todd, Plumb, Abbott and myself proposed forming a club of young ministers for mutual improvement in our profession. To-day [Feb'y. 26] had our first meeting at Todd's. Tea and a pleasant evening. [This was the first of a series of clerical clubs to which McKenzie belonged, of which we shall learn more later.] Thursday, Feb'y. 28. Pleasant talk at the bookstore with President Walker. He thinks little is accomplished in preaching to students. Tea again with C. T. Russell. My little rooms at the church have been prettily furnished by the ladies and I am enjoying them greatly. Thursday, March 12. With Prof. Horsford's daughters. Examined our church creed and had a pleasant talk on religious things. Tea at Dea. Farwell's.

There are recorded several trips back to his old parish at Augusta for pastoral service. We find him also at Lawrence, Quincy, and Brookline visiting old friends. He makes a trip to New York to see his sister Mary, and baptizes Mary McKenzie Daland. While there he sees Dr. Prentiss, calls on Professors H. B. Smith and Schaff at Union Seminary, and visits his old friends the Lawrences. On Monday, April 8, occurred a parish reception at Mr. W. A. Saunders' to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie on the eve of their sailing for Europe for the vacation which had been planned for them by the church and parish. "A large and pleasant gathering. The people blessed me with abundant good wishes. They are very kind." The parish made generous provision for the trip, and for the care of the church in McKenzie's absence.

The McKenzies sailed on the steamer *China* from Boston on April 10, 1867; many of their parishioners came to see them off. "Mr. Melledge was at the steamer, and we are indebted to him for excellent seats at the mail officer's table, engaged some time since. As that officer does not come to the table on this passage, I have his seat with his honors and duties." Touching at Halifax, the ship made the crossing in ten days. The voyage was a pleasant one, and by the 20th the travelers were in Liverpool. There they had hoped to see Mr. and Mrs.

Job, but they were away from home, and the McKenzies proceeded at once to Chester. On Sunday they attended services at the cathedral there.

The service was delightful and impressive throughout the whole morning. . . . But to imitate the Cathedral service could be of little use. Think of trying to dilute the Chester Cathedral service to the possibilities of a common church. The real is glorious. The imitation has little to commend it to one who knows the real. . . . The use of the boys in the singing suggests that we can make more use of them. The uniform standing of the congregation at prayer times rebukes the laziness of many of our American congregations. We need something to unite the people in worship.

From Chester they went to Oxford, and thence to London. On Sunday, April 28, McKenzie heard Spurgeon preach.

The sermon was earnest and impressive, given readily without notes. There was almost no eccentricity. In his Invocation he asked that we might have "a spiritual appetite and a celestial digestion." He expounded the Scripture read. . . . Hearing him made me want to preach and I quite longed to stand again in my own pulpit. May I carry back something of the unction of this man. [The next day they enjoyed hearing Dickens read.] He read of Squeer's School and the trial of Pickwick. His change of tone and expression of face was very striking.

The trip to Paris was made by way of Boulogne and Amiens. Only a day or two were spent in Paris, and the route to Italy was via Lyons and Genoa. Constantly Dr. McKenzie's thoughts were of his people at home. From Genoa the couple took a steamer to Naples, stopping at Leghorn and from there making a side trip to Pisa. They remained in Naples for ten days and visited the whole region thoroughly. There were trips to Pompeii and Vesuvius and the famed Amalfi drive. "I thought often of Prof. [A. P.] Peabody's enthusiasm over this same ride and shall like to talk with him about it when I see him again at home."

What he saw of the Roman Catholic Church depressed him. Already at Lyons he had written: "How gradually and how strangely Christianity must have had these showy forms en-

grafted upon it! How different all is from the simplicity that is in Christ!" The weeks in Italy deepened this impression.

From Naples the McKenzies went to Rome. It was before the days of the unification of Italy, and the journal speaks of crossing the frontier during the journey, and of the showing of passports. It was also before the days of the voluntary imprisonment of the Pope in the Vatican, and it was easy to see him.

To-night we prepared a ride and we were carried somewhat to our surprise to the Church of S. Maria Maggiore. We supposed we were to see the Pope somewhere from what the porter at the hotel said. It seemed it was here at a Vesper Service. . . . At length came the Pope and the cardinals with the Swiss guard. The Pope passed quite near us in going up the nave and coming back. He is a very mild, beneficent looking old man, somewhat short and stout. He was dressed in a white silk robe with a red cloak and cape and had a small white cap. He blessed the people as he walked, but I fancied that he did not bless us because we did not kneel as most others did. [And there was another occasion, at S. John Lateran, where high mass was performed in the presence of the Pope.] The ladies having black veils and dresses were provided with good seats. The Pope was borne in on the shoulders of men in red silk clothes, sitting in an armchair and wearing his triple tiara. He had but little to do in the service, only taking his part with the other worshippers. After the service, he gave the Papal benediction from the Portico. The service was not impressive to me and did not seem so to the rest of the rambling congregation. I have seen enough of the pomp and semblance of worship. Give me our own simple ways and fill them with sincerity and spirit.

Dr. McKenzie made thorough use of his two weeks in Rome, and explored its treasures. He felt the majesty of St. Peter's, and was impressed with the work of the great Italian masters, but especially by the paintings of Raphael.

Then followed ten days at Florence, a city which he learned to love. Without especial training in either history or art, he observed closely, and recorded his impressions with precision and deep spiritual feeling. He enjoyed the Protestant Cemetery, then outside the walls of Florence, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Theodore Parker were buried. Of the latter

he writes, "Here he rests far from the scene of his somewhat eventful life. There is a peculiar feeling attached to this burial place from the fact that so many lie here whose homes are far away." He bought copies of his favorite pictures, and came close to Dante's spirit. "Beautiful Florence. Very pleasant memories shall we carry away of the city, its buildings, its galleries and works of art. . . . And I shall remember the little Scotch Church and the Waldensian professor."

Venice came next, and then Verona and Milan. Dr. McKenzie was enthusiastic about the cathedral at Milan. "No words can describe its beauties, its fine proportions, its countless pinnacles, its statues and carvings. . . . The only criticism which occurs to me in the general form of the building is that facing the front, the church seems low for its great width. But this may be explained by the absence of the campanili which it was once designed to erect."

Their itinerary then led the travelers to the Italian lakes, and thence over the Splügen Pass and by rail to Munich, with a side trip to Innsbruck. Returning to Munich, they entered Switzerland by way of Zurich and visited Lucerne and Interlaken, Geneva and Chamonix, Lausanne and Vevey. This was the first of repeated visits to Switzerland. Germany was re-entered by way of Berne and Basle, and they stopped at Heidelberg, Coblenz, Eisenach, and Erfurt, "where we saw Luther's cell in what was the Augustine convent, but is now an orphan house. . . . The room is now covered with inscriptions. I don't know whether they were there in Luther's day. Here he first studied the Bible and here were many of the conflicts and pains through which he passed into the light." Weimar followed, then Halle, whither they went "chiefly to see Prof. Tholuck. He was not in town, but I saw Mrs. Tholuck, a very pleasant mild-looking lady." After a night at Leipzig the McKenzies went on to Dresden, the chief event, as with all travelers, being the visit to the gallery and the sight

of Raphael's Sistine Madonna. "There is the same blending of the Mother and the Blessed Virgin as in the della Sedia at Florence. There is the same repose in the face. She is human, but there is something divine in the scene she is passing through. The picture shows this. The face of the child is a child's face but there is more in it. The eyes are full of the divine — the mystery. I thought of Mr. Fiske's quotation of Watts' line which speaks of the 'Godhead shining through his eyes.' "

Then to Berlin, where the visit was short and apparently unimpressive, and to Cologne, where the cathedral was still in the building, the workmen being busy on the uncompleted spires. "When done, the effect will be fine. The interior is grand, not as airy as the Cathedral at Milan; but solid and imposing."

By now it was mid-August, and the trip was drawing to its close. There remained Amsterdam, Leyden, and Rotterdam, with a few days in Belgium, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Brussels. August 21 found them in Paris, where they did the usual sightseeing, and attended the Grand Exposition; Mrs. McKenzie's uncle, Mr. Eveleth, was with them for a time. Crossing to England, they spent some days in London, and after visiting Cambridge and York passed into Scotland, staying at Melrose on the way to Edinburgh. There followed Stirling and the Trossachs, Glasgow, and the Burns country, and then Liverpool, where on September 27 they embarked on the *Cuba*.

There was rough weather on the voyage home. "The dishes roll about the tables: who can blame them? . . . A merry time a set of playful dishes must have of it when brought out . . . and set where they may disport themselves." The travelers arrived home once more on October 8. "Mr. Sawin met us with a carriage and took us to Cambridge. . . . And so we are home again. Very prosperous, very delightful has this

journey been. Very much good has it done me, I know." It had been an enriching experience for them both, and their hearts were filled with gratitude and fresh devotion as they set their faces homeward once more. McKenzie's mind had been full of his work. The journal is filled with jottings of ideas that had come to him for future use. It was a wise plan of the Cambridge church to send their minister on a trip like this, for it was a broader, deeper, and more consecrated man who returned to them when the six months were over. This was the first of many European trips for the Cambridge pastor.

On their return from Europe, the McKenzies took a furnished house on Berkeley Street, at the corner of Phillips Place. Here they lived until the spring of 1868, when they occupied the house at 64 Brattle Street, which had just been vacated by their good friends the Wards. This was their home until the "parsonage" was built in 1872; here their first child was born on July 24, 1870 — Kenneth, "named after the first of the McKenzies."

During the three or four years which followed, McKenzie laid the foundations of his notable Cambridge ministry. It would be tedious and unrewarding to follow the record chronologically; we may, however, observe with some precision the development of the different elements which composed the ministry of his later years.

In the first place, he was assiduous in the preservation and cultivation of his friendships, which formed a prominent part of his life, and was constantly forming new ones. Thus we are not surprised to find that once settled in Cambridge Dr. McKenzie was frequently in the homes of those whom he had known before. He went to Quincy to see his old college friend and roommate Everett. Once or twice a year he made a trip to New York to see his sister Mary, and he never failed to go to Staten Island to see his old friends the Lawrences. He kept

up his Augusta friendships, and responded to every call from the people there. Thus he went to the installation service of his successor, Rev. Joel F. Bingham, and gave the charge to the people. He went again for the funeral services of his old friends Mr. Bradbury and Mr. McArthur, with whom he had spent many happy evenings, and again for the funeral of Governor Cony. He went to Andover to attend the funeral of Principal S. H. Taylor. "Professor Park gave the address. I served as a pallbearer. I shall always feel my indebtedness to him and cherish his memory." New Bedford retained its place in his affections. He returned there from time to time, once for the funeral service of his old friend and pastor Wheelock Craig, when he offered the prayer at the house and at the church. He visited the cemetery where his father and mother and grandmother lay. "The familiar names scattered through the ground made the place seem more like home than the city of the living."

But while McKenzie was thus true to the past, he was living actively in the present, and acquiring year by year new associations and friendships. He formed his new ministerial relationships promptly, and found them congenial. Dr. Blagden was at the Old South. Dr. Todd was pastor of Central Church. Dr. Twining was at the Prospect Street Church in Cambridge, and Dr. D. O. Mears at the North Church. At Christ Church was Dr. Hoppin, and at the First Church, Unitarian, Dr. Newell.¹¹ The two branches of the old First Church worked together in entire harmony. .

Our relations [Dr. McKenzie has said] with the old parish from which we were . . . separated, have been friendly and have been helpful in many ways. The two churches are associated in work for the city, in labors of

11. William Newell, Harvard, 1824, was the minister of the Unitarian Church from 1830 to 1868. His successors during McKenzie's ministry were Francis Greenwood Peabody (1874-1879), Edward Henry Hall (1882-1893), and Samuel McChord Crothers (1894-1927).

charity and good will. Once in a year we have a service in common with other churches at the bidding of the Commonwealth. The two branches of the original church live in separate houses, but we keep Thanksgiving Day under one roof. This is the rare instance of the strength of both branches of a divided church. Usually one part has kept to strength and the other part has been overshadowed. Happily with us both churches are large and vigorous. When we were two hundred and fifty years from the organization in 1636, we celebrated the anniversary by joint services in our two meeting-houses, rejoicing in our history and grateful for our alliance in good works.

McKenzie early joined several clubs. "There was a little club called 'The Gentlemen' into which I was admitted when I came to Cambridge. There I met the Secretaries of the American Board, John S. Ropes, the Russells, Alpheus Hardy, Dr. Thompson, Abner Kingman and other good men." He early became a member of the Winthrop Club, composed of prominent ministers, and in 1869 he was elected to be its scribe. There was also the Congregational Club, and the Ministerial Associations, whose meetings he attended with great regularity.

Within the parish, he made friends rapidly. The journal is full of references to visits to the homes of his parishioners, where Mrs. McKenzie and he were frequently entertained.

February 25, 1868. Through the kindness of Mr. Melledge we all heard Dickens this evening read Christmas Carol. Very greatly delighted. Quite as much so as in London. Dined at Mr. Greenough's with Dr. and Mrs. Wolcott. Went to Prof. Horsford's and heard Ole Bull. [Oct. 14, '71] At Dr. Gray's to meet the Messrs. Darwin. [Nov. 3, '71] Dined at Pres. Eliot's. A pleasant company at Mr. Russell's. [He was at the home of William Dean Howells, and we find this entry in the journal.] Friday, Dec. 4 ['68] Baptized John Mead, son of W. D. Howells, at his house.

He early renewed his associations with the men whom he had known in Harvard College, and the friendships which came to him from his growing relationship with the college multiplied as the years went on.

During these years McKenzie devoted his energies to the cultivation and upbuilding of his parish.

On my return from Europe my ministry was renewed with interest and confidence. My chief duty was in my pulpit and to that I gave my full strength. That was a period when the young life in our churches was asserting itself. This I was glad to foster. I continued to preach the truth which I had received, always seeking to be true to my second calling and to Him who had chosen me and appointed me and placed me in this commanding position. I knew that in His service I was the minister of this church, and that my first duty was there. I can say with sincerity that I have not allowed anything to interfere with my work in this church and parish. In honor and by choice, I was pledged to this. I have been free but my liberty was with loyalty. I have done much extra-parochial service, but this has been tributary to my engagement with this church and has extended and fostered my work within its gates. It is as minister of the First Church that I have served the college and the community.

During this period Dr. McKenzie continued as a rule to read his morning sermon, but occasionally he preached extempore. The titles of some of his sermons give an idea of their general range and character: "And there was a rainbow about the throne." "How old art thou?" (New Year's). "And they feared as they entered into the cloud." "Thou art a God that hidest thyself." "For the bed was shorter than that a man could stretch himself on it." "Give us of your oil." Few sermons were preached on other than closely biblical and spiritual themes. An exception was the series of sermons, begun in 1870 and finished the following year, on the history of the Cambridge church.

A few changes were inaugurated during these early years in the church administration. The number of deacons was raised from two to four: "Friday, July 1, '69. Set aside with prayer C. T. Russell and G. S. Saunders as deacons." In 1868, it was voted to put the Sunday school in place of the afternoon service and have the second church service in the evening. The same year the communion was made a special service at 4 P.M., and a new order for it, prepared by Dr. McKenzie, was adopted by

the church. A weekly Bible class also was begun with fifty or sixty present, which greatly encouraged him. Much care was given to the Sunday school, and the children were frequently with the McKenzies in their home. The young people and the students received his careful attention. In all of this we see the careful, faithful, spiritual shepherd of his flock; and this to the end of his long ministry Alexander McKenzie remained. To his devotion and spiritual leadership the congregation responded with gratitude, affection, and a deepening confidence. On December 15, 1868, he was informed of an increase in his salary of \$1000, to take effect January 1, 1869. On April 30, 1869, he received a check as a present from friends of the church and society. The church rallied about him, and in the early years of his ministry showed the unfailing loyalty which sustained him to the end of it.

That ministry, however, was not confined to Cambridge. In an ever-widening circle its influence spread. Hardly was he settled over his Cambridge church than invitations for sermons and addresses began to reach him. He was much in demand for church occasions, the preaching of installation sermons, or the offering of installing prayers. He makes remarks at the laying of the corner stone of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church. (Later he gave the prayer at its dedication.) He is present at a council at Newtonville to organize a church, and preaches the sermon at the installation of Rev. J. B. Clark. He speaks in Music Hall, Boston, in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Union. We find him at the installation of Mr. Leavitt at Stearns Chapel; at the dedication (October, 1867) of the new building of the Central Church. When later on Mr. DeWitt was installed at Central Church, McKenzie is scribe of the council and gives the prayer. He is present at the installation (April 3, 1871) of Samuel E. Herrick at Mount Vernon Church. Again, he is at Plymouth, where he makes an address on the Pilgrim fathers. He speaks for the Boston Seaman's Friend

Society, and preaches at Providence, Exeter, Gloucester, and Roxbury. So the record runs during these earliest years of the Cambridge ministry. His extraordinary facility and felicity in the giving of occasional addresses, and their spirituality and human interest, received early recognition.

Another element in the ministry of Alexander McKenzie was his close relations with the community life of Cambridge. He may be said to have grown up with the town. When he began his ministry Cambridge was a small, quiet, academic community. When it ended the place had begun to assume the appearance it wears to-day. With all the changes of the years McKenzie kept step. He served Cambridge from first to last. As early as December, 1868, he was elected to be a member for a three-year term of the Cambridge school committee, and he was later reelected. In 1870 he became chairman of the committee on free drawing schools. He devoted himself to this work as he did to anything that he undertook. He visited the schools every Monday, attended their "exhibitions," and was rarely absent from the school committee meetings. On January 4, 1869, he offered the prayer at the inauguration of the new city government, a service he was called upon to perform more than once in later years, when members of his own congregation were inaugurated as mayors. McKenzie was proud of the relation of his church to the community and to the nation, and was fond of dwelling on the service it had rendered to the country. He had good opportunity for this when he was asked by Mayor Harding to give the address at the dedication, July 13, 1870, of the soldiers' monument on Cambridge Common;¹² and again when he gave the address, on Novem-

12.

City of Cambridge

In Board of Aldermen, July 14, 1870. Ordered. That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Rev. Alexander McKenzie for the very able and eloquent oration delivered before the Government and citizens of Cambridge, on the 13th inst., on occasion of the dedication of

ber 3, 1870, at the dedication of the revolutionary memorial to the men of Cambridge who fell at the battle of Lexington.¹³ These addresses are in the manner familiar to all who knew the speaker in his later years. There are the same short, crisp sentences; the same felicity of expression; the same well-chosen words and facile style. He prepared himself thoroughly with the necessary historical information. Appended to the printed record of the address on the latter occasion there is an interesting letter (December 22, 1870) from Professor Horsford in which he expresses the opinion that a piece of linen cloth found on the Common near the spot where the monument was erected identified this as the precise spot where these early patriots fell.¹⁴

In these ways Alexander McKenzie linked his life from the first with that of the expanding community. As new institu-

the Monument commemorating the Soldiers and Sailors of Cambridge who perished in the late war; — and that Mr. McKenzie be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Justin A. Jacobs, *City Clerk*

H. R. Harding, *Mayor*

13. In the ancient burial-ground, in front of the college, on the spot where the remains of three of the patriots were buried adjacent to the First Parish Church (Unitarian). The inscription was prepared by Dr. McKenzie.

14. The following preliminary letter on the subject has never before appeared in print:

Craigie St., Dec. 19, 1870.

My dear Pastor:

I have repeated my experiments, made before leaving for New York, with the precious relic of the Revolution. I have only to add that I find on burning a portion of the cloth on which there is *no* blood stain that it yields *no* odor of *burning* animal matter.

I have no doubt whatever that the dark red stains are blood stains, as surmised.

If you care for a formal statement of the analysis and my conclusion, I shall have great pleasure in making it in any shape you may wish.

I am faithfully yours,

E. N. Horsford.

tions developed, he became associated with them. Thus in March, 1871, he was elected trustee of the newly incorporated Cambridge Hospital.

The college was one of the strong forces that drew him to Cambridge. He dwelt on this in later life.

It is said that the new college was set up in Cambridge because Newtowne was "a place very pleasant and accommodate" and then "under the orthodox and soul-flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepard." The connection of the college with the church has all through the years been very close. One of the pastors was president of the college. Others have been overseers, and all have been of service in their different ways. It was therefore an attraction that in coming to the church, I was coming back to the college. If not in an official connection with it, I should be at its side, walking in familiar places, and having as parishioners professors and students. I could not know how fully my life was to be identified with the college in which I had already passed four delightful years.

His first connection came through exchanges with Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, who was then in charge of the regular Sunday preaching services at the college. The first of these seems to have taken place on April 19, 1868. "Exchanged with Prof. Peabody and preached in college chapel on 'Vanity of Vanities.' " It sounds like a queer text for a congregation of college youth. On February 28, 1869, there was another exchange.

It was a privilege to resume my connection with Harvard, and to stand in the pulpit of the chapel where I had sat as a student. Dr. Peabody was in all things cordial. He very soon asked me to preach. I proposed that we should make this an exchange. He kindly replied: "I advise you not to compromise yourself with any heresy or supposed heresy of mine." Such an exchange was very unusual. A little later he said: "If you really wish for an exchange, I should be glad to have it." We had it and no one was compromised.

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody remained for years one of McKen-
zie's best friends.

His character and life were enriched by nature, by long study and by broad intercourse with men. His affections were very strong and these he expressed in many ways and in terms which seemed well-nigh extravagant. But he was sincere. It was a privilege to be with him and to learn of him.

He was called a Unitarian, and this was probably just. But in his sympathy he knew no limits, and names were of small account. His opinions were distinct and were firmly held, but his thought reached beyond definitions. His reverence for Christ could hardly have been greater and this he expressed in the strongest terms. He saw in Christ all of the divine which could be revealed, and the Father seemed to him to be an infinite Christ.

In March, 1867, McKenzie wrote to Samuel Harris of Bangor saying that he was willing to resign as a member of the board of trustees of Bowdoin College. Harris in reply referred the decision back to McKenzie, saying that he must decide whether Harvard would not usurp Bowdoin in his interests and whether another man in Maine would not be able to give more attention to the latter. As a result of this correspondence, McKenzie resigned.

His relations with Harvard College became more and more intimate. When he came to Cambridge he found ex-president Walker still living there; Mr. Walker, for whom McKenzie had always had a profound respect, assured the young minister of his continued interest. Thomas Hill was president in 1867, and he soon asked McKenzie to serve on a committee to read the essays for the Bowdoin Prize. "This I was glad to do, and it was pleasant to have even this simple connection with the college life." In 1869 Charles W. Eliot became president, and with his accession McKenzie's relations with Harvard College became very intimate. It seems strange that in his journal he makes no mention of the inauguration of the new president. Yet it is inconceivable that he should not have been present. One or two brief entries in the journal are all that indicate that the new regime had begun. "April 18, '70. Dined at Pres. Eliot's with Dr. McIntosh and others." "Oct. 27, '70. Levee at Pres. Eliot's house in honor of the college president." "Nov. 3, '71. Dined at Pres. Eliot's." The two men had known each other well. They were about to know each other better.

McKenzie's interest in Harvard College was, as we know, only a portion of the service which he was to render to schools and colleges in his later years. It is interesting to discover that this wider educational ministry likewise has its beginnings in these early Cambridge years. In July, 1869, he gave the baccalaureate sermon at Andover "Female Academy," and later in the month delivered the same sermon at a similar occasion at Bradford Academy. In June, 1870, he preached in the Andover Seminary chapel and in the afternoon gave the academy baccalaureate. His ministry to school and college had begun.

Thus, in these early years we see the outlines of all of Dr. McKenzie's later ministry at Cambridge. Every element in it finds its place and illustration there. What follows is simply the expansion of the interests which had already occupied his mind and enlisted his energies.

CHAPTER VII

CHURCH BUILDING

1871-1877

WITH the coming of the year 1870, there loomed the great undertaking which was to open a new chapter in the history of the Cambridge church. It will be remembered that one of the arguments of the committee in urging Dr. McKenzie to come to Cambridge was that the church was seriously considering the erection of a new building, and that if he came he could assist and give counsel in this important project. The story of this enterprise must now be told, after a brief sketch of the earlier buildings.

The first meeting-house had been erected in 1632, when Thomas Hooker was summoned from Holland to be the minister of the new colony at Newtowne. When he and his people migrated to Hartford, Thomas Shepard and his flock worshipped in the meeting-house which had been erected four years before. It was a little, primitive building, on the spot on Dunster Street now marked by a tablet. Gradually it fell out of repair. In 1650 the decision to put up a new building was made. This edifice, about forty feet square, was erected on the southwest corner of the College Yard, where Lehman Hall now stands. For a full half century that little building served the colony as its place of worship.

In time, however, this building also became dilapidated, and in 1703 the town voted "that they apprehend it necessary . . . to proceed to the building of a new meeting-house." This third edifice stood near the spot occupied by the second, and seems to have been opened for worship on October 13, 1706.

It was enlarged by the addition of a new gallery in 1718; this building also lasted for approximately fifty years, and carries us down to 1753.

The fourth building was projected in that year, and now for the first time it was the church and not the town which assumed the cost of erection. The college agreed to share in the expense "provided the scholars shall have the use of the whole of the front gallery and at least the third or fourth pew as to choice be set aside for the President and his family." This building was set back a little farther into the Yard, and was the most famous of all the structures in which this congregation has worshipped. It stood for seventy-seven years, and during this period all commencements, public meetings, and patriotic gatherings were held there. "No building in Massachusetts," writes President Quincy, "could compare with it in the number of distinguished men who at different times were assembled within its walls."¹ Washington and his brother patriots worshipped there. There in 1779 the delegates from the towns of Massachusetts met and framed the constitution of the Commonwealth. There Lafayette was welcomed during the presidency of Dr. Kirkland. From this building Dr. Holmes led his flock in 1829. It was taken down in 1833, when the edifice now occupied by the Unitarian church was created.

The evangelical branch of the church under Dr. Holmes was thus left without a home. For a time services were held in the old courthouse across the street, but in 1830 a lot of land was given by Miss Sarah Ann Dana. Funds were collected, the corner stone of the new building was laid September 21, 1830, and the building was dedicated on February 23, 1831. "It was thought," Dr. McKenzie has written, "to be a fine structure. Henry Greenough was the architect. The building was very simple and unadorned. Yet there may have been something

1. McKenzie's *History of the First Church in Cambridge*, p. 160.

in the proportions which was attractive. That was when the building was new. It changed in appearance and attractions." It was repeatedly enlarged to meet the needs of a constantly growing congregation. In 1829, before the division of the church, the whole number of members was about ninety. Since about two-thirds of these followed Dr. Holmes, the number occupying the new church was about sixty, and the congregation probably not over double that number. When Dr. Albrow became pastor, the number of members was but one hundred and one. In 1852, however, it had grown to two hundred and forty, and the church building was then enlarged by acquiring more land, removing partitions and walls, and increasing the length and breadth. As finally enlarged it measured eighty by sixty-three feet and contained sixty-three pews. This was the fifth building which the church had occupied since its organization in 1633-1636.

In this building, at Mount Auburn and Holyoke Streets, Alexander McKenzie had been installed. And now the time had come to consider the erection of a sixth building. The old church had become too small. It was not well placed. Cambridge had begun to expand. With President Eliot's inauguration, a new epoch was beginning for the college. The church must respond to new conditions, and prepare to meet the demands of a new day.

How long the idea of a new church building had been in the minds of the people prior to the coming of Mr. McKenzie to Cambridge, we have no means of knowing. Yet it must have been much talked about, since the committee told him that this was one reason why he should accept the call of the Cambridge church. For two years the matter was allowed to rest. The church was proceeding cautiously—too cautiously to suit the new minister, for with the beginning of the year 1869 we find him pressing for a serious consideration of the project, as the following quotations from the journal will show:

January 1, 1869. Released the parish from all obligation to provide a dwelling house for me, if they will take immediate steps towards the new church. Lord, grant that the beginning of the new church may signalize this year. February 7, '69. Preached on the Widow's Mite, with reference to the new church, tho' saying nothing of it. March 12, '69. Plan for the new church indefinitely postponed.

But not for long. In July of the same year Deacon Farwell wrote as follows:

Preston St. July 8, 1869.

Dear Mr. McKenzie:

I have requested the Prudential Committee to meet in the Pastor's Room this evening at the close of the religious service, with reference to calling a meeting of the Parish on the subject of the proposed new Church.

It has been suggested that an informal meeting of all the members of the Congregation interested in this enterprise, notified from the pulpit and also by printed slips in the pews, would be better for the first meeting, than to call a meeting of the legal voters of the Parish only. The suggestion strikes me favorably. Please think it over and remain and advise with the committee this evening.

I think it would be entirely proper for you to attend such a meeting of the Congregation, and very desirable on the part of the people that you should be present and help us make a beginning.

Yours very truly,
S. T. Farwell

The matter was finally faced by the church, and on May 2, 1870, comes the record of decisive action:

"Parish meeting large and united. A good meeting. Voted to buy more land and build a church of stone with a steeple in the rear. This is the Lord's Day. The Lord prosper us."

"September 14, 1870. The building committee met in my study to look at some stone for the church."

This record from McKenzie's journal about the purchase of "more land" sends us back to the church records to discover what steps had been taken to secure a new location for the projected edifice. Under date of November 2, 1867, we find the following record:

To vote to determine whether the Society will purchase a lot of land as a site for a meeting-house, situated on the corner of Garden and Mason Streets, belonging to Samuel Batchelder, containing about nineteen thousand six hundred and fourteen square feet, reference being had to a plan of the same drawn by W. A. Mason, surveyor, in July last, and to take such further action for the completion of said purchase, as may be deemed expedient (Meeting to be held Nov. 11, 1867).

The meeting seems actually to have been held on November 21, 1867, when it was

Voted, that if provision shall be made by private subscription for the payment of at least 25 % of the purchase money, this Society will assume the contract made by William A. Saunders and others with Samuel Batchelder, Esq., for the purchase of the lot mentioned. . . .

The chairman of the committee to collect subscriptions for the payment of the lot, Mr. N. D. Sawin, later reported that \$2475 had been raised. The lot was purchased. The price was \$9604.

The first suggestion that this plot of ground should be purchased for the erection of the new church building appears to have come from one who was not then a member of the congregation. Charles Hicks Saunders was the second son of William Saunders, and a brother of William A. Saunders. He had married into a Unitarian family and was an attendant at that church. He always maintained his interest, however, in the Congregational branch of the First Church in Cambridge. When he learned that this church was looking for a new location, he urged the committee to take the lot at the corner of Garden and Mason Streets; as they moved slowly, he obtained an option on the land, paying down a sum of money, and then went to the committee again, saying that this was just the place for the church to stand and that he had secured it.²

2. The following item, taken from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of April 30, 1859, shows that the Unitarian Church had already thought of acquiring the property:

"At a meeting of the First Parish in Old Cambridge — Rev. Dr. Newell's society — on Thursday evening, a committee of five, consisting



THE PRESENT CHURCH LOT AS IT LOOKED WITH THE
MOORE HOUSE STILL STANDING

(The house was removed sometime between 1860 and 1868)

No better location for the new church could have been found. It was to stand on historic ground with the Washington Elm before it; in front lay the broad expanse of Cambridge Common; Radcliffe College was later to erect its buildings across the street; it was easy of access from all quarters of Cambridge. "The ground," Dr. McKenzie later wrote, "seemed to have been reserved for the purpose. . . . It was secured for the parish by the foresight of a man who was a child of the church where his ancestors had worshipped, and where many of his kindred were still worshippers." The lot was at one time part of a larger tract of about three or four acres, extending along the northwesterly side of Mason Street from Brattle to Garden Streets.³

John Champney was an early owner of the tract (1638). On January 25, 1657, it was sold to Mathew Bridge, son of John Bridge. Successive owners were Capt. Piam Blowers, and Abraham Hill, who sold to his son, [Deacon] Aaron Hill, two acres of the tract covering the lot now occupied by St. John's Memorial Chapel and the adjoining houses. The remaining portion of the tract, now the property of this church, was sold after the death of Abraham Hill's widow to Josiah Moore (1784), and became known as the Moore estate. He was deacon in Dr. Holmes' church and died intestate in 1814. In 1857 the property was conveyed by the heirs to Samuel Batchelder and his son Francis L. Batchelder. On February 20, 1860, Samuel Batchelder became sole owner of substantially all the lot acquired by this church, comprising one and one half acres. Mr. Batchelder was a well-to-do man, living in the old Colonial house on the corner of Brattle and Hawthorne Streets. He owned considerable real estate in Cambridge. It is said that he willingly sold the property to the church, and as he wanted it to build there, gave easy terms.

of Joseph Cutler, E. S. Dixwell, J. R. Richards, A. S. Waite and F. L. Chapman, were appointed to effect a sale of their present church edifice which one of our wealthy citizens has offered to purchase and present to the college for an Alumni hall with the expectation that a stone building will later be erected on the site. Should the sale take place, the society will erect an elegant church, perhaps upon the beautiful lot near the Washington elm, which will add another ornament to our city."

3. The description which follows is taken from a complete account prepared in 1932 by R. D. H. Emerson, a member of the church.

When the church acquired the property, the old Moore house was not standing. It had been built about 1750, and had been occupied by two deacons of the church, Aaron Hill and Josiah Moore. At the time that the lot was sold to Mr. Batchelder, the house was occupied by his coachman, James Hill. The needed land was acquired in several transactions. The first lot was bought January 3, 1868, and comprised 19,614 square feet. The church paid \$2,401 of the cost (\$9,604) in cash, and gave Mr. Batchelder a mortgage at 6 % interest for \$7,203, payable in three years in equal installments. On September 28, 1870, more land was sold to the church for \$6,801.60. This land adjoined the lot already purchased, one parcel on Mason Street and the other on Garden Street, and was purchased by the church to avoid the necessity of putting the "chapel" in the basement. The whole purchase price of this parcel of land was mortgaged, principal payable in five years from January 1, 1871, with 7 % interest. On January 1, 1872, Samuel Batchelder sold to Alexander McKenzie a third parcel of land, 85 feet and 4 inches on Garden Street, for \$6,816, taking a mortgage for the entire purchase price, payable in three years at 7 % interest. On January 1, 1873, McKenzie sold to the church a part of this land for \$3,500, the line running close up to the parsonage which in the meantime had been built on the property. It was thus that the church came to own the land on which the present church building and parish house now stands. The total amount paid for this land was \$19,905.60.

It will be seen that payment for the land was made largely on paper. The various steps taken by the society to meet the interest on the mortgages, and the mortgages themselves as they became due, are duly recorded in the records of the society.

The lot having been purchased in this fashion, there emerged the larger undertaking of erecting the building. An effort was made to obtain the necessary funds by subscription. But a committee appointed for this purpose, of which Mr. Stephen T. Farwell was chairman, on April 12, 1869, submitted a report the concluding paragraph of which was as follows:

The experience of your committee has been such as to lead them to the conclusion that the funds necessary in order to complete the building of a new meeting-house cannot be raised at the present time, and they therefore ask to be discharged from further consideration of the subject. [Yet on April 4, 1870, the "Society" voted to] proceed to erect a church upon the land purchased of Samuel Batchelder, Esq., capable of seating 1200

persons upon the ground floor, and so arranged that galleries can be added if they shall hereafter be needed; the walls to be of unpressed brick, or of stone costing not more than brick, with provision for a vestry in the basement, and with strong foundation for a tower, to be built when the means of the Society will authorize the expenditure.

Funds were to be obtained by a mortgage on the old church building, by subscriptions, and by advances to be made by persons proposing to buy pews in the new building. It was originally intended that the cost of the building should not exceed \$75,000, but this was later raised to \$100,000. The sum needed for both the land and the building thus amounted to \$117,504.60. The tower, costing \$10,370, was erected after the church was built; and in 1873 the cost of the land for the "chapel" was added, amounting to \$17,519.24. The expense of the entire undertaking amounted to approximately \$135,000, including the organ and furnishings.

Renewed efforts to obtain subscriptions were made, and at last \$30,000 was secured. The church property on Mount Auburn Street had been mortgaged for \$16,000. Later it was sold to the Roman Catholic Church for \$20,000, and \$4,000 in cash was thus realized. The property was first offered to Harvard College, which declined, through President Eliot, to buy it because it had no funds for the purpose. St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church occupied the building down to the year 1924, when it moved into its new edifice on the corner of Arrow and DeWolfe Streets; the building was razed early in the following year, and the lot was subsequently purchased by Harvard College.

With these funds in hand for the erection of their new building, the church lacked approximately \$85,000; this was secured by various loans and mortgages. It was hazardous financing, and the panic of 1873, lasting for several years, imperilled the whole undertaking. Difficulties were increased when it was decided not to sell the pews—a custom then going

out of vogue. The original expectation had been that a large fraction of the building cost would be raised in this way. With the abandonment of this plan, a source of revenue vanished; there was some income from the sale of choices of pews to be rented, but the amount was not large. On July 1, 1872, the total debt amounted to \$56,450, and on October 1, 1872, a loan secured by a mortgage on the new building was obtained from the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank at 7 per cent interest for \$50,000. This note was signed by ten men of the congregation, who thus became liable individually and collectively for the whole amount. Towards the end they were placed in serious financial jeopardy; and when the debt was being raised each of them gave to the limit of his ability in order to insure the success of the effort to discharge the debt.

The amount of the indebtedness was further increased when it was decided in 1873 to erect the "chapel." There are still in existence copies of certificates of 3000 shares at \$5 each to be sold for the building of the chapel, which it was proposed to name for Margaret Shepard. But this plan did not yield much money. The purchase of the land and unpaid interest charges on various loans taken out in many banks further increased the debt, until in 1877 the church was confronted by an indebtedness of over \$86,000.

During these years [Mr. George E. Saunders has written] every effort was made to pay the heavy interest charges and current expenses. Church fairs and sales were held, church suppers were given and referred to as one way of eating up the debt, and in February, 1876, a plan of selling an issue of \$35,000 coupon bonds of the parish was tried, but with poor success. It became necessary on each interest day to go to wealthy men of the denomination in Boston to get donations of a few thousand dollars, but even with this help it looked as if it was impossible to carry the load further and that the church would have to be sold for debt.

How the church was finally rescued from its financial difficulties will be related later.

The provision of a parsonage was financed in the same pe-

culiar fashion.⁴ McKenzie had earlier released the parish from its promise to provide him with a home. When, however, the church had purchased its lot, he himself bought of Mr. Batchelder an adjoining piece of land. The money to build the house was hired. Mr. Denison loaned \$3000, and Mr. McKenzie paid interest on the rest of the money. By the sale of part of the land to the church, the amount of the mortgage due to Mr. Batchelder was materially reduced. McKenzie had expected that some day the church would assume the mortgage and own the property. Thus the matter stood until 1882, when Mr. S. S. Sleeper proposed that the money should be paid and the house given to the pastor. He offered \$5000 for the purpose; a few others made up the full amount, \$11,000, Mr. Denison giving the sum which he had loaned, and the house became the property of Mr. McKenzie. In it he and his family lived for the rest of his life, and there he died. When Mrs. McKenzie died in April, 1915, the church did not feel able to purchase the house, which was offered to it first, and it thus passed into other hands. At present it is used as a club for Harvard Law School students. Some day the church should secure this property, which is really a part of the demesne acquired for its use.

Ground was broken for the erection of the new church on Monday, September 5, 1870. In his journal McKenzie writes:

4. Apparently the original idea was to build a house for the new pastor on Massachusetts Avenue, for in a letter dated October 2, 1868, William A. Saunders writes to the special committee of the Shepard Congregational Society that "in the matter of providing a suitable dwelling house for the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, I am authorized to make the proposal to build at once a house, to cost, say, \$10,000, on a lot of land between the estates of Arthur Merrill and S. J. Thomas, Esq., on Northern Avenue and rent the same to Mr. McKenzie or the Society on a lease of five years. . . .

"I will add, the plan of the house may be furnished by Mr. McKenzie or the Committee, subject to the party intending to build.

"P.S. To make this arrangement comfortable to Mr. McKenzie, will the Committee consider an increase of \$500 to his salary?"

"A large gathering of the people. I read the Scriptures and made a brief address and prayed. We sang. Then I took out three shovelsful of earth where the tower is to stand. Deacons Farwell and Homer and others followed, men and women. A good time." The corner stone was laid on Saturday, April 29, 1871. Rev. Messrs. Jackson, Twining, and Peabody took part, beside the pastor. "I laid the first cement, followed by Deacon Saunders and Prof. H. L. Parker. A pleasant service. Lord, bless the work." The next day McKenzie preached from the text: "And are built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." So they built the house.

The architect was Abel C. Martin.⁵

He was born in Stowe, Vermont, October 26, 1831, and came to Salem when only two or three years old, residing there for many years. After leaving the High School, he entered his brother's workshop, but, soon after, the California fever raging, he shipped before the mast in the pioneer barque "Eliza," Capt. Perkins, and went in her to the land of gold in 1848. He tried mining for a time, and then became a pilot on the Sacramento River, but was seized with malarial fever, and on recovering, shipped before the mast in A. A. Low & Company's clipper ship "Houqua," and returned in her. He studied in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, from which he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1856, and prepared himself to become a civil engineer. He turned his attention to architecture, studying in the office of Cabot Brothers, and then being associated with Arthur Gilman who had a large practice in Boston. He began work for himself, and later went into partnership with S. F. J. Thayer.

After eight or ten years of busy practice he went to Europe in 1867, the year that Mr. McKenzie came to Cambridge. Returning to Boston, he continued his professional work. In September, 1863, he had married Clara Barnes of Portland, Maine. She was a writer, and also had a very successful private school in Otis Place, Boston. Mrs. Martin never lost

5. This account of Mr. Martin's life is drawn from an article in the *American Architect and Building News* of Boston, November 8, 1879, an article in the *Salem Register* of October 30, 1879, information obtained from his niece, Miss Clara Barnes of Melrose, Massachusetts, and other sources.



ABEL C. MARTIN, ARCHITECT

her interest in the city of her birth. It is remembered that after the Portland fire on July 4, 1866, she collected clothes to send to the sufferers there. She wrote, anonymously, a story about the fire, called "Muff," as her contribution to a Fair of the Second Parish Church in Portland.

Mr. Martin's scientific bent and his studies in engineering led him to give special study to the subject of ventilation of buildings, in which he was an authority. As a consequence he was asked to design the large abattoir at Brighton, the first building of its kind in the country; and one of his last works was the building of the Park Theatre on Washington Street, Boston. He designed the Clarendon House on Tremont Street, and a model apartment house on the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, also many other buildings in and about Boston. He was a member of the American Institute of Architects, and one of the founders of the Boston Society of Architects of which he was for some time secretary. A man of vigorous mind, he was interested in many studies and in all the literature of his profession. He died when only forty-eight years of age, as the result of a carriage accident, on October 20, 1879. Mrs. Martin died in 1886.

At the time that the Cambridge church was taking steps to erect a new building, Mr. Martin was living on Follen Street, Cambridge, with an office at 8 Pemberton Square, Boston. He was a friend of Charles Theodore Russell; in addition, he and Mr. McKenzie had known each other when both were studying in Cambridge, and the friendship continued in later years. It was natural, therefore, with Mr. Martin's high reputation as an architect, that he should prepare plans for the church. It is said that McKenzie would have preferred his classmate Henry Richardson, who later designed Trinity Church, Boston. However that may be, he did not disapprove the choice of Mr. Martin, whose plan met the approval of the committee. As the event proved, this choice was fortunate in every way.

The church was built in cruciform style. The arrangement of transepts and chancel for "non-liturgical" churches was at that time very rare indeed. Well into the present century few of these churches were built in this form. An exception is Central Church in Boston, with which McKenzie had been so long identified, built in 1867. This had the full cruciform ar-

rangement, since the architect, Richard M. Upjohn, was able to have his way with the committee. Without doubt this building had impressed McKenzie. In addition, both he and Mr. Martin had been in Europe in 1867, and their ideas were probably influenced by their acquaintance with English and Continental churches. McKenzie believed in beautiful churches: "religion was intended to adorn the world, and we should not be satisfied with bare necessities." He once told the writer that the cruciform style was his own choice. With this plan Mr. Martin was in full sympathy, and the two worked together to produce a type of building which has now become the standard for modern church architecture. From all of this it may be seen how much the church owes to Mr. Martin. He was in charge of the work during construction, and he later designed the house so long occupied by the McKenzie family. The building committee in its report acknowledged its indebtedness to the architect "for the design and the plan. He has given much time and thought to the work and has been successful in its outlines and general grouping so essential to architectural effect."

After Mr. Martin's death a memorial tablet was given to the church by his widow, Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin. The inscription reads:

IN MEMORIAM

A. C. MARTIN

THE ARCHITECT OF THIS CHURCH
WHO DIED OCTOBER 20TH, 1879
IN THE FULL VIGOR OF HIS MANHOOD
FAITHFUL IN ALL HE UNDERTOOK, THIS
WORK OF HIS HANDS IS HIS FITTING
MEMORIAL HERE.

"For we know that we have
A building of God
An house not made with hands
Eternal in the heavens."

No structural changes were necessary when the interior of the church was made over in 1924 and the present chancel was constructed. While this work was being completed, a brother-in-law of Mr. Martin, Mr. Wilfred Barnes of Melrose, stood before the memorial tablet copying the inscription. He told the writer that the church in its present form completed beyond question the designs that were in Mr. Martin's mind at the original planning and building of the church. Some years after Mr. Martin's death, the lawyer who settled his estate turned over to Charles N. Cogswell, then a young architect, still practicing in Boston, some old plans which evidently came from his office. Among them were the plans of this church, which Mr. Cogswell has given to the officers of the church.

Much thought was devoted to the building material. One of the earliest recorded items of expense was the cost of a trip to Marblehead and Salem with Mr. Martin and Professor Shaler to examine stone there. St. John's Chapel in Cambridge and many of the Boston churches of that date were built of Roxbury pudding stone. Professor Shaler, however, finally recommended stone from a quarry on College Avenue, Medford, halfway between Davis Square and Broadway, just over the line from Cambridge. The quarry is still in existence, and when the new parish house was built in 1927 the contractors, Joslin and Landry, took more stone from the same quarry, and used it together with the stone which came from the old chapel. "The stone is a sort of trap-rock," Mr. Joslin has written, "but in a slate formation, quite laminated." That is, it is stratified or streaked with the different colors of the minerals in the successive layers. It has taken its present rust color from exposure.

The years of building from 1870 to 1872 were busy and exciting ones for both pastor and people. There was much to be done, and the people had a mind to work. The Horsford family desired to place a memorial window in the church, and

McKenzie was in constant consultation with them. It was the first of the memorial windows to be placed and one of the most beautiful, the rose window in the south transept. It was made of old English glass by celebrated London artists. The women of the parish provided the church furnishings. The large walnut pulpit, standing by itself, was purchased from money raised by the children of the church.

The leading spirit in the erection of the new building was William A. Saunders, a man long identified with the interests of the parish, with large natural gifts, courage, and discretion. He was chairman of the Building Committee, and with him were associated James P. Melledge, Joel Parker, John L. Sands, Ephraim P. Whitman, Asa Gray, Stephen T. Farwell, and Nathaniel N. Stickney. The registered membership of the church at that time was four hundred, nearly half of whom had been added during the new ministry.

Ivy was planted by the completed walls, and this has thrived during all the intervening years and now completely covers the portal at the entrance and the north wall over the transept windows. On the lawn at the side of the entrance to the church Professor Asa Gray planted unusual trees of great beauty. These trees, commonly known as "yellow wood," are of the locust or pulse family, the scientific name being *Cladrestis lutea*, Yellow Wood *Leguminosea*. The tree is a native of Tennessee and Kentucky and originates in the Allegheny and Ozark Mountains. There are only a few of these trees in our northern climate.

Through denseness of foliage, abundance of inflorescence, and adaptivity of branches, it is an interesting and beautiful tree. Its leaves are matched in abundance by its flowers. The blossoms swing in huge panicles. The petals are as white as snow. It is a pretty sight for the month of June.⁶

6. From an article by Rev. Leman L. Uhl on "The Arboriculture in Yellow Wood Trees," *Horticulture*, September 15, 1932.



The last services in the old church were held on Sunday, May 19, 1872. On April 15, Mr. McKenzie had written in his journal: "Wrote a sermon designed for the last Sabbath in our church." The text was Ezra iii:12: "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers who were ancient men, that had seen the first house when the foundation was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy." In the evening, there was a general farewell service with addresses by Charles Theodore Russell, Governor Emory Washburn, C. H. Saunders, and the pastor.

On Monday an organ and vocal concert was given in the new church. The following day came the consecration of the new window in memory of Mrs. Horsford. "I conducted the service, making an address and prayer. N. [Mrs. McKenzie] played the organ, and a hymn by Mrs. Phoebe G. Horsford was sung." On Wednesday occurred the dedication. "Invocation, Leavitt; reading, Means; prayer, Dr. Peabody; sermon by pastor from 'Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary'; dedication prayer by Dr. Adams. The service interested the people. The house is very pleasant and well suited to hearing and speaking. The Lord has been very good to us and we are glad. We bless Him in this happy consummation of many toils and cares. Lord, accept the house. May it be thine, and in it may we be blessed and thy name glorified. Amen."

On Friday evening the prayer-meeting was held in the old chapel. For a time the Sunday school and other church organizations continued to meet there. May 26 was the first Sunday in the new church. "Pleasant. Large congregation. A. M., 'For the body is not one member but many': a sermon on Congregationalism which I thought a good theme to open with. Eve., 'And Jacob served seven years for Rachel.' The people are happy. The day is promising. Lord, glorify thyself. Amen."

On Monday, June 3, there was a meeting of the congregation in the evening to consult on the disposal of pews. The following Friday evening at the large parish-meeting it was "pretty well decided" that the pews should be rented and not sold. This "letting of the pews" began on Tuesday, June 18, at a large evening gathering of the congregation, and continued on June 24. Renting the pews as the source of parish income continued down to 1921. The first communion service was held in the new church Sunday, July 7, 1872.

The building project, however, was not yet completed. The following year, the "chapel," as it was called, was constructed in the rear of the church, with the entrance on Mason Street. It consisted of simple parish rooms, used alike for devotional services, for the Sunday school, and for organization meetings. It was too small, and was later enlarged to meet the growing demands of the church. It was dedicated on Sunday, May 11, 1873, by an appropriate children's service. The following evening the first young people's meeting was held in the chapel, and on Wednesday there was a social gathering there. The new buildings were now all occupied and put to their use.

In 1873 also the spire was raised to a height of 170 feet, and the ancient cockerel was placed in position. The following account of the history of the cockerel, written on parchment, was prepared by W. A. Saunders, enclosed in a copper case, and placed within the vane.

This Ancient Weathercock was made by Deacon Shem Drowne for the spire of the New Brick Church in Hanover Street, Boston, in the year 1721. His weight is 172 pounds. He measures from bill to tip of tail 5 ft. 4 in., and from foot of socket to top of comb 5 ft. 5 in. Deacon Drowne, the coppersmith and tinworker, had a shop in Ann Street; and also made the grasshopper on Faneuil Hall and the Indian on the Province House. The New Brick Church was organized in 1719 by persons from the New North Church, as the result of a difference of opinion regarding the settlement of Rev. Peter Thacher, of Weymouth. The church was completed in 1721, and Rev. Cotton Mather of the "Old North" first preached therein, at the dedication, May 10, 1721. Mr. Ephraim Eliot, in his "Historical



THE COCKEREL BEFORE IT WAS PUT IN PLACE, WITH THE
SEXTON, BENJAMIN F. WYETH

Notice of the New North Society," published in 1822, says: "They placed the figure of a *cock* as a vane upon the steeple, out of derision to Mr. Thacher, whose Christian name was Peter. Taking advantage of a wind which turned the head of the cock toward the New North when it was placed upon the spindle, a merry fellow straddled over it, and crowed three times to complete the ceremony." The New Brick was often called the Revenge Church, also the Cockerel Church.

The old bell, which once hung in the steeple of this church, and was recast by Paul Revere in 1792, is now owned by the St. James' Church in North Cambridge.

The old cockerel, first gilded by Samuel Harris, Jr., has been taken down for repairs and re-gilding several times. In 1785 he was repaired by William Cordwell, cost £3-12. The "Old Rooster" was taken down by Almorán Holmes in 1822, repaired and furnished with a pair of glass eyes from the New England Glass Company. He was then placed on a new spire of the same building in 1823.

Captain William Barnicoat took him from the spire in 1832, and Robinson and Smith gilded him. Mr. James Barbour placed within the vane a steel bearing for the point of shaft to turn on. In 1844 he was again taken down preparatory to the erection of a new church building. He was repaired by H. N. Hooper and Company, regilded by Vinal, Eaton and Orcutt, and replaced on the spire of the new building May 4, 1845. In 1858 the vane became spitted by the yielding of the rivets which held the steel bearing, and was taken down for the fifth and last time, repaired by Edward Ayers, regilded by Clark and Brazier, and replaced July 22, 1858. After this he remained in fine health and spirits until early in the evening of September 8, 1869, when during a violent gale the steeple was blown down, and the rooster went sailing off and landed in a room of a house where supper was being prepared. Falling to the north-east, the steeple crushed several houses, and the rooster alighted on a neighboring roof, cutting its way to a room below. Papers enclosed in lead were found within the vane, but so decayed that they could not be read. The rooster was badly damaged, but was repaired and placed inside the church building, which had become the property of the First M. E. Church, until the building was taken down in 1871, when Hanover Street was widened.

In 1779 the Second Church, whose house of worship, the Old North, had been demolished during the siege of Boston, united with the New Brick Society under the name of the Second Church. With the settlement of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., in 1817, this church, like many of the early Congregational churches, became Unitarian, and when it removed to Bedford Street in 1849, sold its church building to the Methodists. Thus the old cockerel has been a Congregationalist, Unitarian, and Methodist, but has now swung round to the old faith of the Fathers.

In 1873 the Cambridge Church, venerating its long history and interesting associations, purchased it for \$75.00, and on the 28th day of June elevated it to its new post of duty on the spire. It has indeed witnessed an eventful history from 91 years after the settlement of Boston.⁷

When, after the dedication of the new church, McKenzie wrote gratefully in his journal of "this happy consummation of many toils and cares," he overlooked the fact that the task of paying for the church still confronted him and his people. Steadily the debt mounted, and as steadily the burden descended upon him. There was the inevitable reaction from the enthusiasm of the actual building. Increasingly the financial difficulties lay like an incubus on the whole life of the church. Signs of weariness and discouragement appear more frequently in the journals during the period from 1872 to 1877 than during any other in McKenzie's entire ministry.

February 9, 1875. Committee meeting on our church debt. Voted to try the weekly offering. February 16, 1875. Congregational meeting to see about debt. Decided to circulate cards through the pews. February 27, '76. The church debt is annoying. September, 1876 [as he begins the new parish year], There lies like a range of mountains the parish debt. January 18, 1876. Lord, have mercy on this people and upon me, their worn and weary minister.

Early in 1877 Moody and Sankey began an evangelistic campaign in Boston, and the Cambridge church began to hold "special meetings," for prayer and deeper consecration, and for a blessing upon the entire congregation. The results were not encouraging.

January 14, 1877. There is very little of earnestness yet. Nobody (almost) turns aside from the social and habitual occupations to pray. Will they ever? January 15, '77. We are not far from dead. Monday, January 29. The work lags. Judging from the evening, it recedes. The church falters. March, 1877. The needless debt discourages and

7. Reprinted from the *Round Table*, May, 1902.

repels. We are not able to have good music, so they say, and there we are. Sept. '77. Now comes the debt to torment us. O Lord, deliver. Make me patient, the people generous, the church strong. Out of these days may a blessing come.

No one can read this record without feeling that the financial and economic condition of the church disordered and disrupted its spiritual life. The gravest argument against the accumulation of a church debt is its effect upon the proper spiritual work of the church. Many a modern minister out of his own experience can testify to the truth of this. Costly buildings often destroy what otherwise might have been a fruitful spiritual ministry. Only what seems like a miracle rescued the ministry of this man from such a fate.

The episode of the raising of the debt is one of the most dramatic in the entire history of the church. The following account of it is a composite from newspaper articles of the period, from McKenzie's journal, from a published article written by him describing the event, and from the recollections of Mr. George E. Saunders, an eye-witness. It seems that a certain Edward Kimball, living in Chicago, who sold school and church furniture, had become thoroughly interested in the subject of church debts. He had been a church worker for years, and it is said that it was through his instrumentality that Dwight L. Moody, a member of his Sunday-school class, was converted. A thorough business man, he attacked the problem of how to raise money to pay off the indebtedness of churches, and formed a plan at once so novel and practical that his efforts were crowned with complete success. He began this work in San Francisco, where he found himself as traveling agent for a Chicago firm, and before leaving the Pacific coast had succeeded in emancipating thirteen churches from debt. He continued this work in other cities which he visited, and late in 1877 completed the task of raising a debt of \$110,000 from the Presbyterian Memorial Church in New York City.

Deacon Charles W. Munroe of the Cambridge church had a son, Kirk Munroe, then a reporter on a New York newspaper, who afterwards became the well-known writer of boys' books. The young man "reported" the raising of a debt of \$140,000 in a Brooklyn church. He went to Mr. Kimball and said: "I wish you would go over to Cambridge and help my father's church, as they are heavily in debt." Mr. Kimball asked, "Who is your father?" and upon being told, said, "Why, of course I will. Charles Munroe and I were in the same Sunday school class in the Mt. Vernon Street Church." Mr. Kimball wrote to Mr. Munroe, and it was arranged for him to come. A telegram from Kimball, "Raise \$10,000," was changed in sending and came in as "Raised \$10,000," causing great rejoicing until he arrived and asked them if they had raised the amount.

On Thursday evening, December 6, 1877, a group of men met in the pastor's study to discuss plans. Messrs. Saunders, Flint, Hall and Roberts were there. It was agreed that the effort should be made on Friday and Saturday to raise \$10,000 in subscriptions from Boston men outside the parish. On Friday morning they met at the store of Mr. George Saunders in Boston and drew up a list of men to be interviewed. Mr. McKenzie himself took part in this undertaking and gave up all of Friday to the task. Those who were first seen declined. But later Mr. Payson gave \$5,000, Mr. W. A. Grover \$3,000, and Mr. Samuel Johnson \$1,000. Mr. Munroe had success with Mr. Whitman.⁸

8. In this connection, the following letter is of interest:

Boston, Dec. 29, 1877.

Dear Mr. McKenzie:

I have to deny myself the pleasure of contributing to the fund which is being raised for your church.

My stated charities and the extra calls being made upon me are taxing my income as much as it will bear. I cannot expect to work as I do many years longer, and I shall need all the resources I have and can lay by, or many worthy objects to which I now contribute and many persons whom I regularly assist will have to suffer by my inability to aid them.

I regret that I feel compelled to make this answer to your polite re-

The same group of men met again at the close of the service on Friday evening in the pastor's study. Mr. Kimball wanted to know the exact amount of the debt. It was \$86,000. He said that every gift must be made with the provision that the total amount should be subscribed. They then took the list of attendants, name by name, and reckoned that an emergency call would cause them to "squeeze up" to certain figures. They added this up and the total amounted to \$45,000. They sat and looked at one another, and Mr. McKenzie said, "Let us pray." Mr. Saunders said that he never was so uplifted. They rose and shook hands and said to one another, "This must go through."

When the congregation assembled on Sunday, December 9, not over ten persons knew that anything unusual was to happen. The day was bright and clear. It was afterwards remarked that on no other day had so many of the people whom they needed been able to be present; Mr. Ephraim Whitman, for example, one of the wealthy members, was quite lame, and did not come in bad weather. He had said that if they would raise the whole debt, he would give one-tenth; as he came into the church he was asked if he meant this, and he said, "Yes."

Mr. McKenzie was in his usual place, and Mr. Kimball occupied a front pew. As the pastor made the opening prayer, he was very pale and his voice trembled. When the opening service was concluded, in place of the sermon he made a short address to the people and told them about Mr. Kimball, the work he had done, and what he now proposed to do. Then he

quest, but you must know how many in these times have to fast from the luxury of giving, for reasons which Lazarus could understand better than Dives.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

O. W. Holmes

gave the service into Mr. Kimball's hands. Mr. Kimball stepped to the reading desk and read from the 35th and 36th chapters of the book of Exodus, and made a few remarks upon these passages. He then stated that he had come to help the people in paying the debt on their church property. He told them the amount of the debt which was sapping the life of their church and of their pastor. He reminded them that they had already paid more than \$40,000 interest on it and asked them if they were not willing to make one strenuous effort to remove the burden. He called upon Mr. Francis Gilman to act as secretary, and Deacons Saunders, Flint, Hall, and Munroe, with Mr. C. F. Stratton, to act as canvassers of the congregation.

Mr. Kimball had about \$9,000 of "outside money" and reason to expect \$1,000 or \$2,000 more. When he called for ten gifts of \$3,000, Mr. Munroe, who had a deep bass voice, called out, "Mr. Whitman claims the privilege of taking the first \$3,000," and Mr. Kimball said "That's good, I will take the tenth. Now fill in the other eight as soon as possible." In one hour they had the amount. The call for ten gifts of \$2,000 took until three o'clock. Then twenty gifts of \$1,000 were asked for. But before these came in, Mr. Kimball had to raise the gates and let the smaller amounts come, and they poured in so fast that four persons could not write them down. The Sunday School came in at two o'clock and from that time the church was crowded. The extraordinary scene lasted until half-past six o'clock. The plan was so simple and yet so comprehensive that the humblest were able to have their share in it. Those who were willing to pay 10 cents, 25 or 50 cents, or \$1.00 per week for the ensuing year were invited to hand their names to the canvassers, and the people became enthusiastic as they saw that the money for the payment of the entire debt was gradually being subscribed.

Charles Theodore Russell made a stirring address, and offered a generous contribution. Men and women left their seats and canvassed the matter with their neighbors. Some left the church, but most of them returned ready for increased efforts. Many stayed to the end. The choir sang inspiring hymns. The Harvard students in the church talked among

themselves and raised a considerable sum. Teachers subscribed for their Sunday-school classes, former subscriptions were doubled, and the work went on. Daylight faded and the gas was lighted. Members of the congregation who lived near the church threw open their houses and spread their tables, at which the workers took hasty lunches. The feeling was intense, but quiet and sacred. Every heart was alive with interest. Mr. Kimball talked when he would, giving words of encouragement out of his own experience. His patience, good nature, and ingenuity were unfailing. The hours seemed to make no impression on him. His voice, his face, his words were a continual inspiration. All that he said and did was in excellent taste and in a true religious spirit. At half-past five \$70,000 had been pledged. At six o'clock the amount had risen to \$76,000. The pastor said he knew where there was \$7000 more, and so the work was declared finished. At the close, Mr. Kimball asked the congregation to stand and raise their right hands and solemnly promise never again to allow a debt to burden the church. The first notes of the Doxology were sounded from the organ, and this was sung with a power never before equalled. Mr. Kimball said that it was the longest meeting of the kind which he had ever held, but that no people ever stayed and worked so untiringly and with such perfect faith in the ultimate result. Mr. McKenzie concludes his journal account of the events of the day with the words: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory. God be praised for Edward Kimball and all these dear Christian hearts. Amen and Amen."

The following Tuesday evening there was a meeting of the canvassers to plan the rest of the work. Before the following Sunday the balance of the \$86,000 was secured. The women of the church took in over \$3000, and an added \$2500 was assumed, to be raised subsequently, to make out the whole amount.

Thus on Sunday, December 16, Mr. McKenzie was able to announce that the whole debt of \$86,000 had been raised. He preached from the text: "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary," and a solemn service of rededication of the church was held.

The people were asked to come the following evening and put their pledges in writing. Every one came, within eight days after their subscriptions had been made. All of these pledges were to be paid in three years, but of course some had subscribed more than they could afford, and some had failed in that time. Nevertheless all the amount except \$6000 was finally paid in, and this last sum was raised in a very short time. "I look back," writes Mr. G. E. Saunders, "on this as one of the most remarkable experiences I have had, and in so many different ways it seemed as if it could only have been brought about by divine guidance." On December 21, 1877, at a meeting of the church, votes were passed expressing its profound gratitude to Mr. Kimball "for his patient, faithful and successful labors with us and for us"; and its thanks "to those not connected with this Parish whose generous gifts have so greatly aided in the work of deliverance which has been wrought among us."⁹ By April, 1878, \$50,000 of subscription money had been paid in, and by 1888 all traces of the debt had disappeared.

McKenzie received a flood of congratulatory letters. Joseph Cook wrote: "I congratulate you on the large financial exploit your church is performing. Please let me share according to my small ability in the effort." Professor Horsford wrote from Washington pledging \$2000. "What a stupendous result

9. Mr. Kimball declined to accept any payment for his services beyond his actual expenses. Years later, however, when he was an invalid and in want, a sum of money was raised and sent to him as a loving gift from a grateful church.

it is . . . I see ever so many incidental goods that will follow." Dr. Twombly sent the congratulations of Winthrop Church, Charlestown: "Hereafter may you owe no man anything but to love one another, including yours sincerely, A. S. Twombly."

Other churches having the same problem of indebtedness were encouraged to try the same methods, and in one instance McKenzie lent his personal assistance. Thus, he records in his journal: "July 9, '82. Central Church, Fall River, put \$250. to my account at Estes and Lauriat in recognition of my services in debt raising."

During the five years of the building and financing of the new church building, Mr. McKenzie's life was outwardly uneventful. The year 1872 began with pleasant prospects.

The New Year [he writes] opens auspiciously. My wife and I are well. The home is pleasant. The new church and the new parsonage move on. My work is pleasant. [On January 23 he writes again] Five years since my installation. Good years. [In October, 1872, the new house was ready, and on Friday, the tenth, the McKenzies took possession.] Slept there that night. Lord, make the new home to be thine abode. [A reception to the parish was held there in November.] A stormy day and evening, but many came and we had a good time.

On Tuesday, February 18, 1873, the second child of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie was born in the parsonage, and was named Margaret. "God gave us a dear little girl. How good God is to us! May we live for Him and may these dear children be His from the beginning of their days! Amen." The baby was baptized by her father on Sunday, June 8. Deacon Saunders presented her.

The only event of family interest and importance was the death during these years of his niece Laura Allan Kendrick and her husband Thomas M. Sweet. Laura was the daughter of his older sister Nancy, who had married Allan M. Kendrick. They had four children, of whom the oldest, Allan Kendrick

Sweet, was a lifelong, beloved, and devoted member of the Cambridge church. Members of the family are in the church to this day. On June 22, 1873, Thomas Sweet died, and Mr. McKenzie breathes the prayer: "God help and keep dear Laura and her boys." But she lived less than two years after the death of her husband. "Monday, 5th April [1875]. This morning early, dear Laura went to heaven." Her funeral was held in the chapel of the Cambridge church.

The life of the church moved on steadily. There were few outward changes in the methods of parish administration. In 1872, McKenzie prepared for the church a new "Confession of Faith and Form of Admission" to the church. Until then the "Boston Confession" of 1630 was the accepted statement of belief. The covenant was that of the First Church in Boston. The one prepared by McKenzie and adopted by the church was a modification of the old "Form," and embodied the salient Christian beliefs, more distinctly and briefly stated. But the ancient covenant was preserved, with slight modifications. This statement of faith and form of admission to the church is still in use.

On Friday, January 31, 1873, the church granted to women the right to vote. It is hard to realize to-day that down to this time in the whole life of the church its women members had no voice in its management and control. A year later it was voted to choose deacons hereafter for a term of four years, limiting their term of office. "To meet this rule, Saunders and Flint resigned, and Mr. Saunders was chosen for four years and Mr. Flint for three years, Mr. Stone for two, and Mr. Munroe for one." This action followed the death of the two men who had so long served the church as deacons, Stephen J. Farwell and Charles W. Homer. Mr. Farwell died on October 20, 1872. He had been installed as deacon on April 30, 1837, and had served continuously for thirty-five years. On Sunday, October 27, the pastor preached a memorial

sermon from Psalms 1:1-3. Deacon Homer died on February 10, 1873. "Another good, useful, honored man has departed. The church is again bereaved. . . . Shall we see his face no more?" A memorial sermon was preached on the 23d, and after the service the congregation adopted resolutions prepared by Mr. Russell. Mr. Homer had been deacon since 1849.

Other men prominent in the church life were removed. The death of William H. Stickney in the summer of 1875 made a deep impression on the church, especially on the young people. On November 5, 1876, McKenzie records the death of Rev. Robert B. Hall, pastor of Stearns Chapel, whose widow was so long active in the Women's Home Missionary Society of the church. On March 18, 1877, Governor Washburn died. "A good man and a kind friend. Thus they pass away. The services were at the . . . college chapel. I read and made an address, and Dr. Peabody made a prayer." A new generation was coming upon the scene. The old order receded gradually into the past.

Realizing this, Mr. McKenzie had some time before determined to write out the history of the church down to the time of his own administration. He gave himself seriously to the task of preparing a series of lectures to cover the whole period from the founding of the colony at Newtowne in 1630, and the beginning of public worship under Thomas Hooker in 1633, to the building of the sixth house of worship in 1872. The first of these lectures, which were delivered on Sunday mornings, was on December 18, 1870, and the last on April 14, 1872. Their preparation involved much careful study, and with all the other occupations which pressed upon him it is not easy to understand how he was able to complete the work in so short a time. In general, the lectures followed at intervals of a month or six weeks. Of Number VI, he writes that he preached it to a "select congregation"; of Number VIII, that it was "very well received." The lectures were published in

1873, and have remained the authoritative history of the church.

McKenzie recognized, too, that the future of the church lay in its young people. To them he therefore devoted much attention. Early in 1874 he undertook the teaching of a students' Bible class, and carried it on for over two years. He prepared written notes of the lessons, and the journals refer frequently to his interest in this work. He followed carefully the work in the Sunday school, and steadily attended the Young People's meeting on Tuesdays. After one of these meetings he writes: "The light and the hope of the parish are in this little meeting."

The chief result of the Moody and Sankey meetings in 1877, of which mention has been made, so far as they affected the life of the Cambridge church, was a radical change in McKenzie's method of preaching. Down to this time he almost invariably read his morning sermon from manuscript, and this had been his style since he had begun to preach. Now, however, he began to discard his written notes. He himself tells the story thus:

For many years I wrote my sermons with care, and I read them from the pulpit, with occasional utterances which had not been put on paper. Singularly enough, these were often the most effective things I said. I had services at which I spoke without notes, but the morning sermon had the manuscript. When Mr. Moody was coming to Boston the first time, I asked my church committee how I could get the most benefit from his work. One wise deacon remarked that there was danger in having the preaching too rhetorical, to pay over-much attention to the style in order that it might commend itself. He thought the preaching should be direct, plain, forceful. I do not think he was criticizing my own preaching, for he was and is one of my best friends and most thoughtful hearers. But I saw his point. I determined to follow his counsel. I prepared a sermon on the publican and his prayer. . . . I preached it with no paper before me, for I had not written it. It came upon the people with some surprise. They were pleased. . . . From that day I have written a sermon only on some rare occasion, and even then I have usually preached it without a manuscript. I have made inquiry concerning the desire of the people, and have expressed my willingness to write and read

as aforetime. I have had one reply: "Keep on as you are doing." I do not offer myself as a witness to a superior method, but am relating my experience for whatever wisdom there is in it.

There was much of wisdom in it. Possibly there might have been a little more. There remained the method which he occasionally followed, of writing a sermon but delivering it without the manuscript. The writing of a sermon makes for clearness of outline and prevents digression, discursiveness, and vagueness. It holds a preacher to conciseness, and causes him to focus. These were the qualities which McKenzie's later preaching sometimes lacked. Those who knew him at a later day cannot imagine him reading a sermon. They can, however, imagine the benefit which would have resulted from a careful writing of it.

During this period, he preached some of the sermons most characteristic of his style, such as "The Brook in the Way" (Psalms cx:7); "That my joy may remain in you"; "And they feared as they entered into the cloud." He often chose unusual and striking texts, such as "When will the new moon be gone that we may buy corn?" (Amos viii:5). On the occasion of the eighth anniversary of his installation, January 24, 1875, he preached from Deuteronomy ii:3: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough. Turn you northwards." This sermon appears in his *Cambridge Sermons*, published in 1883. There is a sermon to young people from the text "How old art thou?" He preached characteristically from the text "I go a fishing." There is a sermon on King Uzziah from II Chronicles xxvi:15, 16: "He was marvelously helped until he was strong. But when he was strong his heart was lifted up to his destruction." McKenzie's homiletical method and style had by now become what it remained for the rest of his life.

The church burdens of these years were relieved, of course, by many happy and interesting events within and without the parish life. He much enjoyed the meetings of the various

clubs to which he belonged. There are frequent references to the pleasant gatherings of the Gentlemen's Club, into which he had been introduced by Charles Theodore Russell, of the Winthrop Club, and of the Ministers' Club. From time to time McKenzie received gifts and other evidences of the affection and attachment of his parishioners. There were occasional parish gatherings.

Monday, February 11, 1872. George S. Saunders celebrated his silver wedding. April 2, 1872. At Mr. Bancroft's, where I baptize his child Martha Howland on the seventeenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's marriage. April 13. At Mr. Horsford's to meet H. M. Field, D.D. and others. June 11, 1872. Dined at Prof. Horsford's with N. At the close of dinner, we were presented with a fine clock in acknowledgment of the late service in consecrating the memorial window. July 11. Evening at the Horsfords', where Sophocles discoursed pleasantly. Feb'y. 18, '74. Arthur Gilman lectured on Romances of the Round Table. Feb'y. 19, '74. Reception to Canon Kingsley at Dr. Wharton's. Mar. 14, '74. At Mr. Howells' to meet Chief Justice Allen of Sandwich Islands. Dec. 30, '74. His Majesty the King of the Hawaiian Islands having expressed a desire to meet the members of the A. B. C. F. M. on Friday evening next, Mr. Alpheus Hardy requests the pleasure of your company from half past eight to ten o'clock.

On November 25, 1874, occurred the first wedding in the new church: G. H. Lawrence and Ella M. Whipple. The second followed quickly, on December 3: Rev. J. B. Gregg and Mary Needham. On Thursday, May 6, 1875, there was the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Sawin. Friday, March 30, 1876, finds him at Mr. Hubbard's to meet Professor Alexander Bell. On Saturday, June 10, he saw the emperor of Brazil at the library. On June 28 there was a small musical gathering at the parsonage. On July 11 occurred the marriage of Alexander Bell and Mabel Gardiner Hubbard. On October 25, 1877, there was the marriage in the church of Benjamin R. Curtis and Mary Gardiner Horsford. "Bishop Huntington read the prayers and gave the blessing. I read the Episcopal service. Then reception at Prof. Horsford's."

There are many references in the journal to events of public and historical interest. Thus: "Nov. 9, 1872. This night began the fire which laid in ashes a large part of the business section in Boston. Nov. 10, Sunday. Fire in Boston kept most of the men from church. Lord bless this strange Sabbath." The difference in transportation facilities between that day and our own is brought out graphically by an entry in October, 1872, which runs: "Oct. 30. Went to town. Walked in and out. The horse disease has taken off the horse-cars, and we are left to get about as well as we can." "Nov. 9. Was to have an exchange with J. H. Means, but the uncertain modes of conveyance because of the horse distemper led to a postponement." On Monday, March 16, 1874, we find him at the funeral of Charles Sumner held in King's Chapel. The same month, he went to Brooklyn, to attend the council called by the churches of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington, "growing out of the irregularities in H. W. Beecher's church." He stayed with his sister Mary, and the journal gives us details of the council. He attended the centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

There was the usual activity of this useful and energetic man outside of his own parish. On May 2, 1872, he went to Charlestown for the installation of A. S. Twombly. On October 2 of the same year, he went to Augusta for the ordination and installation of James H. Ecob over his old church. In January, 1873, he was in South Framingham for the recognition of a new church there. In March, 1874, he attended the ordination of Francis G. Peabody at the Unitarian Church in Cambridge. On December 30 he assisted at the dedication of the Sailors' Home in Boston. In March, 1875, he journeyed to Meriden, Connecticut, with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. W. Hall, to take part in the ordination of Alfred H. Hall. The following month he was present at the dedication of Plymouth Church, Worcester. In May of the same year he attended the

installation of Reuen Thomas as minister of the church in Brookline; and in September, 1876, a similar service for the installation of John L. Withrow as minister of Park Street Church, Boston. At all of these services he took some part, preaching the sermon, offering the prayer, or giving one of the addresses. He wrote and delivered two lectures on various occasions: one on "Saint Patrick," the other on "Work." He made an address before the Congregational Club on the proper terms of admission to the church. He wrote an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* on George Washington.

There were the usual exchanges with neighboring ministers in Boston, Brookline, Arlington, Newton, and Providence, so that McKenzie was a familiar figure as well as a favorite preacher. He became outstanding in the ecclesiastical life of New England.

The sphere of his educational interests did not widen during this period, but his relations with Harvard College and with Andover became more and more intimate. Occasionally he exchanged with Dr. A. P. Peabody and preached in the college chapel. On June 5, 1872, he attended a meeting of the religious societies of the college at Holden Chapel, at which he and Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks gave addresses. At Commencement that year he officiated as chaplain, and on June 26 he was chosen a member of the Board of Overseers. He was reelected in 1878 and served for twelve years. In 1875 the board chose him as its secretary, and this office he held for twenty-six years. From this time on, references to meetings of the overseers are constantly occurring. McKenzie's influence was felt in all the policies put into operation, by which the small provincial college became the foremost university in the land. He was a member of the committee "to examine the college," and of the committee to award the Boylston prizes for declamation. He was frequently the guest of President Eliot at dinners given to prominent people who visited Cam-

bridge. In 1876 he became a member of the committee "to examine the Divinity School and to frame a report." Thus he had part in the adoption of the new policy by which the Harvard Divinity School ceased to be a Unitarian school of theology and became the first non-sectarian school of theology in America. He was present at the dedication of Memorial Hall, and attended afterwards a reception at the home of the President. During this period, also, began his official connection with the institutions at Andover. He was a prominent graduate both of the academy and of the theological seminary, and on September 28, 1876, was elected a trustee of these schools. When later the board was divided, he remained on the board of trustees of the academy. On October 2, 1876, he took his seat as trustee and attended the dedication of the chapel. The following June he was appointed to give the address at the centennial celebration of the academy to be held the following year. He was frequently at Andover before and after this official connection with its schools had begun, preaching at both Abbot and Andover Academies, and assisting at various functions. Under date of June 11, 1873, he writes that he "spent the day at Wellesley." We shall hear much more of Wellesley later. That McKenzie's value as an educational advisor was by this time well recognized is shown by his election to the board of trustees of the Congregational Publishing Society, which at that time directed all of the educational policies of the Congregational churches.

He continued to serve, also, on the school board of the city of Cambridge. In December, 1873, the City Council tried to abolish the office of superintendent of schools. The mayor refused to sign the repealing ordinance. On March 30, 1874, McKenzie was chosen chairman of the Cambridge committee which appeared before the commission of education in Boston to protest against the action of the Council. Eventually the mayor was sustained.

In March, 1875, McKenzie represented a group of Cambridge citizens who appeared before the City Council asking for a suitable celebration of Patriots' Day on April 19. He addressed the aldermen and the application was successful. The following month, he rode with the college overseers to Concord, heard the oration by George William Curtis, and attended the dinner. "A cold and weary day." In May, 1875, he attended a festival at Faneuil Hall and made the first address. The following month, on "Bunker Hill Day," he rode in the Boston procession and heard the oration of General Devens. On July 3, 1875, he took part in "the centennial celebration of Washington's assuming command of the Army here. Oration by Dr. Peabody. Poem by J. R. Lowell. Dinner at Memorial Hall. Illumination of Common." On May 1, 1876, there was the planting of the centennial tree on the Common. "Scion of Washington Elm. Kenneth and I assisted in throwing in the earth." On April 5, 1876, he was chosen as trustee of the newly founded Cambridge Hospital, and in October of that year attended a meeting held in Memorial Hall "in effort to save the Old South Church. President Eliot presided and I spoke." Thus firmly, so early in his Cambridge ministry, was he established in its educational and community life.

In November, 1877, occurred the death of Rev. J. E. Woodbridge at Auburndale. He was the connecting link between the past and the present in McKenzie's life. "I was glad to say that I owed more to him than to almost any other man I ever knew, and to testify to his piety, ability and kindness, and to the peace of his home when I was in it. By him and his wife I was brought from business life to the ministry." Old things had passed away. Behold, all things had become new.

CHAPTER VIII

PARISH LIFE — I

1877-1910

IT IS one thing to erect a church building, but another and a far more difficult thing to build a church. Many ministers who succeed in doing the one fail dismally when they attempt the other. They mount up with wings like eagles, and they run for a time without growing weary. But when it comes to walking forward year after year, shepherding the flock, meeting every parish emergency, performing the steady work of religious training, uniting the various elements of a parish into a spiritual community, working together for a common end, then they falter and faint and fail. Such an achievement requires extraordinary qualities and makes enormous demands. To perform it a man must possess not only health and courage and knowledge of men, but patience, discernment, and above all the love which never faileth.

The church of which McKenzie was the minister has had an extraordinary record of pastoral service. In the three hundred years of its existence, it has had but twelve ministers, an average of twenty-five years for each one down through the centuries. With the single exception of Nehemiah Adams, who resigned in 1834 after serving the church for five years, no minister who came to it ever left it.¹ Each one remained to the end of his life, or until he grew so old in service that he could no longer care for it, when a younger man was called to assist him and eventually to succeed him in its ministry. Such

1. He died on October 10, 1878. McKenzie was one of the pallbearers.

has been the ancient tradition, and it remains to-day in spite of all the changes and perturbations of our modern world.

Only one minister of the Cambridge church had a longer term of service than Dr. McKenzie. During the Colonial and Revolutionary period, Nathaniel Appleton was pastor from 1717 to 1784, no less than sixty-seven years. When McKenzie resigned in 1910, he had been active pastor for forty-three years; and to this were added four more years as pastor emeritus. When one considers the changes which in these years overtook the college, the community, the theological outlook, and the whole texture of human thought and living, the record itself is witness to the character and ability of the man who was capable of such an achievement. Yet year after year he went on with unabated zeal and courage. The church was unitedly behind him; it prospered from the beginning of his ministry to the end of it. In the annals of American religious history there are few ministries in a church of such importance and influence which can rival that of Alexander McKenzie.

It is always interesting to watch the process by which such long-sustained ministries take root, grow in largeness and breadth, and gradually acquire the elements of permanence. Neither pastor nor people can foresee such an outcome. It discloses itself only little by little as time goes on. It was not at all clear after ten years that yet thirty years were to be added to them. Indeed, after the great effort of building the new church, it appeared that this ministry, like so many others in similar cases, might not be able to survive it. Both pastor and people were exhausted; they had given all their energies to this supreme effort, and the tide of spiritual vitality had ebbed. In the journals of the period, one discovers a consistent note of discouragement.

"Sunday, Feb'y. 3, '78. A poor day, I have had little delight in it. Singing wretched. Congregation poor because it snowed

last Friday. I have a cold and sore throat. Altogether my spirits are down. . . . March 3, '78. I am somewhat weary of carrying on my service with very little support from the church and its officers. So I don't end the day in an amiable mood. For the wrong may I be forgiven. But I grow weary of dragging this church with so few who can always be found in their places. Loyalty to the church seems to have died out with Dea. Farwell and Dea. Homer and men of that sort. . . . So tired, sad, bewildered. . . . Feb'y. 6, '81. Rather a dull day, though sunshine without. No organ. Church full of gas. Not much comfort in the sermon or after it. . . . Feb'r. 20, '81. Sunday. Weary to-night and without much courage. Lord, forgive my impatience. I am oppressed. Is this the end? Cannot this dreary spell be broken? . . . Mar. 13. I can bring no more of the church to the work of the Lord, they will not come."

Surely, one is tempted to say, a ministry cannot continue on these terms. No man who feels thus about his work can carry on very long. And yet it was precisely during these years that McKenzie's ministry was taking its deep hold on the parish and in the community. Minister and people alike were getting, as it were, their second wind. They were recuperating from their exhaustion, were learning to understand one another, to trust one another, to love one another. There were being buried deep in the soil the seeds which were to bring forth through many years a rich spiritual harvest.

Moreover, it must be recalled that throughout McKenzie's ministry, during the happy years at Augusta, and during the years at Cambridge when he was at the height of his influence and power, the mood of melancholy, of spiritual discouragement, was never entirely absent. In the years when the congregations on Sunday were so large that with a seating capacity of over one thousand it was proposed to put in more pews or even to build another balcony in the south transept, we

still find him writing: "March 7, '86. A long and weary day. Not satisfactory. What can I do that I am not doing? Yet the response is so small."

The question is, how to account for this continuing expression of discouragement from a minister so preeminent and successful. For one thing, it must be borne in mind that in McKenzie's temperament there was no affectation or artificial sentimentality. He spoke as he felt. In this he was not unlike the first minister of the church, Thomas Shepard. Professor Morison in his sketch of Shepard² indicates the same anomaly that we here discover in the case of McKenzie. Shepard was one of the outstanding men of his generation. He was loved as were few men of his time. He was consistently called the "soul-ravishing Shepard." "One Harvard student recorded that the preaching of Master Shepard made the four years of college seem like four years of Heaven. 'So searching was his preaching,' said one of his flock, 'and so great a power attending, as a hypocrite could not easily bear it, and it seemed almost irresistible.' " Yet Shepard was not satisfied. "He complained of 'natural dulness and cloudiness of spirit.' Want of power to deliver Christ's message was his constant infirmity. . . . There were times when nothing could console Shepard but the reflection that if he were insufficient, God was all-sufficient." We find the echo of this in McKenzie's journals. Professor Morison writes that "this was not a healthy state of mind for a shepherd of men. . . . We can only regret that serenity and peace were denied to the man who wrote: 'Faith is our feet whereby we come to Christ. Love is our hand whereby we work for Christ.' " To a certain extent this judgment is true. Buoyancy, resiliency, cheerfulness, these are a great asset to any minister. Yet in a deeper sense, sadness is the portion of all true shepherds of souls. Love always outruns

2. *Builders of the Bay Colony*, pp. 133, 134.

its ability to achieve. The more spiritually-minded a minister is, the more he is bound to suffer. Men who are content with full pews, full coffers, and outward signs of prosperity may go on their way rejoicing. But not so those who find the real vindication of their ministry in changed lives, in the indubitable assurance that the evangel has been received in good and honest hearts and is bringing forth the fruits of repentance. To these will always be denied in certain measure serenity and peace; and like the Good Shepherd, their souls will be troubled. They, too, will be men of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

It must be remembered, too, that McKenzie was above all an evangelist. His supreme desire and ambition was to win men for God by the power of Jesus Christ. To the end of his life he used the technical vocabulary of evangelism. He speaks of "serious" meetings, or of a "warm" atmosphere. Or he says that "the interest" continued. Again he laments that "so few come to Christ, so very few — it is discouraging that there is no audible response to the Word." His soul was satisfied only when, as the result of his work, there was a visible response, an indubitable turning of men to God, to find their peace and salvation in the commitment of their lives to Christ. Conversion was to him a reality, earnestly to be coveted, to be sought after above all else. There were times when he longed to do the work of the itinerant evangelist. When the Moody meetings were held in Cambridge in 1886, he responded with all his soul to the effort which was made to win the students as well as the people of the community to Christ and the church. This was his life, this was his work. He must leave to others the intellectual task of reconciling the old faith with the new knowledge, of applying the old Gospel to the modern social problem. For him, it was to preach Christ and him crucified for the salvation of men.

Hence, nothing but "an ingathering" into the kingdom of heaven could satisfy the travail of his soul. And "the

wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit." When the spiritual winds were contrary and the "new-births" were few, then a full church and every outward sign of prosperity could not content him. Thus he wrote:

April 7, 1903. Preaching this Lent on Our Lord's last days before his crucifixion. I can see no signs of anything beyond an attentive hearing. At times the silence was almost painful as it well might be when the mind and heart were set on such themes. Beyond this and some quiet words from some sweet souls I can see no results, but surely such truths must have their work to increase as of God. If I am a little disappointed that the church has not been visibly moved, I have no right to be. I wish I were more patient, more willing to wait and believe. I am more and more persuaded that Christ and his Cross are the centre and heart of the Gospel. [And we find in his journals such entries as these:] A weary day and disappointing. I think I did as well as I could, but there is no response audible or visible. . . . There seems the prolonged apathy against which no words, no prayers prevail. . . . I grieve to see how many men willfully refuse to take up the Christian life.

As a matter of fact, these men probably had taken up the Christian life. But they had not given proof of it in the one way which the evangelist preacher urged and coveted. It was the evangelistic test, that is, that McKenzie always brought to bear upon his work. Unless his work could meet that test, it seemed to him to have failed. Hence the sadness which so often overtook him. It was the inevitable sadness of one who could find the vindication of his work only in changed lives, in the lives of men and women who had "accepted Christ" and found in him eternal life.

One could wish that some of this spiritual longing might be known and felt by many a minister in our modern world; for the work of this great Cambridge preacher was not narrow nor apart from the main currents of life. He was seeking always to touch the mainsprings of character, to set up a new spiritual psychology. And that is the profoundest work that any man can do. For only a changed man can make a changed

world. If the evangelistic note could be recovered in our modern pulpits, it would be to the glory of the church and to the salvation of the world. Much preaching to-day is so intellectualized, so peripheral, that it fails utterly to plumb the depths of spiritual experience. A woman in one of our churches who had listened week after week to this type of "academic" preaching said: "O, if only once in a while I could hear a real Gospel sermon!" It was the Gospel sermon that McKenzie preached year after year. He yearned like his Master for the multitudes that were spiritually destitute. And when men who had ears did not hear, or did not heed, then his soul, also, was troubled.

Another word on this subject must be added. McKenzie was very sensitive to external conditions, to the attitude of others, to that which he felt he had a right to expect. As a result, if these were not what he wanted or needed he was inclined to take it personally, and he did not always make sufficient allowance for the inevitable chasm between the ideal conditions under which a minister may wish to work, and the conditions that he is likely to find. There was no reason for him to be depressed by a prayer-meeting at which no deacon was present. At least there was no reason why he should feel that his officers were deserting him. But that is the way he did feel. No minister, as he himself gladly acknowledged, had more faithful or loyal officers. He forgot that laymen cannot always measure up to the every desire or expectation of a parish minister. He overlooked their cares, their fatigue, their pressing concerns. A minister may well wish that things were different. But there is no call to be unhappy because they are not; nor because the vestry is not full at the meetings of the Week of Prayer; nor because only a minority of the church members seem to be actively interested in church work. Yet this is a frequent lament of McKenzie, and he felt that it was a reflection upon him and his influence.

McKenzie was unduly affected, too, by the size of his congregations. He never accustomed himself to empty seats or pews. He depended on numbers for his inspiration. This resulted in depression when the numbers were not there, although some of his best sermons were heard by few. Every minister covets and has a right to covet a loyal attendance by his people on the services of the church. Few are the ministers who cannot do better work when the numbers are there. But the wise minister never allows himself to be depressed when they are not. He idealizes the occasion, thinks of the preciousness of being able to inspire if only a few, and never does less than his best because many are not there. It is related of Canon Westcott when he was at Peterborough that on a stormy afternoon no one was present at the cathedral service but the organist and the vergers. But when he came home and his daughter asked him if there were many there, he answered: "Full! Full of the glory of the Lord, between cherubim and seraphim."

Perhaps too much has been said of this characteristic of McKenzie, for, after all, it was not the dominant note of his life and ministry. On the contrary, he was a supremely happy and contented man. Few men have been more fortunate; and he was devoutly grateful for what he rightly felt were the unusual blessings of his lot in life. He had, in fact, about everything that a man can desire: health, and home, friends in abundance, security, position, and an influence the range of which constantly broadened. He never had to worry about his standing with his church. He was delivered from the chagrins, the disappointments, and the disillusion which beset the careers of many devoted and gifted ministers. And he loved his work. The longer it lasted, the more he loved it. It never grew stale. At the end of his life, it was as fresh and meaningful as at the beginning. Madame de Sévigné has said that contentment comes from doing a work which is wholly

suited to one's powers. From this point of view McKenzie was a supremely contented man. To do the work of an evangelist, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, to shepherd the souls of men, this was his passion and his joy. And this joy he tasted for a longer span of years than is allotted to most men.

He was perfectly contented with his affiliation with the Congregational church system.

I was born a Congregationalist [he wrote]. I was baptized into that form of Church belief and life. I have never wished to make a change. I believe in this method of ecclesiastical life; in its divine origin, its history, its faith, its spirit, its force, its success. It is in sympathy with the political form of the Republic and so far as I can foresee will be substantially the method of the perfected Church. The more I see of the working of other ecclesiastical systems, the better satisfied I am with our own, imperfect though it is. I like an assured descent from the first Christian churches. . . . I like our free ways wherein each body of Christians can frame its own methods of worship and work and administration and order its affairs as it will. . . . I like the liberty of the minister, which is subject only to his own conscience and to God. . . . I recognize my own freedom and rejoice in it. I rejoice in the life of to-day which is unhampered by obsolete forms and formulas and can think and speak in the language of the time. I am glad to be the Puritan minister of a Puritan church. We hold to the faith of the founders of this church. The Puritan belief and spirit have been preserved. The church finds authority for its belief and methods in the New Testament.

This church stands as it has for more than two centuries, a simple Congregational church in faith and order and intent. Its successive pastors have been of one mind in this regard and their work has prospered. Its theory, and therefore its strength, depends upon the fidelity of every member. It is a body, of which every member is the indispensable part. I feel that it is a church which trains men to think, to live, to face responsibility, and that, properly administered, it is a school of manhood and all virtue. Yet I recognize the excellence of other forms of church organization. I could be the minister of any church which confessed Jesus Christ as its Head and its Truth and Life. I am attracted by the simplicity of the Quaker. On the other hand, I like the courage of the Roman Church, its confidence in itself, its adherence to the great principles of the Faith, its adoration of Jesus Christ. It does exalt Christ as the Lord and the Redeemer. It uplifts His Cross; and when I see that, I kneel and say my prayers.

He was proud and happy to be the minister of the ancient Cambridge church. He gloried in the history, the traditions of the church; of its relations to Cambridge, to the college, to the nation. He often wrote upon these themes, and preached on them to his congregation. When the Shepard Historical Society was formed, he became its first president, and remained in this office to the end of his life. "I am grateful," he wrote, "that my name and life are committed to the church and will stand with it. Large numbers of college students have entered the church life. The spirit and teaching and life of the church have gone abroad with them even to the ends of the earth." He used to stand before the tablet on which were engraved the names of his ten predecessors. "The impatient stone," he said, "waits for my name to be added."

He loved the church edifice which began in his day to be covered with the ivy which had been planted by its walls. He thought of it as "my cathedral." He had seen the great cathedrals in Europe before the church was built, and it was his knowledge of them which caused it to be built as it was, in cathedral form, with long nave, transepts, and apse. His thought of the church was like nothing so much as the veneration of deans of England for their cathedrals. He was thinking constantly how it might be beautified. The people had exhausted their resources in building the walls. The interior was plain and bare. He concerned himself with new windows to replace the temporary glass put in when the church was built. The generous Horsford family helped him here. Their first gift had been the exquisite rose window in the south transept. In 1892 came the two large windows in the south transept, really four, with 100,000 pieces of fabrile glass. The angel figures represent the four elements: Earth, Air, Water, Fire. These were from the bequest of Eben N. Horsford and were inscribed with his name and that of Phoebe Gardiner Horsford, his wife. The design was appropriate to Professor Horsford's

profession as a chemist. Another window was given by Mrs. Horsford in memory of her daughter, Mary Gardiner Horsford, the wife of Benjamin Robbins Curtis. Its design is based on the words of the prophet's declaration: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in the day that I make up my jewels." Mrs. Curtis had been married in the church, as were her two daughters Mary and Helena.

In the north aisle was placed a window in memory of Charles Theodore Russell, with the inscription: "Now I, Paul, beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." Opposite is one in memory of his wife, Sarah Elizabeth Russell, inscribed: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee." These were the gifts of their children (1897).

In the north aisle is another window given by many friends as "a grateful tribute to our pastor on the thirtieth anniversary of his settlement." In the center chancel is a window depicting the Good Shepherd, the gift of the Shepard Guild; on one side a Mother and Child, in memory of Mrs. Harriet Maria Fuller and Charles Richard Fuller; and on the other side, the window given by the Circle of King's Daughters "in commemoration of the many years of loving service given to the Church of Christ by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D." In the recess at the right of the chancel (now the baptistry) is a graceful window given by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart in memory of his child. Over the balcony at the front of the church is a beautiful window in memory of Martha Teresa Fiske, a beloved child of the church; it represents St. Catherine, patroness of learning. The design is appropriate, as Miss Fiske was an accomplished scholar and teacher and ardently devoted to missions, which she described as "the cause for which my Lord lived and died." (She wrote a book entitled: *The Word and the World*.) As each of these windows was added, McKenzie would have an appropriate service of dedication, or he would preach a memorial sermon.

Tablets were put on the walls. One is in memory of John Bridge,³ the first deacon of the church and a prominent citizen of Newtowne, one of the friends of Thomas Shepard, who persuaded him to leave England. This was the gift of a descendant, and a service was held in the church on its completion, when the address was given by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Another tablet preserves the name of the architect of the church, A. C. Martin. Another presents the name and office of one who, to use McKenzie's words, "served the Church before this pastorate began and long afterwards":

"In memory of Benjamin Francis Wyeth, for thirty-nine years the honored sexton of this church. Born 1812, Died 1890." He was succeeded as sacristan of the church by his son who was in turn followed by his son. Thus three generations of this ancient Cambridge family were made officers, and ministered to the comfort of the people.

In the summer of 1892 the interior of the church was re-decorated.⁴ McKenzie was away in Europe, but his thoughts are all of his "cathedral."

I suppose the church is full of staging and that some experimental colors are on the wall. The sacred room must have a strange look, but it means a new and brighter aspect when the work is done. "I will beautify the place of my sanctuary." Surely there are such words in the old Scriptures (Isa. li: 13). [Or again,] I have my thoughts of home as I wander in these far away places. The work on the church interests me, while there seems nothing for me to do. I do not fear that the work will not be well done, but I have fears that enough will not be done, and I regret very much that new glass cannot be put in now to complete the decoration. What will be done with my pulpit? Nothing probably. Perhaps this is best. I am glad not to decide it. But we do need more sittings.

The following year the extension to the "chapel," as the parish rooms were called, was added. In 1894 the brass lectern,

3. "Nov. 8, '92. Talked with Mr. Bridge about the tablet for his ancestor Deacon B."

4. The cost of this was defrayed by Professor Horsford. "He proposes sometime to put in a new window under the memorial window."

the gift of Mrs. Horsford, was placed in the chancel. In 1901 came the round central chandelier, the gift of Miss Cornelia Horsford, in memory of her mother, Phoebe Gardiner Horsford. This remained until the reconstruction of the interior in 1924, when it was replaced by the present memorial chancel lights, also the gift of Miss Horsford.

All of these renovations and additions to the fabric of the church were earnestly desired by its minister, witnessing to his love of the church and to his profound feeling that its worship should be in the beauty of holiness.

McKenzie's greatest affection, however, was reserved for the people to whom he ministered. These were his joy and his crown.

It is a part of the price of staying long in one parish, [he wrote] that memories increase and there are more and more to be missed. Yet these memories make much of the wealth of life, and I am grateful that I can cherish the names . . . of so many whose presence has been transferred to the world of the unseen. I am happy in the church and parish.

His affection for his people was deep and broad. It embraced old and young alike.

The presence of the generation of young people who are active in our church life, many of whom have known no other minister, is a living and constant witness to the work and life of the church in which they have grown up. I am deeply attached to them. Their affection for me is my wealth. I rejoice in them and believe with humility that I shall live in them when I have gone hence.

Always a companionable man with deep human instincts, he was fonder of people than of anything else on earth. And when these human relationships became hallowed by mutual Christian sympathy and understanding, they became unspeakably beautiful and sacred. To him baptism and the Lord's Supper, marriage, and the hour of death were sacraments as truly as to any Roman Catholic priest. They evoked from his heart

the wealth of his deep experience of God, and he poured the treasures of his soul over these sacramental moments of human experience. It was this which bound his people to him in love and gratitude. Such occasions were not to him the conventional or commonplace incidents in a minister's life of performance. They were fraught with spiritual meaning and received a spiritual interpretation which made itself deeply felt.

His journals are filled with the record of such personal, pastoral happenings which made the years so rich and meaningful to him.

Saturday, June 22, '78. Married Andrew Fiske and Gertrude Horsford in the church. Tuesday, July 2, '78. Married in the church D. M. Bates and Sarah L. Russell, who go to Shanghai. The Lord be with them. Nov. 18, '80. Married R. A. Job and Sadie Melledge. So another of our dear girls goes away from us. God bless her and keep her. Friday, Mar. 25, '81. Funeral of Mr. Melledge, a dear, good man, a kind friend, a noble Christian. Nov. 23, '85. To Jamaica Plain. Married Allan K. Sweet and Maria L. Wellington. Feb'y. 2, '88. Service for Dr. Asa Gray. Prayer at the house. Service at the College chapel. Address and prayers at Mount Auburn. June 4, '88. Married John B. Kempton and Mary Hanks at home, 4 P.M. At 8 P.M., W. M. Richardson and Sarah Hanks at church. June 6, '94. Married Herbert Saunders and Laura Snow. July 6, 1890. Mr. Wyeth entered into his rest this day. A good man, good and faithful. Jan'y. 4, '93. Funeral of Prof. Horsford. Brief service at the house. Then at the church, and very brief at Mt. Auburn. Jan'y. 19, '96. Funeral of Charles Theodore Russell in the church. A very good friend, and a very good man. July 20, '96. Funeral of William E. Russell. Service at the house, at church, at Mount Auburn. A most impressive day. Full of sadness, thankfulness, hopefulness.⁵ Feb'y. 11, '97. Funeral of Grace Raymond Henshaw . . . a beautiful life, sweet and blessed. May 15, '97. Funeral in church of Miss Willard; one of the best of women is at rest.

5.

"The Boston Globe. Boston, July 27, 1896.

"Dear Doctor:

I meant to have written you before to express my high appreciation of your eulogy of Governor Russell. If Governor Russell had an enemy he cannot find fault with a single line. I do not think that Governor Russell had a friend who can wish to add a single sentence.

Yours sincerely,

Chas. H. Taylor."

McKenzie lived deeply in the lives of others. He had a large pastoral heart. He could echo out of his own experience every word of St. Paul which seeks to express the heart of the Apostle overflowing with love and gratitude when thinking of his friends and disciples. It was in this sharing of the experiences of others that he tasted his deepest joy and realized his profoundest happiness. More than any other single factor, this accounts for his long-continued ministry. It is this kind of ministration which binds a congregation to its pastor in lasting love and gratitude. Ministers who are mainly mechanics, who deal chiefly with externals, who specialize in administration and in the manipulation of parochial details, never touch the springs of that devotion which rewards the minister who unselfishly gives himself to his people in every hour of spiritual need, who possesses in himself the spiritual resources which are able to meet every kind of human emergency. It was in this deep realm of human experience in which he moved with inspired insight, feeling, sympathy, that McKenzie realized the deepest joy of his ministry.

Thus, it was in the sphere of personal and spiritual relationships that McKenzie excelled as a parish minister. He was not preeminently an executive or administrator, nor an expert in finance, personal or parochial. He left the ordering of the material side of the parish in the hands of his capable laymen, members of the prudential committee. "The financial affairs of the parish have not been allowed to disturb me. . . . I know but little of pecuniary matters, with which I do not intermeddle. I think my rule not to interfere with finances . . . a good one." The money was raised primarily from pew rentals, and to this arrangement he found no objection. It was the order of the day, the common practice in all New England churches. He was concerned only when the money was insufficient for the needs of the church as he envisaged them.

All through his ministry, he lamented the lack of funds. Not a wealthy church, its needs always outran its resources.

I have often felt the need of money, not money to keep but to use, . . . for the service of the church. I have felt how vastly the usefulness of the church would be enlarged if a few thousand dollars were at my disposal. Thus: I would enrich the worship in the church with music worthy of the place. This should express adoration and promote it; it should move the souls of men and inspire them to penitence, praise, obedience; it should inspire the preacher and give wings to his words; it should help to win those who are without. Such music has become costly. I would . . . make the service of the sanctuary more fitting, delightful, helpful. I would increase the working force of the church by employing men and women who are not able to give their time to the service of the church and paying them a discreet remuneration. Voluntary service has great merits and must always be depended upon. But as things are, there must be a paid service, equally hearty and honest. I would have a parish library of well-selected books, suitable for reading in the family, for the study of Sunday-school teachers, for the instruction of the young. I would also enlarge the charities of the church in the care of its own members and of the poor who are committed to its sympathy, and the efforts of many kinds for the good of the community.

Thus his mind ran on, his imagination exploring in every direction, his ideals never reached, his desires never fulfilled. It is so with all good workmen who love their work.

McKenzie lamented the failure of many members of the congregation to cooperate actively in the work of the church. He made determined efforts to remedy this situation. In October, 1879, he writes: "To-day I gave out the circular with plan of church work and tried to enlist the people." And again two years later: "Monday, Nov. 9, '81. Meeting of special committee to see if those who have no interest in the church cannot be induced to do something. I made a list of persons to be asked and the list I divided among the members of the committee." But the results were not satisfactory: "I have failed to secure the active cooperation of the church in the service of Christ. Why could I not do it? What was lacking in my persuasion or my faith?" Probably nothing was lacking. Elijah had both persuasion and faith, yet he felt

lonely in his witness for God. God's work has always been done by a small minority of His people. It is always a Gideon's band which puts to flight the armies of the aliens. The majority look on while a few do the work. It has been estimated that about a quarter of the members of a church to-day bear the brunt of the burden, while fifty per cent of them do not know what it is all about. This is not as it should be, but it is as it has been. No Christian minister will be satisfied with such a situation; he will do all that he can to improve it. But no minister should blame himself for want either of persuasion or of faith if he fails to win all the members of his church to the support of its activities. On the whole, McKenzie had fewer causes for worry than come to most parish ministers, however conscientious and able. His people were devoted to him. Throughout his long ministry he was treated with the utmost consideration and generosity. Well might he write: "I am sure that all have wished to do that which is right." The witness of many years proved this. The congregations were uniformly large. The additions to the membership of the church were constant. It maintained its strong and vigorous work through the long years of McKenzie's ministry.

It has been said that McKenzie had a large pastoral heart. He had. Yet he did not spend a large amount of time, or cover large distances, in systematic pastoral visitation, although he did visit in so far as his strength and the time available allowed. The long hours spent by other ministers in parish visiting were used in what were, for him, more fruitful and influential ways. The prosperity of the parish did not depend upon this kind of pastoral work. Attracted by his preaching, the people came to the church. It was not necessary for him to go out after the people. Moreover, the church was in these, as in all other ways, considerate. The people did not get disgruntled if they did not receive regular pastoral calls. They understood

that they could be sure always of his interest and affection whether he called on them or not.

Beyond all this, however, it must be said that systematic calling was not his chief way of caring for his church. This is not to say that he was not in the homes of his people. At any time of emergency he was unfailing in his pastoral ministration and sympathy. There were certain families, like the Fiskes and the Chapins, where he felt especially at home. He cultivated these friendships, cherished them, lived on them. He moved intimately among the people whom he loved, upon whose understanding he could always count. It is an ideal picture of a true pastoral relationship which is thus disclosed.

During the long term of forty-three years of his active service as minister of the Cambridge church, Dr. McKenzie had but two assistants. The first was Rev. Leonard S. Parker, whose term of service began in 1886.⁶ He was seventy-seven years of age when he came to Cambridge from a pastorate in Berkley, Massachusetts, largely through the influence of his son-in-law, Mr. George S. Chase, a member of the congregation. He was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Oberlin College in 1895. He served the church faithfully for fifteen years, and died in Cambridge May 30, 1903. Of him McKenzie writes:

He was a man of large experience, of wisdom and sagacity, of amiability and gentleness. He became endeared to the people, and served them in many ways. It has long been my feeling that this church, being the oldest in town, should reach every person not otherwise reached, and this was largely fulfilled. Dr. Parker visited every family. He made a special point of the aged and shut-ins. His ministry was gratefully received. He held prayer meetings in various parts of the parish. He had a large class on Sunday, which became a recognized feature of the church. He preached occasionally, and assisted at various services. His family continues to be connected with the church.

6. "Oct. 6, '86. The Church Committee decided to appoint Rev. L. S. Parker pastor's assistant. Oct. 15. Mr. Parker busy in parish and has made a good beginning."

This description of the personality and work of Dr. Parker is singularly accurate. He was always in and out of the homes of the people, and thus supplemented Dr. McKenzie's work in a beautiful way. He shed a genial, radiant benevolence and comforted and inspired all whom he saw. His daughter, Miss May Lillian Parker, assisted him in his work.

After the retirement and death of Dr. Parker, the church was assisted by the ministrations of Rev. Asher Anderson, then secretary of the National Council of Congregational Churches. He was much used as an interregnum preacher, and from time to time took Dr. McKenzie's place in the pulpit and did occasional parish work. He is affectionately remembered.

In 1904 Rev. Alexander P. Bourne was called. A graduate of Brown University and of Andover Theological Seminary, Class of 1894, he had for several years been pastor of the Phillips Church at Exeter, New Hampshire. His connection with the academy was a good preparation for his work with the young people in the Cambridge church. "His work," writes Doctor McKenzie, "was of a high order. Many who entered the church by confession came under his influence." He cooperated actively in the work of the Riverside Alliance, which was then in full swing, and assisted in the pastoral work of the church. He is described as a dreamy, rather timid and retiring character, faithful and steady in his service. He and the senior pastor worked well and sympathetically together. There was a strong bond of friendship between the two men. When McKenzie resigned in 1910, Mr. Bourne retired also.

In commenting on the pastoral side of the work, McKenzie has written:

With the steady incoming, I have never had what is popularly termed a "revival." There have been periods of unusual religious interest, but these . . . have not brought a large number of persons into the church at any one time. I think that over twenty joined at one time when we were in the old meeting-house on Mt. Auburn Street, but that number has not since been reached.

The Sunday services of the church were conducted by McKenzie according to the simple Puritan tradition. The modern movement toward the elaboration of the service and the recovery of some of the liturgy of the church from which the Puritan churches had sprung had not begun, and it is doubtful if he would have been in sympathy with it. He was fully acquainted with the Catholic ritual and practice. When he traveled abroad, he spent long hours in the Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and felt the beauty of their services, which ministered to his soul. He commented frequently upon the relative immutability and stability of the Roman Catholic Church during the centuries of its existence. He seemed even to enjoy the mass of the Roman Church more than the services of the Anglican Church. Always when attending the services in these European cathedrals, he was thinking of the worship of his own church and how he could improve it, make it more truly spiritual and helpful. He went to the service at the Cologne cathedral.

There was fine, very fine choral singing. The rest of the service was brief. The throng of people was very impressive, though there was too much walking about. But I found profit in the magnificent "house" and its services. . . . What can we do with worship in our little church at home? We can have it sincere at least. We can keep it simple and so make it helpful. I must say this in my own place when I can. If we could but bring as much renewed spirit into the renovated "house" it would mean life. But I fear that as the "house" will be partially renewed only, so our hearts may lack completeness in their renewal. To live in God's Eternal Life, in what it was when Life defined it. But to have it! To live it! The brief time for living and working which remains to me here, oh! that it may be inspired and controlled to the praise of the grace of Him who loves and saves.

He was never carried away by the pomp of the cathedral service. "It all makes me ask if our own worship is helpful and true. I want to get more spirit and life to it." "But I like our simple ways best," he never fails to add. Formalism, or ritual, or elaborate ceremonial was alien to his Puritan inher-

itance and training. Everything must have an immediate significance and serve a direct purpose, and above all it must actually be what it seems to be. He realized that "even in the simple worship we may become confused and miss the truth. It is not in forms as austere as ours that the blessing rests, but in the life beneath. We must find that. Worship is spirit."

McKenzie enriched immeasurably the service of worship by his extraordinary power of pastoral prayer. He was saturated with the language of the Bible. He had a deep, rich, spiritual experience of God. His heart was full both of passion and of tenderness. These spiritual possessions, joined with felicity of diction and freedom in utterance, made him a master in the most difficult of all exercises, free prayer. What is with many ministers often a halting, ineffective, or even infelicitous effort was with him a spontaneous utterance. It impressed, uplifted, blessed all who listened to it. A boy in his congregation, now grown to manhood, has said that to-day he remembers his prayers even more than his sermons. They were the overflow of a soul which was in intimate fellowship with God. A favorite form of beginning his prayers was: "Our Father who art in Heaven, our Father who art on the earth." Over and over again in prayer and in preaching he would use the words "The power of an endless life." It was a kind of refrain, expressing a deep-seated, underlying conviction. He often ended a beautiful and tender prayer with these words. All of the spiritual imagination with which he was gifted was here given unrestrained expression. In praying for the sailor he would say: "Bless the sailors in the dangers of the sea. Bless them in the greater dangers of the land." He brought heaven near the earth, and raised men on the wings of his petition to heavenly places.

I cannot help the thought [he has written] which grows steadily upon me, that the better part of prayer is not the asking, but the kneeling when

we ask, the resting there, the staying there, drawing out the willing moments in heavenly communion with God, within the closet, with night changed into the brightness of the day by the light of Him who all the night was in prayer to God.

It was such communion of his own soul with God which enabled him to show that at its best there is nothing to compare with the preciousness and spiritual efficacy of free prayer.

He was unrivaled at funeral services, when his heart was touched with grief and moved by the sense of sorrow and by the sacrament of death. At such hours his prayers rose to the loftiest heights of spiritual eloquence. The writer of this book recalls sharing one of these services with him. As he, an old man, entered the house, he met the old family physician. The two men paused for a moment to clasp hands and exchange quiet words of greeting. Then the silence was broken by the opening words of Scripture and of prayer uttered in McKenzie's inimitable and melodious voice: "Our Father, once more thou hast made this house to be the house of God, and the gate of Heaven." Could anything have been more felicitous, more beautiful? His friends treasured the memory of these services. A father whose daughter had died wrote to him:

Repeatedly does the stricken mother recur to the comforting words of the invocation . . . and often has the wish escaped her lips that she might have these inspired utterances in more permanent form. Would it be possible for you to put on paper for us the substance of that prayer? It would be a work of Christian charity to respond to this longing of a hungry soul.

In 1891 Miss Cornelia Horsford wrote him:

Thank you very much for the copy of your prayer for M.; it will be a great pleasure to her to have it in your handwriting. She says that even the sound of your voice is a comfort to her with all the associations it carries with it of the church and her girlhood.

The communion services of the church, then held at four o'clock in the afternoon, were impressive in their simplicity,

tenderness, and spiritual appeal. There was no stately ritual; yet no priest believed more fervently than McKenzie that the real presence of Christ was in the sacrament; and no mass in any cathedral made that presence felt in greater degree. The words which stood in those days above the table of the Lord told the truth as he held it: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?" It was the living Lord in the sacrament whom he adored and to whose feet he led all penitent and believing souls.

He loved the silver communion service. Disliking changes in things that were sacred and dear to him, it was natural that he should have resisted the trend to substitute individual cups for the silver chalices.

The [silver service] in use before was bought with the proceeds of the sale of the *Autobiography of Thomas Shepard*, which had been obtained and published by Dr. Nehemiah Adams. This service had special value as a memorial of Shepard. It was plated, but precious. A few years since, this was discarded for so-called hygienic reasons, and a set of crude glass tumblers was put in its place. The tumblers are of genuine glass, but the trays which hold them are plated. These are an anonymous gift and therefore have no personal association. The silver service had been increased by the memorial gift of cups. These were renounced with the original gifts. The terms in which all are named describe their meaning. These are "communion" cups, while the others are "individual" cups. The first donors have left us for the marriage supper of the Lamb in his Father's kingdom.

This exchange of cups was made in the pastor's absence and is in accord with a similar change in some other churches of the Congregational order. Yet with the change, the old beauty of the service remained for him, and for all who shared it with him. The Lord's Supper had always been the center of his own religious life. He made it the central service of the church for all who worshipped there. He would read the Bible, offer a tender and uplifting prayer, make the brief communion address, and together minister and people would sing the

traditional communion hymn, "Bread of the world, in mercy broken."

In addition to the morning service of the church, there were, over a considerable period, evening preaching services. These fluctuated between the church and the chapel. Thus, in 1885, McKenzie writes: "Decided to open the church for a Sabbath evening service. Oct. 18. First Sunday evening service. Very large attendance. A good spirit. The people are interested in the service and my heart is much in it. The hope is to reach those who do not attend church. The beginning is hopeful." In 1886, the services were held in the chapel. When resumed in 1887 they were held in the church, but McKenzie writes: "I doubt about the evening services. They come, some of our people, many strangers. I doubt if it will not be best to go back to the chapel next year." There they were continued for some years. In 1898 we read, "Evening services decided on. Vital questions of Religion. Good congregation. Addresses promise well." The following year, however, these services seem to have been discontinued, although as late as 1905 a new series was begun, evangelistic in character. Often at these services there were "guest" preachers. The Cambridge church, in common with many other churches of the period, found it increasingly difficult to maintain two preaching services on Sunday. They were finally abandoned, and the Young People's Alliance, which since 1893 had been meeting at 6:30 on Tuesday evenings, advanced the time of their meeting. Thereafter Sunday evening was given over to the Alliance.

Throughout his long ministry in Cambridge, McKenzie maintained the Friday evening prayer-meeting, in which those who came took their part and bore their testimony. Like many another pastor, McKenzie was not without his discouragements with respect to this service. "Not very brilliant," he records in his journal with tolerable frequency. He laments the fact that the attendance is not larger. If he lived

to-day, his lamentations might be even more fervent. The trend even in his day was away from the "mid-week" service. For some years he gave consecutive Bible talks at these services. But when the topical method was followed, with open discussion, always there would be his own talk, often of rare suggestiveness and beauty, on the theme of the evening. Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, then a student in college, has told the writer that he came regularly to the Friday evening services in order to listen to these brief and spiritually helpful addresses. He found the Sunday sermons too long, but the Friday evening talks were to him models of homiletical beauty. Such to the end of McKenzie's long ministry they continued to be. The writer of this book for a full year shared these services with the pastor emeritus. Always he would come in, sometimes after the service had begun, and make his way to the place reserved for him. When he spoke, it was invariably with keen spiritual insight and rare practical helpfulness. He had no rival in his application of Bible truth to the problems of the personal life.

For years he maintained a quiet devotional service in the church on the afternoon of Good Friday. This was the only occasional service of the church year. Believing as profoundly as he did in the atoning love of God in Christ for the sins of the world, he could not let the day commemorating that immortal sacrifice pass without its special observance. "I, if I be lifted up," he intoned year after year, "will draw all men unto me."

McKenzie's profound interest in the children and youth of the church was a central, indeed a controlling, element in his parish ministry. It helps to explain the strong and enduring bond between him and his people; for the children and youth of one generation became the active church workers of the generation following. Many a parish minister may learn a

lesson here. It is doubtful if any man ever succeeded in building a strong church who neglected or was indifferent to the children of the church. In proportion as a minister is interested in them, cultivates their friendship, wins their confidence, and devotes himself to their welfare, does he lay deep and sure foundations upon which a strong and prosperous parish life is built.

This idea, of course, may be exaggerated and distorted. Occasionally a minister makes such a fetish of cultivating the youth of the church that he neglects the rest of it. No true minister ever specializes in any section of the parish. He is literally all things to all men. If he does his work properly, the older members of the church never have cause to feel that they are overlooked or that the church life is being conducted in the interest of the young people. The emergence of any such dualism discredits the pastoral wisdom of a minister. Yet he will seek in every possible way to develop the religious life of the children and youth of the church and to foster their loyalty to it.

This was McKenzie's idea, and he held steadily to it from the beginning to the end of his long ministry. He believed in young men and women. He felt that they had their place in the church, that that place should be recognized, and that the church should welcome their participation in its affairs. It must be remembered that most of McKenzie's active ministry antedated the youth movement in the church. Thus he was in a real sense a pioneer in what is now generally recognized as an important department in the program of organized religion.

At first, this interest of the Cambridge pastor centered in the Sunday school. At the beginning of his ministry, there were no organizations specially designed to cultivate the religious life of the children and youth of the church. But the boys and girls were in the Sunday school, and McKenzie

began there; indeed, he had already begun there in Augusta. At first he himself taught classes, preparing outlines and courses of study for them. As late as 1883 we find him teaching the Book of the Acts. McKenzie's earliest publications were a series of lesson books to be used in Sunday schools. And this was followed by a boys' book to be used in Sunday-school libraries, which were then in vogue. His journals are filled with references to this work of teaching the children and youth of the church and of his interest in it. In this way he acquired a first-hand knowledge of the kind of instruction that was needed, and of the kind of teacher who was able to impart it. He deprecates casual and indifferent teaching. He is unable to understand why the adult members of the church are not willing in larger numbers to enlist as teachers. Everything connected with the school, its organization, its curriculum, its music, received his attention. He was out of sympathy with the sentimental unworthy jingles which at that time were all that was given to the children to sing. He was always on the lookout for competent reinforcement of the teachers' department. He had teachers' meetings. He went to the parties and sociables arranged for the different departments of the school. He autographed the Bibles and diplomas given to the children. To the end of his life, this was one of his major preoccupations. It was a beautiful sight to see the old man in the school, surrounded by the children and youth whom he loved. Thus, in a real sense, he lived and wrought for the children of the church, and received in return their unstinted devotion.

The earliest children's society in the Cambridge church during McKenzie's ministry was called the "Shepard Band of Little Workers." It was in existence in the early seventies, and had been organized by Miss A. H. Rogers, one of those unassuming devout women to whom the church owes so much. In the ten years of its existence, this group of children under

their devoted leader raised no less than \$1500, of which \$1000 was given to the church to pay for the pulpit which Doctor McKenzie occupied for nearly forty years. The "Little Workers" also paid for the pulpit long used in the vestry (and still preserved), made in part from the wood of the Washington elm. The baptismal font, still used, was given by a Sunday-school class under the care of Mrs. Ellen Packard. The Shepard Band was later reorganized under the name of the "Margaret Shepard Society," the name being chosen by McKenzie in honor of Thomas Shepard's first wife.

About the year 1880, Mrs. George Francis Arnold organized a group of women under the name of the Young Ladies' Working Party.⁷ She was its president from the beginning until it was disbanded in 1894, when she moved to Brookline. Her husband, Professor Arnold, held an appointment at the Harvard College Library when they came to Cambridge to live. He had studied at the University of Bonn, Germany, and Mrs. Arnold had belonged to a German missionary Working Party in the church which she attended there. She brought the idea and the name with her into the life of the Cambridge church. The Arnolds' house, which she called "Sunny Home," was at the corner of James and Brattle Streets, on the Brattle Street side of the present Radcliffe campus; it was removed when Radcliffe College needed the land. There she often pleasantly entertained the members of the Working Party. It was a missionary organization composed of women of various ages, the youngest being high school girls who were included because there was no group for girls of that age. Mrs. Arnold laid the foundations of a permanent work, for out of this organization emerged another, the Shepard Guild, which still maintains a vigorous existence and has lately celebrated its fortieth anniversary.

7. This account has been composed from notes furnished by Mrs. Evelyn Hilton Turnbull.

It was [Mrs. Turnbull has written] in the Fall of 1892 that the Shepard Guild was organized. Dr. McKenzie spoke to me one day and said that he and Mrs. Arnold thought the older girls ought to have a club of their own, and hoped I would get the girls together and start it. He invited me to his house to talk over plans. . . . He said the idea was to have the club entirely managed by the girls themselves. It was to interest itself in both home and foreign missions. He gave me some directions about choosing a name and electing officers. He thought we should choose some interesting object to work for as soon as possible. He mentioned that more stained glass windows were needed in the church, especially in the chancel, where there had never been anything but the temporary windows put in when the church was built. He thought if the girls gave the middle window, others would follow. At his request, I wrote the [notice] for the next Sunday's calendar inviting the girls to meet on a certain afternoon. Dr. McKenzie called especial attention to it in the church.

At this meeting the Guild was organized, its name chosen. The Guild took up the plan for the chancel window, chose the familiar design by Plockhorst of the Good Shepherd, and Mr. Henry Dwight, a member of the church who had secured the contract to redecorate the interior of the church, obtained an agreement from Tiffany to make the window. A concession in price was made on condition that the Tiffany Company might exhibit the window in the small Tiffany chapel at the World's Fair in Chicago. The window was in its place on Easter Day, March 25, 1894. This project interested a large number of the church young women, and the Guild prospered.

Mrs. Turnbull (Evelyn Hilton) remained president for a year; she was followed by Grace Raymond (Mrs. Henshaw) and Miss Jane Dórr. Miss Martha Fiske, prominent in the missionary work of the church (a memorial window to whom stands over the balcony at the end of the nave) was also one of the early presidents. The Guild, thus carefully planned by Dr. McKenzie, has ever since continued its work. The constitution has been revised in minor details, but the original purpose remains. Several thousand dollars has been raised and expended, and the Shepard Guild is to-day remembered in

various parts of our own country, especially among the Mountain Whites and the Indians, in Labrador, China, Japan, India, and Africa. Several members of the Guild are in active missionary service to-day. Such are the results of Dr. McKenzie's careful forethought and planning in the cultivation of the missionary interest among the young women of the parish.

It was in the late nineties that King's Daughters circles began to spring up in different parts of the country. They were small groups, about ten to twenty-five in a group, owing their origin to the desire to be mutually helpful religiously, and extend benevolence to needy persons known individually to the members. Several groups of King's Daughters were organized in the Cambridge church, and Dr. McKenzie encouraged them by giving them their names and their mottoes. Thus, there were the Steadfast Circle, the Holdfast Circle, and the Loving Service Circle, which gave the King's Daughters' window in the chancel at the right of the Good Shepherd window. All of these groups prospered for a time, and then gave way to other forms of religious activity.

With all of this, there still remained the task of interesting boys and girls in the work of the church and of training them in habits of Christian living. The story of how this was achieved is an interesting and even romantic one. It illustrates the wealth of devotion which is at the service of the church: a devotion which is never heralded or publicly known; which receives no outward recognition, yet faithfully and at immense personal cost and sacrifice creates the rarest of all products, the pure gold of human character.

CHAPTER IX

PARISH LIFE — II

1877-1910

IN THE fall of the year 1887, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Mackintire and their family came to Cambridge and united with the Cambridge church. At that time Mr. Francis B. Gilman, who was connected with the Merchants' National Bank in Boston, was very prominent in the affairs of the church. He was an organizer, and curator, of the Shepard Historical Society. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school. He asked Miss Arabella Mackintire, who had been a pupil in Mrs. Thayer's class, to take a class of boys of eight or nine years of age. The class grew, other classes asked to come in to the blackboard lesson, and soon the little room was full. Dr. McKenzie was not slow to recognize that he had here a teacher of unusual ability, and he soon asked her to take all the classes of that age and organize them into a primary department of the school. She was given a free hand and cordial support, and the work prospered. Some years later, when Mr. Mackintire became superintendent of the school, a Junior department was organized with three or four grades. An intermediate department was the next step. For twenty consecutive years this faithful and competent woman devoted her energies to creating a modern church school. She acquired an intimate knowledge not only of method but of boys and girls, the training of whom in religious and church ways became her life work.

The Margaret Shepard Society for girls was doing good work. It had a program, leaders, and a full membership. But nothing was being done for the boys. Dr. McKenzie, again

with a keen eye for what was needed, asked Miss Mackintire to start an organization for the boys. On December 13, 1889, the younger boys were called together. Dr. McKenzie gave them a good talk, and the "Captains of Ten" was organized with thirteen members. The name itself was a flash of genius. Miss Mackintire had become interested in sloyd, which had then come into vogue, and had studied in the Larson School in Boston. The idea occurred to her to make use of handicraft in her work with the boys of the church. Hence the name: each boy was the captain of his ten fingers, which he was to use in helpful ways. Thus the boys were taught to work for others in a fashion which engaged their interest and made them happy. The club motto was, "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute." After a few years, a simple constitution was adopted, club photographs were taken, badges and certificates of membership were supplied, and the watchword "Loyalty" was adopted. The club had become a training school for the church. The manual work consisted in whittling, carving, basketry, and weaving, with paper sloyd for the younger boys. There were entertainments and sales and occasional addresses. Dr. Grenfell was one of the speakers. Some time afterwards he wrote to the club: "How would the Captains like to make a regular Stars and Stripes coverlet for the Gabriel Pomiuk memorial cot?" The coverlet was duly made and sent. In 1902 the Captains designed and executed a motto to be put on the hospital at Battle Harbor. This motto was carved in pine, the letters being in relief, the background painted, and the whole shellacked. The letters of the motto, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," were ten inches high. It was a whole winter's work for the eight or ten boys who worked on it. When Doctor McKenzie visited the Grenfell Mission in 1905, he was proud to see over the hospital the motto which his own boys had

made. It was destroyed when the hospital was burned some years later.

For no less than thirty-three years this remarkable club continued. Hundreds of boys received invaluable training in handicraft, in missionary interest, and in church loyalty. "For many years," Miss Mackintire has written, "this was my greatest interest . . . and the reward has been correspondingly great. . . . No wonder I have loved the boys of this church." Little wonder, too, that the boys loved their devoted leader.

In 1907 a printed account of the origin and aims of the Captains of Ten was published. In a foreword Dr. McKenzie wrote: "I cannot well overstate the satisfaction which I have had in the club, and the relief I felt when I found that there was a practicable way of bringing our boys together by interesting them in the life of the church . . . 'The Captains' are an essential part of our large church organization." Once, when traveling in the Austrian Tyrol in 1897, he visited an industrial school at Cortina and examined its work. As he came away, his comment was: "It almost seemed as if the Captains of Ten might do some of it."

But times change; sloyd or manual training was put into the schools, the Boy Scouts came to the front, and gradually there seemed to be no definite place or purpose for the club. Thus the Captains of Ten became past history, but a history full of great memories and great achievement.

Out of this club for the smaller boys, however, there grew an organization for older boys which is still in existence and is performing a useful work. Miss Mackintire was the directing genius in introducing into the church the Knights of King Arthur, a church society for young men conceived by William Byron Forbush, which was in great vogue in the nineties. As the members of the Captains grew older, they outgrew the boys' club, but they were loath to leave it. They called them-

selves the Graduate Squad, and still attended the meetings, presumably to help but really with the effect of hindering the work of the club. So, in December, 1897, their activities were wisely directed towards forming Castle Shalott, of the Knights of King Arthur, the ranks of which were filled from the graduates of the Captains so long as that club continued to exist, and then from the adult classes of the church school.

The Knights of King Arthur organization makes good use of the pageantry and ritual associated with the Round Table of English history and legend, blending effectively with them the Christian ideals of brotherhood, loyalty, and chivalry. Thus it makes an unmistakable appeal to the imagination and reverence of youth, and furnishes a fine medium for imparting the essential ideals of Christian character. Its three "orders" of pages, esquires, and knights provide for progress and graduation, and help to link the Castle to the church, since only communicant members of the church may qualify as knights. Its conclaves provide an impressive service in which the oath of allegiance and of brotherhood is united with the use of Scripture, hymns, and the prayers of the church. Few can have been present at these conclaves of young men in their regalia without being touched by the reverence and beauty of the knightly service. The rite of initiation into knighthood with the Bible oath and the accolade of the sword that has been bathed in heaven makes its direct appeal to the imagination. The whole is fraught with spiritual meaning.

As in the case of the Captains, Miss Mackintire was the guiding spirit of this organization. It grew around her personality and her disinterested devotion to her "boys." She was wise enough, however, not to do the work alone. As she had assistants in her work with the Captains, rightly feeling that every boys' club should have young men connected with it, so, in the case of this young men's organization, she wanted older men as her aides. Fortunately the Castle organization

provided for this in the person of Merlin, the advisor and tutor of the Knights. The first Merlin of Castle Shalott was Allan K. Sweet. "He was thoroughly interested in and alive to the ideals in the Arthurian stories," Miss Mackintire has written. "He understood young men, being himself a schoolmaster. He was quiet and steady . . . and he laid a good foundation for the Castle." Miss Mackintire believed too in having women associated with boys and young men in their moral development, to add an influence and give a certain quality to their meetings. Thus, the Castle has always had its three queens, "the friends of Arthur who will help him at his need."

For more than thirty-four years Castle Shalott has maintained its organized life, and at this writing has the distinction of being the oldest Castle in America. During all these years, its founder, the beloved Lady of the Lake, has presided over its destinies. On the walls of the throne-room there hang a hundred shields on which are emblazoned the knightly names of young men who have learned the lessons of honor and of chivalry. It is a touching and beautiful sight to-day to see many of these knights now grown to manhood return from their quest of the Holy Grail of character and service, and renew with their beloved leader the memories of the past.

The Knights have, almost to a man, become devoted church members and workers. They can always be depended upon to do any church work which they are asked to perform. One of their best bits of work was the publishing of *The Round Table*, a church and parish monthly. This publication had been preceded by *The Shepherd*, which appeared in the late eighties, and by *The Shepherd's Crook* in the early nineties, edited by the pastor and officers of the church. The Knights took up the task once more on their own initiative. As stated in the first issue (June, 1902), "the purpose of this paper is to bring the members of our church and the different societies connected with it, into closer relationship one with another, and to for-

ward every good effort that is put forth in our midst." It seems to have accomplished its purpose. The last issue was in November, 1905. The bound volume gives a complete and interesting history of the parish life of the Cambridge church. Dr. McKenzie contributed frequent articles of personal reminiscences, of travels, or on religious subjects.

Thus was fostered the religious life of the youth of the church through the untiring efforts of a consecrated woman, whom Dr. McKenzie had the insight to call into this service, and to whom he gave full freedom of action and his unfailing support and sympathy. It is said that when Mr. Mackintire came to Cambridge he told Dr. McKenzie that he had not much money to give to the church, but that he would give his daughter. It proved to be the rarest gift that he could have made.

It remains to recount the history of another organization of young men and women with which, more than with any other, Dr. McKenzie was personally identified and in which he had the greatest interest. The Society of Christian Endeavor was founded by Dr. Francis E. Clark in the parsonage of Williston Congregational Church on February 2, 1881. In June, 1882, six societies had been formed. From that day to this, societies have sprung up in every corner of the globe until 70,000 have come into existence, thousands of them in missionary lands. This was the first great youth movement in the modern church. The underlying idea was to give to young church people duties and responsibilities suited to their powers and to train them for the serious Christian tasks which confronted them. The prime object was the training of Christian character, the consecration of the will to Christ, and the fostering of the purpose to acknowledge his leadership, to follow in his steps. It was from the beginning a distinctively church organization, a training-school for future church workers, but it gave young people at the same time things to do which were in themselves

worth while. The weekly meeting was the center of its activities, inspiring and controlling its whole life. It was evangelical in its purpose and method, and stressed the deeper and personal aspects of the gospel.

This movement could not escape the attention and interest of the pastor of the Cambridge church. He was, however, sagacious enough to see that some of the methods and principles of the movement were not likely to appeal to college-trained young men and women. The question before him was how to capture the impetus and utilize the corporate enthusiasm of this great mass movement without subscribing to all of its tenets or demanding forms of allegiance which would not be congenial to college-bred youth.

The problem was solved by a form of organization which contained the essence of the new movement, but reserved a complete independence of method. Thus, the Young People's Alliance of the Cambridge church was never affiliated with the Christian Endeavor Society. Yet to that society McKenzie was always friendly, frequently addressing its conventions and always having only good to say of it. But he himself was not of it, and the young people's society of his church struck out for itself and maintained its independence of thought and action. The wisdom of this was proved by the event. Before long, many of the Endeavor Societies in other churches had ceased to exist. But the Young People's Alliance of the Cambridge church is still, after half a century, one of the most vigorous of its organizations. Indeed, it was the pioneer of a type of student association which to-day is a recognized part of the curriculum of strong churches in academic communities.

On Tuesday, October 14, 1884, the Young People's Alliance was founded under Dr. McKenzie's personal supervision. Against his desire he was made its first president; but within a year or two one of the Alliance members, John B. Kempton, took the office, and others succeeded him. For the rest of his

life McKenzie was intimately identified with the Alliance, and maintained a close friendship with its leaders and members. He had given to it its name. He gave to it also its motto, which he brought from Wellesley College: *Non ministrari, sed ministrare*. He outlined its principles and methods with such far-seeing sagacity that they have remained practically unaltered to this day. The constitution was simple. The object of the society "shall be to promote an earnest life among its members, and to make them of service one to another, to Christ, and to the Church." The pledge of its membership was broad, simple, free: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for guidance and strength, I purpose to do those things which will please Him, and I will endeavor in all my life to be His disciple." Weekly meetings were held on Tuesday evenings until 1893, when the change was made to Sunday evening. A topic of religious interest was discussed on three evenings in the month; on the fourth an address was given by some person invited for the purpose. The missionary purpose was fostered, and the Alliance cooperated with the other church organizations in helping forward the parish work as a whole. In 1887 McKenzie wrote in a foreword to the Alliance *Manual*: "These few years have demonstrated the wisdom of this new combination of the sympathies and forces of those who are so largely the glory of this ancient church, and upon whom rest so firmly the hopes of the church for the years which are to be."

McKenzie's devotion to the Alliance may be judged from the fact that for nearly thirty years he rarely missed being present at its meetings. In his journal, one keeps coming across the record: "Tuesday [or Sunday] evening at the Alliance." Frequently he gave an address himself. He invited other outstanding speakers: Dr. Grenfell, Dr. R. A. Hume, Dr. Francis E. Clark, General Samuel Armstrong. At the discussion meetings it was understood that McKenzie would give a brief closing address, summing up, as it were, the truth of the

evening. In these short addresses he was invariably at his best, and what he said left a deep impression. The membership was composed in part of the young people of the church itself, but largely from the transient student body of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges. And so it has been ever since. A steady procession of youth from all over the country has felt for fifty years the positive religious influence of this society of young people, and has been aided by it to a rational and convincing faith. It is in fact a practical school of religion.

The Alliance has responded, as might be expected, to the changes and fluctuations of religious thought and emphasis. At first its topics for discussion were those of a personal and pietistic faith. Later they were broadened to include the less strictly religious and more humanitarian interests which came to occupy the student mind. But always, pervading and controlling its thought and intention, there was the positive emphasis on the reality of the spiritual life, the paramount importance of personal devotion to God, and to His Son Jesus Christ. In the meantime, there had come an increasing emphasis on the social aspects of the gospel, both in England and in America. Professor Francis G. Peabody had begun his courses on "social ethics" at Harvard College. Andover Theological Seminary had established the Andover — later the South End — House in Boston under the able leadership of Robert A. Woods. The Prospect Union was beginning its work in Cambridgeport. More and more what was called "applied Christianity" was coming to the front. The writings of such men as Washington Gladden and Graham Taylor were rousing the conscience of the church. The Christian Endeavor Society was broadening its religious program and calling upon young men and women to give themselves to some practical form of Christian service.

In 1894 at an annual county convention of Christian Endeavor, held by courtesy in the Cambridge church, the slum-

bering crusading spirit of some of the Alliance members had been fired to put "zeal into action."¹ Dr. McKenzie strongly supported this nascent impulse, and after numerous conferences and committee meetings it was finally decided to hold some religious meetings in a region practically untouched by any of the Cambridge churches. An upstairs room was hired in a house at the corner of Putnam and Western Avenues in the Riverside district. Several dozen second-hand hymn books were secured, invitations were distributed in the neighborhood, the interest and cooperation of a few residents of the district were obtained, and Sunday evening meetings were begun. Talks were given by several invited speakers from the Cambridge church and from Harvard College. The singing of evangelistic hymns was a prominent feature.

The room was soon outgrown, and the group moved to an empty two-room store on Western Avenue; the enterprise, now called the Riverside Mission, was enlarged to include an afternoon Sunday school, and soon was further developed to include week-day periods for supervised indoor play, and instruction in useful trades for both boys and girls. Soon mothers' meetings were begun, and neighborhood visitation was added to the program. Sewing and chair caning were among the industries taught; cooking and child care were included.

About 1898-99 it was decided that the work needed full-time paid direction, and at the suggestion of C. W. Birtwell, then director of the Boston Associated Charities, the word "Mission" was dropped, and the name Riverside Alliance was adopted to indicate a cooperative effort of those in the district with those from the First Church. A theological student, B. A. Thaxter, was engaged as superintendent. He served one

1. This account of the Riverside Alliance is compiled from information received from George A. Goodridge, from James A. Richards, from Gurry E. Huggins, from an article in the *Round Table* for April, 1905, from the reports of the Alliance, and from church records.

year and was succeeded by C. R. Small; and in January, 1900, James A. Richards took over the superintendency, continuing until June, 1901.

The work expanded rapidly, both as to the scope of the program and the area served. The need for adequate quarters soon became apparent, and a campaign was started for funds for a new building. It was an ambitious project for those days; it enlisted the services of many committee-folk and canvassers, both young and old; it reached many generous givers. The goal set was finally attained; the new site was chosen; the contracts were let; the "new building" was completed, dedicated, occupied, and used. Many to whose efforts the successfully completed project was due continued their service, while many others, equally responsible, moved elsewhere.

Such, in briefest outline, is the story of the Riverside Alliance, the story of a well-directed and well-sustained enthusiasm upon the part of the Young People's Alliance of the Cambridge church. The work reached Protestants and Roman Catholics, whites and Negroes, alike, and contacts were made with some 150 families. While in some cases these were only with children, in a great many they reached the whole family. In sorrow or pleasure, in sickness or health, Riverside workers were present to give cheer and assistance. No effort was made to promote any creed or form of religious service. The work was as broad as humanity, and was open to every man, woman, and child. Among those who made their influence felt was Cale Young Rice, whose gratuitous services at the very beginning made possible that development which followed the early undertakings. Roger Gilman for several years gave much of his time and thought to directing the work. There were also William E. Stark, Howard Flint, Gretchen Hagar, Eleanor Stark, and George A. Goodridge, whose names will always be connected with the Riverside project. The superintendents were Benjamin A. Thaxter, Charles R. Small, James A. Rich-

ards, Orville G. Franz, Gurry E. Huggins, and Phillips E. Osgood.

The very success of the work proved to be an obstacle to its continuance. By 1905 the Riverside Alliance had surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. Its annual report for the year 1900 reads like that of a full-fledged settlement. Its bulletin presents a schedule of daily activities, beginning with a primary Sunday school on Sundays from 2:30 to 3:30 P.M., the main Sunday school from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M., and a neighborhood prayer-meeting at 7:45 P.M. A sewing school was held on Monday, a kindergarten class on Wednesday, a boys' club on Thursday, and kindergarten games on Friday. In addition there were a monthly parents' meeting and a monthly Sunday-school concert. The program grew beyond the ability of the Alliance to manage by itself, demanding more time, more helpers, more money than it could furnish. The church was therefore asked to assume control. But this proposition involved difficulties which, in the end, proved impossible to surmount. In a word, a situation was created in which the pastor and the business men of the church found themselves somewhat at variance; for McKenzie had espoused the cause of the Riverside Alliance as his very own. "I regard this," he wrote, "as one of the crowning results of my ministry. It is the consummation of many hopes." Sunday after Sunday in his pastoral prayer he would work Acts xvi:13 into his petition for the "Riverside where prayer is wont to be made." When certain members of the congregation approached him with a view to having his portrait painted by church subscription at a cost of approximately \$2500, he replied that he would prefer to have this money applied to the Riverside building because he so loved the work which the young people were doing there.

Already in 1901, when the plans for the new building were projected, the cleavage between the ardent desire of the minis-

ter and the prudent caution of certain of the church officers began to appear. They doubted the wisdom of erecting a building; they were not sure that the enterprise was of a permanence to warrant the necessary expenditure. Money was needed for parish purposes; should it be diverted to an end laudable in itself, but not really essential to the stability of the church? Thus they hesitated, failing to respond at once to McKenzie's eager wish. All of this caused him keen pain and regret.

I asked with [the young people] that a suitable building should be provided for their work. Some readily acceded to this request. More did not. The work was found not to have the approval which it deserved, and when this house was asked, it was refused. This was to me a personal matter. My whole heart was in it. But neither my argument nor my desire prevailed. The favor which was sought was not secured. I made a final appeal to the women of the parish, and this was refused more decidedly than the other. A small sum of money was subscribed, and there the project faltered. I went to Europe for six months, sad and disappointed. It was not alone that the Mission would not have the building, but that my own very strong desire which was well known, was of little effect. It seemed to me . . . that my clear judgment and great desire after more than thirty years of service should have prevailed; that if I was in any degree worthy of my office, I should have been able to secure promptly the sum of five or six thousand dollars for the only local mission work distinctively in charge of the church. I will not repeat the excuses which were given. That they had little merit is seen in the fact that after my return, the project was endorsed by the Church Committee, and with its sanction a renewed effort was made to procure the necessary money. . . . I admire the patience with which the young people have waited, have borne rebuff, have carried themselves hopefully through all the trial of their faith. . . . The end will be good. Yet I doubt if it will ever be known how much my heart was set on the advance of this Christian work in which I saw the fulfilment of the desires of many years. I think I shall derive profit from the experience, and I trust that I shall never be wanting in charity and all consideration, seeing that I am myself constantly in need of these graces. The wise way in this, as in most things, was to accept the conditions, make the best of them, to be good-natured, to believe in the wisdom which fails to respond to my own, and to go on cheerfully and faithfully in the work of life. I do not suffer my disappointment to affect my love for my people, or my confidence in their regard for me. . . . Let nothing I have said be regarded as reflecting in

any way upon the discretion of the officers of the church. They had many things to consider. Let us all feel that things have worked on to a good result and in a good way.

We cannot read these words without being moved by them. Here was this man nearing seventy years of age with the glow and enthusiasm of youth in his heart, an ardent desire which did not meet with the immediate approval of his church people as he desired and expected. Yet, with all his disappointment, how controlled and humble and generous he was, gladly acknowledging the good will and good faith of those who differed from him, and showing no sign of resentment or ill-temper. The possession of such qualities explains the permanence and depth of McKenzie's ministry, as their absence explains the brevity or tragedy of the ministry of other men. George Eliot has a phrase about "the passionate patience of genius." It takes a spiritual genius to unite these two qualities. It is the most difficult task in the moral life. Yet upon its attainment depends success in any calling — in none more than in the Christian ministry.

At length McKenzie had his way. The steps to the consummation of his desire are noted in the journals.

March 5, '99. Discussed new building for Riverside Mission. Not very satisfactory because of outright opposition. But I think all will come out right in time. Much wish to see this Mission well housed. May 14, '99. Tomorrow the circulars for the new Riverside building will reach the people. The Lord prosper the design if it is for His sake. Amen. May 21. The circulars have not brought in much, and the prospect is not brilliant. Let us hope for the best, though the coldness of some who should do better is dismal.

Some generous people — the Leavitts, the Roberts, the Kendalls — came to the rescue, and the necessary amount, about \$6000, was secured. The church felt it unwise by taking title in its own name to become legally responsible for the conduct and expense of the enterprise. Hence when the Riverside land was bought title was taken in the names of three members of

the church, to hold and to manage and to deal with as the church committee should direct. The year 1902 began with high hopes. The Riverside building was dedicated; early in the year all the money needed to pay for the house and furnishings was raised. "The Mission is very flourishing under Mr. Huggins and Mr. Franz. There are about ninety² workers, about one half of whom are from Harvard and Radcliffe."

When the time came that the Alliance could no longer operate the work with its own resources, and appealed to the church to take it over, the officers again hesitated. Once more there was not money enough, as it seemed, in the church to carry out the full program which McKenzie wanted to put through. A fine chance had apparently presented itself to do what many other churches had done: to have a strong and thriving mission as a social outlet for the expression of its religious life in the community. The church went so far as to pay the modest salary of a superintendent, and when Mr. Bourne came as Dr. McKenzie's assistant, he was put for a time in charge of the work. There was enlargement on every side. The Alliance was recognized among the activities of the Harvard religious and social-service student program. "Even the police," McKenzie has written, "bore witness to a change among the boys of the neighborhood. It seemed probable that the Mission would be continued as a proper extension of the life of the church."

But the elements of permanency were not there. As time went on, and those of the Alliance who were most interested in the enterprise moved away, those who took their places lacked the early fire and zeal. The population of the district slowly changed, and the need for the service was not so apparent. And always there was the problem of the necessary funds, which caused the church officers a growing concern. The

2. Mr. Huggins writes that the number of workers was 120.

end of the enterprise as a church institution came quite suddenly. McKenzie wrote sadly its obituary: "In the absence of the Pastor the Mission was abandoned, and the building was closed. This was chiefly for financial reasons, and is the only instance of a backward movement in the long life of the church. The original Alliance at the church lives, though in a form somewhat changed, and is an important feature of the church life."

Some years later the building was reopened and the activity continued as the Riverside House, under the direction of certain devoted women connected with the Cantabrigia Club. It attained such success that it became a recognized member of the Social Union of Boston. But once more the work got beyond the strength of its supporters. The character of the neighborhood had further altered. The undertaking was finally given up, and the building was later sold by the church. The purchase money and the few legacies were set aside as a fund for furthering the young people's work.

The fifteen years' existence of the Riverside Alliance was a success beyond the record of its immediate accomplishments. It had witnessed to the reality of a fine enthusiasm in the lives of those who had put their energies into it. It had trained many a young life in the ideals of human brotherhood and service. President H. N. MacCracken of Vassar College has told the writer that it was in this work that he caught his first enthusiasm for social service; James A. Richards is now a well-known pastor at Oberlin; Phillips Osgood is rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston; Gurry E. Huggins and George A. Goodridge are eminent in the financial and business world. Such is the type of men who were profoundly and permanently influenced by this glowing episode in Christian altruism. It has a permanent place in the history of the church. "Whatever the effort may have meant," Mr. Goodridge has written, "to some of the underprivileged citizens of the Riverside district,

I am sure that scattered through the world to-day are many . . . who would confess to having enjoyed, through their efforts in behalf of and in their work within the Riverside Alliance, some of the most rewarding experiences of their lives."

"The young people," writes McKenzie, "have been my joy and my delight. . . . I have kept the confidence and love of the young people, I am quite certain." And he had earned it. For never did a pastor devote himself more whole-heartedly to them than had the pastor of the Cambridge church.

From time to time other organizations were set on foot which have enriched the life and broadened the work of the parish. In 1884, the Paper Mission was inaugurated in connection with the Home Missionary Society. Its purpose was to collect papers, magazines, and books from members of the congregation for distribution to missions, hospitals, seaman's societies, and home mission churches. This organization still exists and performs a wide and useful service.

In 1889, the Shepard Historical Society was organized; its object was to collect and preserve memorials of the history of the church, books, pictures, and documents, under the care of a curator; and to hold meetings in which addresses of an historical nature should be given by prominent speakers, to keep alive in the minds of the congregation the record of the past and quicken the loyalty of its members. McKenzie was president of this society from the first, and its continued and vigorous existence has proved its worth and importance.

Followed in 1897 the Cradle Roll in connection with the Sunday school, to enroll babies, and small children too young to attend the sessions of the School, as its potential members, and to deepen and increase the sense of responsibility of their parents in their training in the religious life. In all of these ways, the work of the church was being steadily enlarged and reinforced.

In the community, too, the influence of the church, under Dr. McKenzie's leadership, was being increasingly felt. The church cooperated actively with the Young Men's Christian Association, the East End Union, the Prospect Union (which flourished under the leadership of Rev. Robert E. Ely, and enlisted the service of many Harvard students in providing educational opportunity for the under-privileged), the newly formed Associated Charities, the Cambridge Hospital, the Home for Aged People, and the Avon Home for Children.

The Cambridge Anti-Tuberculosis Society was a direct outgrowth of the Home Missionary Society of the church. At its meeting³ on November 5, 1902, a committee of three, Mrs. Rufus P. Williams, Mrs. William B. Durant, and Miss Maude Batchelder (Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh), was appointed to consider the advisability of starting a diet kitchen for the needy sick. Upon investigation, however, the committee decided that those in the city for whom least was being done were the tuberculous poor. The society empowered the committee to carry out its plan to supply nutrition and care to consumptives in their homes. "This was the first organized effort in Massachusetts to promote general interest in tuberculosis." On October 30, 1903, in the parlors of the church was formed the Cambridge Tuberculosis Aid and Education Association. Dr. McKenzie favored the project from the first. Mrs. Williams writes:

I shall never forget his reply after I had explained the possibility of curing the tuberculous if the public could be aroused, interested and educated in the methods. He said: "It will be a distinctly Home Missionary work. We should look after our own dooryard." I needed his influence and the assistance of his church to bring the subject before the citizens of the city. He gave it wholeheartedly, came to the missionary meeting at which I introduced the matter, and spoke for it. He always sat in a front seat at the annual meetings. He felt a sort of proprietary interest

3. See *Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report of the Tuberculosis Society*.

in the association. It was born in his church. Many times he has told me he considered it one of the finest efforts our Home Missionary Society ever made.

The church had an active part in instituting and maintaining a union mission at Mt. Auburn. In the summer of 1873, an earnest Christian woman gathered a number of children together by personal invitation and taught them from the Bible. In November of that year an organization was formed known as the Mt. Auburn Sabbath School Society, its meeting place being an unfinished room in the old Cushing Street school-house. It came under the care of Rev. Edward Abbott, pastor of Stearns Chapel for some years, and later rector of St. James' Church. Under his supervision, a chapel fund account was started, and in 1874 a lot was purchased from the Bird estate on Belmont Street. On July 6, 1876, the chapel was dedicated free from debt. In 1882 the name was changed to the Mt. Auburn Mission and it was adopted by the Baptists. It continued under this name until 1911, when a duly organized Baptist church was formed which is now on Templeton Parkway. Dr. McKenzie foresaw the day when another church would be organized in the Belmont section, "but this will not be in my time." To-day it exists, the flourishing Payson Park church, organized in 1913.

A few of the more important events in these long years must be briefly chronicled. Early in 1882 there was a considerable influx of new members from Prospect Street Church. Into the cause of this exodus it is not necessary to go. McKenzie makes the following comments in his journal:

We have many families coming here from Prospect Street Church. They are dissatisfied there, and come to us. May they be blessed here and do us good, and may the church they leave be greatly blessed in all things. March 9, 1882. Met some fifty persons who have come from Prospect Street Church. A very pleasant evening, saddened by the

thought that these good people were leaving the church with which they had been united. April 20, '82. Many persons from Prospect Street Church.

It is pleasant to record that the relations between the two churches continued to be cordial and that Prospect Street Church healed its troubles and has continued to prosper.

In February, 1886, occurred the joint celebration by both branches of the First Church of its 250th anniversary. At that time no question had been raised concerning the date of organization, the traditional dating from the year 1636 being accepted. On December 14, 1885, the Parish Committee of the First Parish in Cambridge passed a vote cordially inviting the Shepard Congregational Society to unite in a celebration of the approaching anniversary. The invitation was accepted, and committees from both churches were appointed to determine upon the general plan of the celebration. The day chosen was that mentioned by Governor Winthrop as the date of the assembly held at Newtowne for organizing the church under Thomas Shepard. This was February 1, 1636 (old style). Allowing for the change from the old style to the new, the date would be February 11, 1886; the following day, February 12, was selected. The plans were carried out with entire success. In spite of a pouring rain all day, both churches were filled with eager congregations. Opening services were held in the afternoon at the Unitarian church, followed by a social gathering and collation in the parish rooms of the Congregational church, the whole celebration being brought to a close the same evening with a service in the latter church.

The invitations that were issued for this occasion were signed by Dr. Edward H. Hall, pastor, J. T. G. Nichols, and Arthur E. Jones for the Unitarian church, and by Dr. McKenzie, George S. Saunders, and Charles W. Munroe for the Congregational church. The afternoon service was held at three o'clock. Dr. George W. Briggs read the Scriptures, and Rev.

Charles F. Thwing gave the prayer. Old hymns were sung, and there were addresses by Charles Theodore Russell, by Mayor William E. Russell, by the Hon. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., by Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, and by Dr. McKenzie. McKenzie, as a sort of prelude to the whole occasion, had preached an historical sermon in his own church on February 7, lauding the person and work of Thomas Shepard and the Puritans of England and New England. He continued his discussion of the Puritan migration and of its sturdy New England characters in his commemorative address.

Shall we ever get beyond their axiom that the good man is the good citizen; or their confidence that under the rule of good men there will be good laws, wisely and justly enforced? They did not believe in the natural right of a man to vote; but they believed in the natural right of a man to be good, and close upon that came the ballot. . . . The work of their hands has been established upon them. John Bridge looks from his granite pedestal upon the two churches which boast a common lineage, and far within the college gates, and rouses John Harvard from his open book to tell him that it was a good thing to bring Thomas Shepard to the New England; and John Harvard answers, "Veritas."

At the evening service in the Congregational church, Dr. David N. Beach read the Scriptures, Professor Francis G. Peabody gave the prayer, and the addresses were by Rev. Edward H. Hall of the Unitarian church, by President Charles W. Eliot, by the Hon. Horatio G. Parker, and by Dr. Nathaniel G. Clark; Dr. O. W. Holmes read a hymn composed for the occasion.

It was a noble celebration of a great event in the life of New England and in the ecclesiastical and political history of the country. All of the addresses, including McKenzie's preliminary address, printed in the anniversary volume, are notable contributions to the history and worth of the Puritan spirit and tradition which underlie the whole fabric of Church and state institutions.

In 1887, after much consideration, a new hymn book was adopted: *Hymns of the Faith*, published by Houghton, Mifflin

and Company and edited by two Andover professors, George Harris and William Jewett Tucker; Edward Glezen was musical editor. It was the best book then available for churches of the Congregational order. It remained in use in the church down to the year 1913.

In 1893 occurred the death of Phillips Brooks, an event which saddened the whole religious world. He and Dr. McKenzie had been warm personal friends,⁴ and both had been members of the first Board of Preachers for the college. On Sunday, January 29, McKenzie preached a memorial sermon from the text: "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." At the request of the college students who heard it, the sermon was printed.

An indication of the position which Dr. McKenzie occupied at this time in the religious life of the country is seen in the invitation which he received from John Henry Barrows to give the address of welcome on September 11, 1893, at the opening of the Parliament of Religions which was held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. He visited the fair and gave the address. He was in Cambridge again for his Sunday service on September 17.

In this same year, 1893, the question of merging the Shepard Congregational Society in the First Church in Cambridge was carefully considered. At that time the common ecclesiastical practice in the Congregational churches of New England was the dual organization of the church. There was the "society," of which all pew-holders were members, which controlled the material equipment of the church, had charge of its finances, determined the amount of salaries to be paid, and took care of all other business matters. Then there was the "church," composed of its communicant members, which controlled its

4. "Nov. 24, '78. Phillips Brooks preached at Cambridge Church before a very large congregation. 'Bethesda, Way to Helpfulness.'"

spiritual concerns, admitted and dismissed church members, took care of missionary and benevolent work, and arranged the order of services. These two organizations had separate executive committees and held separate annual meetings. Concurrent action of both society and church was needed in the calling and dismissing of a minister of the church and other matters of major interest. This dual arrangement had its evident infelicities, and a movement was under way in the late 'nineties in New England for the consolidation into single church corporations for the administration of all affairs, material and spiritual alike. An Act of the Massachusetts General Court in 1887 provides for the incorporation of a church and the transfer to it of the property of the society. At the annual meeting of the Shepard Congregational Society in the year 1893, a committee was appointed to consider the matter. This committee consisted of Charles Theodore Russell, Jr., Edwin B. Hale, George S. Saunders, Charles A. Phelps, and Frank Gaylord Cook. By a majority of four to one, the committee reported against the proposed change, which seemed to it to disenfranchise the non-communicant members of the parish, and possibly to imperil the best management of its financial affairs. A vigorous dissenting opinion was filed by Mr. Cook, who contended that the merger would "define and establish the legal rights of the church, would lessen the occasion of discord, . . . would establish the right of the church as a body corporate to control . . . all the interests temporal and spiritual connected with [its] work." The majority report settled this question for the term of Dr. McKenzie's ministry. The change was finally made in the year 1919, when the Shepard Congregational Society, formed in 1829, the year of the Unitarian division, was legally merged in the incorporated church organization. The corporate name, "The First Church in Cambridge, Congregational," was adopted with the knowledge and consent of the First Church, Unitarian.

On the heels of this discussion came another, the question of admitting women as voting members of the society. In the church, since 1873, the right to vote was extended to all church members. But in the society that right was restricted to "Owners and lessees of pews, male or female, and adult male members of the church." In the year 1894 a committee appointed to consider this question, which to-day seems singularly archaic, recommended that By-Law 1 of the society be amended to admit all adult women members of the church, whether lessees of pews or not, to membership in the parish, so that "the membership in both 'Church' and 'Society' should be as nearly the same as it could be made." This recommendation, made on May 5, 1894, was subsequently adopted by the society.

In the year 1899, the important question of the legal name of the church came up for final adjustment. This involved joint action by both the Congregational and Unitarian branches.

When in 1636 the church was organized (or reorganized), it probably assumed no name. It was "the Church in Cambridge," and as there was no other, the designation of First Church was unnecessary. Later, when other churches were organized, it came to be known as the First Church or the First Church of Christ in Cambridge. When, in process of development, the society came into existence, as distinguished from the spiritual body of the church, both existed under the joint or common name of First Church in Cambridge. It is not apparent that the parish was known as the First Parish, independently of the church name. Such was the situation when the separation took place in 1829, the parish and about one-third of the church members becoming Unitarian.

Some two-thirds of the members of the church with the pastor and deacons, being shut out from the meeting-house, proceeded to independent worship under the old name of First

Church in Cambridge, the traditional dual control being completed by the organization of the Shepard Congregational Society. The parish from which it separated was known and advertised itself as the First Parish in Cambridge, and the Unitarian branch of the church continued also the use of the name First Church in Cambridge. While both branches of the church had thus been officially using this title, neither was known popularly by it. The Unitarian church was generally called The First Parish Church. When the Congregational church erected its building in 1872, this was considered to be a memorial to the first pastor, Thomas Shepard, and the building was designated as the Shepard Memorial Church. The effort was made to keep both names, the First Church in Cambridge for the organization, and the Shepard Memorial Church for the building. Such a distinction, however, was difficult to maintain, and the latter name often appears, with or without the phrase "First Church in Cambridge," on bulletins, orders of services, and other documents. Thus, a situation had developed which both churches felt should be cleared up. Committees were therefore appointed, and friendly negotiations were begun. In these, President Charles W. Eliot and Dr. McKenzie took prominent part.

It early developed that neither branch was ready to abandon the name First Church in Cambridge. The legal right of the Unitarian church to the name was beyond dispute, since by the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts⁵ in the case of *Baker v. Fales*, 16 Mass. 487, it was held that the legal right to the property of the ecclesiastical organization which existed prior to 1829 was vested in the parish and the minority of the church members which continued with the parish, and

5. A full account of this decision in its bearing upon the Cambridge church will be found in the Appendix to Dr. McKenzie's *History of the First Church in Cambridge*, pp. 271-284.

that "the only circumstance which gives a church any *legal* character is in connection with some regularly constituted 'Society.'" On the other hand, the Congregational church argued that it also had right to the name "by prescription," since it had been in continued use for sixty-nine years. The Unitarian church generously conceded this point; and the final agreement was that each church was entitled to use the ancient name, the distinction to be made by added description. Thus, the Congregational church was to be known as the "First Church in Cambridge, Congregational, 1636; Shepard Congregational Society, 1829." And the Unitarian church was to be known as the "First Church in Cambridge, 1636, Unitarian since 1829; the First Parish, 1636." "This arrangement," Dr. McKenzie comments, "is not satisfactory, but it is said to be the best which could be made." Both churches have observed scrupulously the terms of this agreement. When the Congregational church was incorporated, the words Shepard Congregational Society disappeared from its official title.

A preacher of the prominence of McKenzie was in the nature of the case not allowed to remain undisturbed in even so important a post as the Cambridge church. During his long ministry he received many invitations to other "fields of labor." This aspect of his career, significant as it is in some ways, may, however, be discussed without elaboration for the reason that he never seriously considered exchanging his post for any other — so long at least as he was assured that his people desired him to remain. And of this he was given abundant and continued assurance. The following letter from Professor J. Henry Thayer of the Harvard Divinity School, a devoted friend and member of the church, expresses what was the feeling of the entire congregation.

Grieser Hof
Gries bei Bozen
Tirol
Feb. 17, 1892.

My dear Dr. McKenzie:

This is rather a tardy and roundabout welcome home to give you, but the account of the reception has just reached me, and my heart won't let me keep silence. Though a distant, it is a very warm and jubilant hand-clasp which I reach out to you; and a person at my side — one of that class who are not only the most responsive but often also the most critical and true judges of ministers — begs also to "have a hand in it." God help and strengthen and prosper you and the dear church abundantly.

I must express too the great gratification with which I read that Dr. McKenzie "said very plainly that he would never leave his people unless they sent him away." May the reporter have recorded nothing but the literal truth!

And he had. Not only was McKenzie entirely contented in his work: he had also a constitutional aversion to change. As his daughter has written:

He had many tempting "calls" to other churches in various parts of the country . . . , but he never seriously intended accepting any one of them. I often heard him express a desire to carry his message further afield, and to preach to the unconverted, and I think he had almost an envy of influential evangelists, such as D. L. Moody. But on the whole I know that he was utterly satisfied in being the minister of the First Church in Cambridge and that nothing would have induced him to leave it for any other field of service.

We have already noted his dislike of change in things that lay near his heart. Natural, therefore, that this should be even stronger when it involved giving up home ties, friendships, and the familiar setting of the work which was so dear to him. The wonder is that, feeling thus, he was ever induced to leave Augusta for Cambridge.

In 1881, almost simultaneously, he was asked to leave Cambridge for New Haven, for New York, and for Chicago. The call to the Chicago church was especially urgent. He writes in his journal:

Monday, May 16, '81. Waited on by Messrs. Wellman, Gould and Benton of Chicago who in behalf of a large committee gave me a call to the Second Presbyterian Church. We had a long interview. I gave no encouragement, or tried to give none. They asked me to go to Chicago and look over the field. Possibly I may. The proposal is flattering and attractive. If I were beginning life or nearer the beginning, I should feel much like accepting it. As it is, I do not know. I am held here by many ties. Possibly in a new field I might freshen up and do better work. The Lord will give me the answer when I must make it.

McKenzie was told that it was a "grand church, admirably located, with wealth, a large elegant edifice, a body of earnest and consecrated workers." "I do not know," wrote a member of the church, "where one can do a greater work as preacher and pastor, and surely no city in our land where vigorous blows for Christ and humanity are more needed." "It is a large church," wrote another, "in membership and attendance, and made up of the most generous and intelligent and influential people of our city." McKenzie went to Chicago and supplied for several Sundays. The call was extended with unanimity and cordiality, and McKenzie was assured that the interest was intense in the church and congregation.

At about the same time (May 21, 1881) he was interviewed by a committee of the West Presbyterian Church in New York

to see if I would think favourably of a call to that church. I had a pleasant interview. They [Mr. Jaffery and Mr. Hyde] brought strong letters from Dr. Hastings and Dr. Prentiss. They present an attractive field of labor. Gave no decided answer. Told them of the Chicago call. There the matter rests. Lord, guide me through these difficult days. I know Thou wilt. Amen.

The following month (June 6, 1881) a committee from the First (Center) Church in New Haven came to see him. Apparently some time previously this church had made informal overtures.

They say they had heard that I was thinking of leaving Cambridge and wish to renew their proposal. They think they have a prior claim as coming before the others. Told them the matter was now before the people here and that I am waiting their decision.

On May 22, 1881, he writes in his journal:

The people seemed moved by my call from Chicago and proposal from New York. I do not know what will be done. I have not sought these invitations. . . . Why are there two? Wed. May 25. Dr. Merriman of Chicago came to urge me to accept the call thither. No decision reached. Sunday eve. May 29. Had a conference with Deacons Saunders, Flint and Munroe touching my calls. . . . I told them frankly I should prefer to stay here if things can be put on a working basis. So I leave it to the people. June 6. People seem to be hopeful with regard to my staying here. A committee has the business in charge.

The result was that McKenzie received the hearty assurance from both officers and people of their desire to have him remain. He thus found no difficulty in declining all three of these proposals.

June 26, '81. Announce my decision to remain here, which the people receive with gladness. I came to this point almost without wavering. I believe that it is best that I should continue here. My salary is to be \$5000.00 from July 1. The mortgage on this house is to be paid, and the house given to me. Thus I seem well provided for. May great good come to this people and the community and great glory to the dear Lord.

In the year 1889, he was asked if he would consider going to the Central Congregational Church in Philadelphia, but this proposal was not pushed, and it did not receive serious consideration. It was far otherwise when, in 1892, a determined effort was made to have him move across the Charles and become one of the preachers in the Back Bay district of Boston, as pastor of the Central Church. Phillips Brooks had just been consecrated Bishop, and had left Trinity Church. Dr. George A. Gordon was in the beginning of his great ministry at Old South Church. Central Church, whose brilliant pastor, Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, had resigned, felt that McKenzie was the

one man who could maintain the prestige of the church, make its influence felt on the growing student population in that section of Boston, and enlarge its congregation by the power of his preaching.

There were peculiar personal reasons attached to such a proposal. In Central (then Winter Street) Church, he had worshipped as a young business man in Boston. There he had first acquired the fondness for church work which ultimately led him into the Christian ministry. There were still active in the church men and women whom in his youth he had known intimately. Chief among them was Mr. John N. Denison, who initiated the whole idea and brought his whole influence to bear.

McKenzie was traveling in Egypt when the news of this possibility first reached him. He put it from his mind for the time. But when he was at home again he had to face it. Central Church he still considered his spiritual home. It had lain all these years so near his heart that he had never been able to bring himself to remove his membership from it. He was then over sixty years of age. If ever he was to make a change, surely this was the time. The entries in his journal tell the story.

Mar. 4, '92. The Central Church people are urging me to take that church. I should like to serve the Church in the Cause in Boston where there still seems to be great need. But I cannot leave here. So it seems to me and to the Church Committee and to others. I would do the will of God. But that does not call me away. There are many things to be considered. There is a chance in Boston to build up a House of Faith. But there is need here to keep up the House, and I am here in my life.

Mar. 7. Letters from Bishop Brooks, Moxom and Gordon about Central Church. They are cordial but do not seem to advise me to go. Why should I? *This* church should have a controlling voice in the matter, and the church and its committees have but one voice. May God make it clear to me if I am to go hence. I regarded it as settled, and now come these letters. Well, it is settled unless the Lord reaches out His hand and speaks with His own voice, bidding me away.

Again he consulted his deacons. Mr. Flint wrote as follows:

8 Chauncy Street
March 3, 1892.

My dear Dr. McKenzie:

I hasten to answer your inquiry in the note received, though I think there can be no doubt in your mind in regard to it. If the case is referred to me, I am, as I have long been, sure that the place for your activities is with us. In reviewing the experiences and associations of the past five and twenty years, we cannot have it otherwise.

Yours very sincerely,
F. Flint.

Mr. Flint was correct in his diagnosis of McKenzie's mind. He really had no doubt about it at all. And thus the matter ended.

The last serious effort to dislodge Dr. McKenzie from his Cambridge church came in 1894, when Andover Seminary did its best to persuade him to accept the Bartlet professorship of sacred rhetoric. This will be fully discussed in the next chapter.

In reviewing later all of these negotiations and others of a more tentative nature, McKenzie writes: "I have been many times asked to take another church, but have never had a desire to do so which was not less potent than that which held me where I was. . . . I have kept my place [here]. I think I have done well in this. I have always felt that there was more for me to do where I am."

As time went on, and the dimensions of this extraordinary ministry began to disclose themselves, its recurring anniversaries were celebrated with increasing enthusiasm, with deepening veneration for the man and for the ever enlarging scope of his influence. McKenzie himself always notes in his journals the anniversaries of his installation in 1867.

January 20, '78. Eleventh anniversary sermon: "And now if thou wilt deal kindly with thy servant." January 24. Reception in honor of eleventh anniversary. Many came. Pleasant evening. January 23, '87. Twentieth anniversary of pastorate. Preached a written sermon from Gen. 31:41. "These twenty years have I been in thy

house." I suppose these have been good years. Friday, Jan'y. 28. Annual parish meeting. Some 400 present. A delightful evening. A proposal was made to pay off the \$5,500. church debt still in hand. January 24, '92. Twenty-fifth anniversary. Preached from "For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel." In evening, general meeting in chapel. Addresses by Messrs. Hall, Russell, G. S. Saunders, Flint, Munroe and myself. Jan'y. 25. Grand reception, a fine gathering. The chapel beautifully adorned. Received with Mr. Munroe, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Flint. I was presented with an elegant silver bowl as a souvenir of the time. Address by Mr. Hall to which I replied. . . . It was all delightful. I am overpowered by the kindness and devotion of my people. I wish Nellie and the children were here. It is a blessed home-coming.⁶

The sermons and addresses commemorating this anniversary were printed in pamphlet form. The children and youth of the church took part, in a special session of the Sunday school. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Albro's settlement was recalled. Of the committee having charge of that celebration, Hon. Charles Theodore Russell and Mr. George S. Saunders had part also in this. Letters were read from Governor Russell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Professor George Harris, and a telegram from Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D. Dr. Holmes wrote:

I have long known and esteemed Dr. McKenzie, and it has been a great source of satisfaction to me that so able and excellent a man occupies the place once filled by my father. . . . If this were the occasion for old reminiscences, I could call up many images which have almost faded from the memory of this generation. . . . I join most heartily in the greeting to your beloved Pastor and wish him a long and useful life of happy labor . . . until he is welcomed to the larger fold of the Great Shepherd.

On January 24, 1897, the thirtieth anniversary of Dr. McKenzie's installation was celebrated. He writes in his journal:

Preached from I Thess. 2: 19, 20. A fine window "Angel of the Resurrection" placed in the church as a memorial of the time. Mr. Saunders

6. He had just returned from Europe, leaving his wife and children in Rome.

made the presentation. Sabbath School shared in the event. Evening, general meeting. Mr. Hall presided. . . . A very impressive day. The love of the people is beyond my thoughts. May I be worthy of it. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Jan'y. 25. Grand reception. Everything finely arranged and finely carried out. I am overpowered by the heartiness of these days. Humble, gratified, may I also be faithful.

The sermons and addresses on this occasion also have been printed. After the morning sermon, the pastor left the pulpit and was met on the floor by Deacon George S. Saunders, who said that

it is unusual in these days of change to observe the thirtieth anniversary of the settlement of a pastor, and it is still more unusual if not unparalleled in New England for a church to be able to observe the thirtieth anniversary of *two successive pastors*. . . . Your parishioners, desiring to express in some permanent form their high regard and appreciation for years of fidelity and this successful ministry, have, with hearty coöperation, placed this memorial window as a tribute of gratitude to their honored pastor.

Again on Sunday evening there were addresses by Hon. Charles H. Saunders, by Hon. William A. Bancroft, by Hon. William Durant, by Frank Gaylord Cook on "Dr. McKenzie and our Young People," and by others. The different organizations of the church presented their greetings. The whole community was by this time impressed by the enduring strength of McKenzie's ministry. His friend and neighbor, Professor A. V. G. Allen of the Episcopal Theological School, wrote him as follows:

Cambridge, Jan. 25, 1897.

Dear Dr. McKenzie:

I cannot read without emotion the account of the services yesterday and I want to be one among those who have paid their tribute of high appreciation to your important place and work not only in Cambridge but throughout the country. Your coming to Cambridge coincides with my own, and this is my 30th year also, so that I am familiar with the long and honorable record which you have made. Let me express to you then the spirit of deep admiration for the manner in which you have fulfilled your mission, and my gratitude for the years in which you have

stood so firmly and consistently for the great truths of the Gospel of Christ and so eloquently enforced them, for the years which have seen you grow stronger and which promise a yet fuller and richer heritage.

As McKenzie went on, he became a kind of institution. "Somehow," wrote a brother minister in 1909, "our city seems a better place to live in when you are here. You would be surprised to know how many people in Epworth Church inquire for you. Some of them almost feel that they belong to your flock."

In 1907 came the fortieth anniversary, and with this the record closes. Three years later he resigned as pastor and his active ministry in the Cambridge church came to an end. Knowing that this time was approaching, both pastor and people kept this anniversary with special solemnity. He preached anniversary sermons on two successive Sundays. The first sermon (II Peter i:12) gave account of the history of the church and its method of work. The second (I Cor. ii:5) presented the "internal order and spirit and purpose of the church." These sermons and all reports of the exercises and addresses were gathered together in a memorial volume.

On Monday evening, January 21, a reception was tendered to Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie. The feature of this reception was the presentation of a portrait of Dr. McKenzie by Frank H. Tompkins. The presentation address was made by Hon. Arthur P. Stone, and the speech of acceptance by Deacon Francis Flint. An album was presented to the pastor containing the autographs of members of the congregation, and a purse of \$1700.⁷ The presentation addresses were by Judge Jabez L. Fox and Deacon George S. Saunders. In response, Dr. Mc-

7. Mr. George E. Saunders has written: "In raising the money for the portrait and gift, letters were sent to every one who ever attended this church, simply stating what we wished to do. Responses came from almost every state and many foreign countries. I had the pleasure of acting as treasurer."

Kenzie said: "I have served this church for forty years, and it has served me for forty years. It is a sort of double relationship. . . . Through all the changes . . . we have proved one another, we have believed in one another, we have loved one another. We have helped one another in many ways. Your testimony makes me very content. I am grateful for all that has been said."

Followed, on the evening of the anniversary, Thursday, January 24, in the church, a public meeting to which nearly 400 special invitations were issued. The weather was excessively cold, but a large company assembled. Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook presided. After the opening service, there were addresses by the Hon. J. M. W. Hall, and General William A. Bancroft of the congregation; and by Dr. Reuen Thomas, Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, Hon. Walter C. Wardwell, Mayor of Cambridge, President Eliot, and Dr. George A. Gordon, with a response by Dr. McKenzie. Every phase of the ministry to his own church, to the community, and to the college, and the wide reaches of his influence were recognized in these felicitous addresses. A great tribute was paid to a great ministry and to a great Christian man. In his reply, Dr. McKenzie said that seldom had he felt so little like making an address. Yet the address which he made was both touching and beautiful, and it closed with an impassioned appeal to his brother ministers, younger than he, whose work still lay before them. "There was never a time when an opportunity so grand was offered to men. . . . I thank you all, my dear people and my friends, who gladden this sacred hour. . . . What can I say more than the prayer of our fathers, God be merciful unto us and bless us." At the conclusion of this meeting, an informal reception followed where the guests of the evening were received by Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Miss McKenzie, and Professor Kenneth McKenzie, and an opportunity was given to inspect the anniversary portrait.

There followed three more years before the end of this exceptional ministry. These were years, however, of increasing physical infirmity. Dr. McKenzie's rheumatism made walking difficult; he was troubled with increasing deafness; he had occasional dizziness, and his eyes gave him some concern.

He went abroad again in the summer of 1907.

May the dear Lord guard and guide us to our desired haven, keep us while away, bring us again to our place and work. May good be here in health and happiness for all. There are many who speed us with good wishes and prayers. The people are kind. Mr. Bourne is very helpful. The Lord be here, be there, and watch between us, while there and here our eyes are lifted to the hills. For Christ's sake. Amen!

By September 30 he was in Cambridge once more.

I resumed work. . . . I am welcomed home. I am surely in better condition than when I left home. My nerves are steadier. My hearing is much the same. I have not full strength but hope for it. Indeed it seems slowly returning. I write now Oct. 26 and feel stronger. I think I shall be given more vigor. But I am going on with my work. The church year opens pretty well. A few people have gone, very few besides students. . . . The congregations are good. There are newcomers. I long for a spiritual blessing. . . . I have courage but less than I wish.

Thus he labored on until, at length in 1910, this tireless man whose body could no longer obey his will, resigned the active ministry of the Cambridge church.

CHAPTER X

MINISTRY TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

1870-1914

HARVARD COLLEGE was the magnet which had drawn McKenzie to Cambridge. And from the time of his coming to the church, his life was closely linked with that of the college. Only two years later, Charles W. Eliot was elected president, and the era began of Harvard's extraordinary development from a provincial college into a great university. Eliot, who was four years younger than McKenzie, had been his tutor in college. The two knew each other well. Thus McKenzie came naturally into close association with the college from the first.

In this connection the following letter to McKenzie has a certain historical interest:

Confidential

My dear Sir:

You are interested as well as the rest of us in the election of President for H. C.

As you are in the center of things, you may have a means of knowing of which some of us are not possessed.

Will you tell me what you know of the President Elect? What are his qualities, his character? How does he stand with the college gentlemen? Do you know whether he would be genial and affable? What is the character of his learning? In short, tell me anything in regard to him or the estimation in which he is held which would help to form a correct judgment, so as to act right. The overseers expect to vote on the question April 7.

I make this inquiry of you in confidence, and will hold in confidence anything you may communicate. Evidently it is a question with two sides.

Excuse this liberty, and use your own judgment in replying.

Very truly yours,

S. Sweetser

Mar 27, 1869.
Worcester

We have no record of McKenzie's reply, but it is not difficult to imagine what he wrote.

Soon after he began his work in the Cambridge church, there began the friendly interchanges of pulpits between him and Dr. Andrew P. Peabody,¹ who in 1860 had succeeded Dr. Huntington as Plummer professor and college preacher, to which reference has been made in a previous chapter. This was the first connection which McKenzie had with the college.

The students in college, however, were from the first to be found in the church. In the early years of McKenzie's ministry, the college students were expected to choose the church which they desired to attend, and a grant was made by the college to the churches for their religious care.² Echoes of those early days are found in the following letter by President Eliot, written in the fall of the year of his inauguration:

Rev. Alexander McKenzie

My dear Sir:

Will you have the kindness to give me a statement of the services and classes (if any) held at your church on Sundays and during the week? The new Statutes about Sunday observances are to be sent to the parents of all students, and I desire to send with them an account of the means of religious instruction in all the churches in which the college pays for seats.

Very truly yours,

Charles W. Eliot.

Harvard College

4 Oct. 1869

In the college catalogues for 1874-75 there is the following statement.

1. An interesting and sympathetic account of the personality of this remarkable man may be found in Francis Greenwood Peabody's *Reminiscences of Present-Day Saints*, pp. 22-40. See also Edward J. Young, *Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., A Memoir*, prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1898.

2. The subject of the religious requirements of the college has been painstakingly studied in connection with this book by Mr. Albert Matthews. His paper forms the basis of our account.

There are daily devotional services in Appleton Chapel, at which all Undergraduates of the College are required to be present. Undergraduates are permitted to pass Sundays with their families, or with families designated by their parents or guardians. Undergraduates who do not pass Sundays with their families are required to attend public worship once on Sunday. Each Student may select his own place of worship if he be of age; if he be a minor the selection is to be made by his parent or guardian. Seats are provided at the expense of the College for all Undergraduates who attend the Sunday services of the several religious denominations having established places of worship in the immediate vicinity of the College.

Thus many of the students came under McKenzie's influence.

In 1887, church and chapel attendance were made voluntary, but until 1905 the college continued to make grants to the churches for the seating of such students as desired to attend them. Many students, though fewer than before, continued to come to McKenzie's church.³ Pews were reserved for them in the south transept; Bible classes were conducted in their behalf; and some of them took an active interest in the work of the Sunday school, and later in the Young People's Alliance, and at Riverside House. McKenzie always had a list of the students who chose his church as their place of Sunday worship. He visited them in their rooms from time to time, and many of them he came to know very well. "At one time, at the close of the year, they gave me a clock, asking me to remember them as long as it ticked, and to forget them only as it struck. It has not yet struck, and it still ticks in my study."

The abandonment of compulsory attendance at church and college prayers came about gradually. Within a few years of the coming of McKenzie to Cambridge, the subject had begun to be agitated. The students objected to compulsory attendance. The faculty felt that it was out of harmony with

3. The change from the evening to the morning hour of the Sunday service at the college chapel was not made until January, 1910, when McKenzie had completed his active ministry.

the elective system, which already was beginning to be adopted. "Between 1873 and 1876 the Faculty of the College recommended to the Governing Boards four times that compulsory Morning Chapel should be abandoned." President Eliot was only gradually won over to that policy. It would be a radical departure from the prevailing custom in other colleges: He hesitated to give "one more occasion to the critics of Harvard to accuse her of being revolutionary and fanatical in the promotion of so-called freedom."⁴

In 1881, Dr. Andrew P. Peabody resigned as Plummer professor. President Eliot endeavored to persuade Phillips Brooks to take the position, but he finally declined, and the office remained vacant for a time, nine different clergymen from the ranks of the government of the college filling the college pulpit. They represented four or five different religious communions, and the success of this arrangement doubtless prepared the way for the new departure.

When, therefore, Francis G. Peabody became Plummer professor in 1886, he prepared a comprehensive plan whereby a board of six preachers should take over the work of conducting morning prayers and preaching at the Sunday services. They would also have consultation hours and would be available to the students for personal interview and counsel.

The proposal included the substitution of voluntary for compulsory attendance at Prayers, and also certain improvements in the services in the College Chapel. This was not a proposal to retreat, but to adopt a forward-looking plan for religious guidance framed in the hope of developing "the present unsatisfactory ways into more living ones."⁵

This proposal received the enthusiastic endorsement of Phillips Brooks, in whose judgment President Eliot had great confidence. He therefore gave his support to the plan, and it was

4. Henry James, *Life of Charles William Eliot*, I, pp. 380-382.

5. See Henry James, *op. cit.*, I, 381.

adopted by the governing boards and put in operation in 1887. This experiment, a novel one in American colleges of the period, excited much attention and was fully commented upon in the press. President Eliot is reported to have said in his talk to the freshmen: "The proper attitude of young men towards religion is one of respect. If you cannot sympathize, at least be respectful. Be sure you have something better to put in its place when you wish to do away with any religious observance."⁶

Professor Peabody, who had begun his courses on social ethics which brought him and the college such distinction, formed his plans with much care. He hoped to make the position on the board of preachers of such importance that any church in America would be willing to give up the service of its own pastor for three or four weeks at a time, that he might bear a part in religious training at the oldest university in the country. To this new board the whole direction of the religious education of the students was to be confided. It was proposed to select the preachers from different communions, with the simple wish to find men whose work would be useful, to allay the persistent cry of sectarian preference, and to give each church thus represented its own chance to show what it could do best in the religious training of young men. The following clergymen were appointed on the first board of preachers, 1886-87: Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, Alexander McKenzie, Richard Montague, George A. Gordon, and Francis Greenwood Peabody. There were two Unitarians, two Congregationalists, one Episcopalian, and one Baptist, Dr. Montague. He, however, was not able to serve because of ill health, and for the time being his place was not filled.

6. *The Nation*, November 5, 1885. There were articles in the *Journal of Education* for February 4, 1886, and in the *Harvard Crimson* for February 23 and May 6, 1886.

The *Cambridge Tribune*, October 9, 1886, reports the first Sunday evening chapel service under the new arrangement as follows:

Appleton Chapel was not big enough for the audience that gathered for the first Sunday evening service of the college year. Members of the college occupied more than half the available space. . . . All of the College Preachers were in attendance. . . . Doctor McKenzie conducted the service. . . . The sermon was by Professor Peabody on the text Joel 2: 28. Doctors Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks spoke in closing.

Thus was inaugurated the era of Sunday evening chapel services which continued for years. Appleton Chapel was filled week after week by students and by Cambridge people who took this occasion for hearing America's greatest preachers. The plan swung at once into popularity with the college and the community.

The daily morning chapel service was altered to permit a brief address ("if the preacher so pleased"). The address came, however, to be the rule. It was always brief, not over five or six minutes in length, and in the judgment of the students it was one of the most telling parts of the service. A boy choir, under the direction of Warren A. Locke, gave the music. While the attendance at the daily services varied, it was always large enough to give dignity to the service and to inspire the preachers, who were unanimous in feeling that the religious opportunity was far greater than when the chapel was filled with a crowd of indifferent or recalcitrant or even rebellious students.

There was provided also a Thursday afternoon vesper service at five o'clock. Many Harvard graduates of the period will recall it with pleasure and gratitude. In 1888 a volume of the addresses by the different preachers was published under the title *Harvard Vespers*. In 1898 appeared another volume of addresses by Professor Peabody, *Afternoons in the College Chapel*. These services were continued until 1910.

It is a witness to the reputation of McKenzie as a preacher to students that he was chosen to serve on the first board of preachers. His close connection with the college and his standing as a Congregational minister of prominence made him a natural selection. "He was," Professor Peabody has said to the author of this book, "unrestrained, unacademic, essentially an evangelistic preacher. He had marvelous fluency, fervent utterance, great homiletical gifts. He was a valuable colleague. No other member of the Board had his type of genius."

When the Board of Preachers was organized [McKenzie has written], I was one of the first appointed and I was reappointed for the next two years when, by the system of rotation, I retired, though I have performed the duties of Preacher from time to time. [He believed heartily in the plan of a voluntary non-sectarian religious system.] The College no longer stands before the world in any denominational character, but seeks to be in the largest way Christian. Students can keep themselves aloof from the religious and philanthropic work or they may identify themselves with a larger endeavor. It is a time and place of liberty. I think that there is a general feeling within the college and beyond that the present arrangement is wise, that as things are, services at which attendance is voluntary are expedient and even necessary, and that the religious life of the college is promoted by the regular change of preachers, which brings the best thought of chosen men, who count it an honor and delight to be a Harvard Preacher. I have watched the working of the plan which I have helped to form and have sought to assist, and I believe that the present system is the best which we can have, as I consider the variety of minds to be reached, the variety of men to be instructed, and to be enabled to live under the inspiration of "Veritas" or of "Christ and the Church."

In his address on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of McKenzie's installation, President Eliot, referring to this service on the board of preachers, said, "I am inclined to think that this piece of work in which Dr. McKenzie had a part, and a great part, will live longest in human history of all his works, because it was a great step in advance toward Christian unity."

There was some diversity of opinion among Harvard students concerning McKenzie as a preacher. There were those who did not respond to his particular quality. They found him somewhat sentimental and "wordy." He was probably more popular in other colleges than he was at Harvard. On the other hand, there were those who were strongly attracted by the spirituality, imaginative quality, and practical helpfulness of his sermons. This group was probably composed of the more religious-minded men. Thus Charles Lewis Slattery, afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts, in a letter to his cousin on the advantages of being a Harvard student, writes in 1890: "As for Harvard, it has given America the greatest literary genius, James Russell Lowell; its most distinguished preachers, Phillips Brooks and Andrew Peabody, (and Alexander McKenzie, perhaps.)"⁷ This undergraduate evaluation of American genius may require some revision. At least it indicates the impression which McKenzie's preaching made on the delicate and spiritual mind of a typical Harvard student of the period.

Writing of religious life in general at Harvard College, McKenzie has said:

I have sometimes been asked regarding the safety of a youth in college, whether he will be true to his bringing up and loyal to the truth he has confessed. I am sure that it is here as in the world. Put the youth into a great city and he will make his associations and choose his associates. He may gain or lose. So it is in college. If he wishes to be a Christian in his principles and conduct, he will find in college that which will strengthen him. If there is a difference, I believe the advantage is on the college side. I see enough faithful, growing students to make me certain we have at Harvard all that a man needs.

McKenzie's connection with Harvard College was not confined to his work as a preacher and pastor. In 1872, five years

7. Howard Chandler Robbins, *Life of Charles Lewis Slattery*, Harper and Brothers, p. 51.

after coming to Cambridge, he was elected by the alumni an overseer, and this office he held for twelve years. From 1875 to 1901 he was secretary of the overseers. Thus for nearly the whole of President Eliot's administration he was on the Governing Boards of the university, and when he retired there was no one on the board who had been there so long except President Eliot himself.

This forms an important part of my life. . . . My experience with the Board of Overseers has been like a second college to me. . . . Here was an opportunity to be of service to the College and its students and thus to the world into which the influence of the College entered. I was kept constantly informed of the college life and its methods. I had to know what was taking place and what was proposed by the governing boards and the faculty and the students and the alumni. These things I had to understand because of the most of them I had to make a record. I felt it a privilege to be thus at the heart of the University. Beyond this it was a rare privilege to be brought into acquaintance and intercourse with the men who were chosen as Overseers. It was more than an acquaintance with the men: it was my duty to listen to their addresses and learn their method of thought and discussion. This was of the greater value in that there were among them very few men of my own profession and therefore many of them had no special interest in my own work. I could see how lawyers, politicians, bankers, merchants, scholars thought and talked. This promoted careful thinking on my own part, accuracy, clearness of statement, and sincere and logical methods of approach and treatment. These men were not speaking at a set time or a prescribed length, but for an end, an end beyond their daily business and for which they had turned aside at noon-day to consider questions of importance. Some had come from a distance, drawn by the desire to be of use according to their ability. It was a good thing for a preacher to sit with such men year after year.

The chief speaker was President Eliot. It was his duty to introduce the subjects and to explain them. This he did in the clearest, briefest, most luminous way. He spoke with authority and often with a strong purpose. His views generally prevailed, but they were boldly discussed, often opposed and sometimes overruled. Everything had to stand on its merits. Year after year we fronted one another across the long table and I looked into his face and searched the movement of his thought. This was a lesson in distinct statement well understood and presented. Between us at the head of the table sat the President of the Board of Overseers. I am sure everyone . . . will see that here was a fine school for a minister. These

men for the most part I should not have known but for this continuous intercourse; to know men of such standing is of inestimable value, and this is increased when the knowledge is connected with common interests and duties.

I am indebted for my place on the Board of Overseers [McKenzie has written] to my friendship with Judge Hoar. I always found him genial, while some others thought him abrupt and critical. He was a lawyer of eminence, of large learning, and of witty mind. He was a favored speaker at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner. I remember how aptly he recited the answer of the old man to the youth who questions him:

"What is your aim in life?" the youth inquired.

"I have no aim," the old man said; "I'm fired."

Once when the Overseers proposed to adjourn to a day so near that the required notice of the meeting could not be given, Judge Hoar instructed me, "When the thing is impossible, you are not required to do it." He once said to me, "When you get credit which you do not deserve, it balances the time when you deserve it and do not get it." He liked to tell of Chief Justice Shaw. He said there was a barber shop here which was much frequented by lawyers. "One day the barber said to me, 'I haven't seen Judge Shaw lately. I suppose he has something else on his mind.' The idea," said Judge Hoar, "that Judge Shaw could have anything on his mind except to have his hair cut!" These are small things, but they are a glimpse of Judge Hoar's high mind and manner. I have notes from him which I value for their friendly tone. I remember that when General Grant visited Harvard and was called on for a speech, he said a few words and then called on Judge Hoar to speak for him.

Of this service as overseer President Eliot has written:

His professional position was established when I returned to Cambridge as President of the University in 1869. It was an appropriate and wholly satisfactory choice when the Harvard alumni elected him in 1872 a member of the Board of Overseers, and re-elected him in 1878. He served twelve years as a member of that Board with punctuality, industry, openness of mind, and a decided sympathy with all efforts towards enlargement and improvement. In 1875 the Board chose him as their secretary; because of his knowledge of the Board's duties, and of his fidelity to every trust large or small. This office Dr. McKenzie held for twenty-six years (1875-1901), filling the office with efficiency and dignity, and enjoying the function until increasing deafness made it difficult for him to perform it."⁸

8. Letter read at the McKenzie memorial service, November 15, 1914, and printed in a pamphlet published by the church.

At the adjourned annual meeting of the board of overseers held in Boston on Wednesday, October 9, 1901, Mr. Williams, on behalf of the committee to whom was referred the resignation of Dr. McKenzie, reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

Resolved: that the members of this Board declare their gratitude to Doctor Alexander McKenzie for his long and faithful service as their Secretary, and their conviction that his unfailing courtesy in his office and his high standing in the community have been of lasting value to the University.

McKenzie was useful to the college, too, in other ways. He was more than once requested by the corporation to serve on the committee for the assignment of the Boylston prizes for elocution. As an overseer of the college he took a particular interest in the Dental School, and on several occasions spoke before it. At the critical period when the university began to change the Harvard Divinity School from a Unitarian school into an undenominational school of theological learning and instruction, Dr. McKenzie in 1882-83 gave a course of lectures on the "Theology of the New Testament." "He was," President Eliot has said, "the right sort of a minister to help along such a liberalizing change." For many years he was on the Phi Beta Kappa committee; and he was from the beginning one of the trustees of the Noble Lecture fund which was established by Mrs. W. B. Noble in 1897 to provide for a lectureship on the life of Christ "after the belief of Phillips Brooks, the subjects to be broad in range." Writing about this lectureship in 1902, McKenzie said:

At a meeting of the Trustees of the William Belden Noble Lectureship, it was voted to transfer the Trust to the President and Fellows of Harvard College. This was done with Mrs. Noble's approval. . . . The Lectureship has not been a marked success thus far. There are insurmountable obstacles in its way. The original design to have the Life and Spirit and teaching of Christ as these were understood and declared by Phillips Brooks, has been [treated] very widely. There is need of just what that

Lectureship was meant to give. The difficulty is in getting a Lecturer and then an audience. I have long felt that the University needs a Professor of Christianity in a large, spiritual, practical way. We have this teaching now, but it is scattered and is general and scholastic to a large degree. Still, Christian life is increasing, and perhaps in that way we shall come to a more exalted thought upon the Life of the Teacher and Saviour.

It will be seen how close McKenzie's connection was with the university throughout his ministry in Cambridge, and how fully he maintained the tradition which bound together the Cambridge church and the Cambridge college.

Echoes of this activity are found in the journals.

April 10, '81. Some stir over call of P. Brooks to Plummer Professorship. June 23, '81. Pres. Eliot asks me to bear my part at College Prayers and Chapel next year. Dec. 17, '81. Eliot wishes me to give twelve of my Andover lectures here in the Divinity School. I have engaged to do so. May 30, '83. Overseers voted not to give the LL.D. to Gov. Butler. I voted yes, i.e., for the Gov., not for Butler. Mar. 24, '86. Committee of Overseers appointed to consider prayers. May 12, '86. Appointed one of the preachers to the University. May this new plan more than fulfil our hopes. Am glad to have my part in it. Nov. 6, '86. 250th anniversary of the college. Reception of the President. Nov. 7, Sunday. Preached on the Founders of Harvard College; "They saw the company of the prophets." Nov. 8. Anniversary exercises. Oration by Lowell. Poems by Holmes. Dinner and speeches. I said grace. Dinner at Gymnasium. Overseers' meeting at 9 A.M. Oct. 13, '87. College prayers for eight days. Jan'y. 15, '88. Preached at Globe Theatre meeting.⁹ Mar. 11, '89. Spoke at twenty-fifth anniversary of the Dental School. Mar. 25, '89. Preachers met at Dr. Brooks', proposed change of time of College Prayers. Oct. 19, '94. Spoke at meeting of the religious societies in Sanders Theatre. May 31, '96. Gave address at dedication of tablet to A. P. Peabody.

So the record runs. McKenzie's last sermon at the college was on June 19, 1910, on "Adorning the Doctrine." President

9. One of a series of religious services conducted under the auspices of Harvard undergraduates, as a result of a visit to the college by Henry Drummond. An account of this unusual undertaking of college youth may be found in F. G. Peabody's *Reminiscences of Present-Day Saints* pp. 228, 229.

Lowell assisted in the service. Thus, from 1867 to 1910 his connection with the college had remained unbroken. Harvard College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity on June 10, 1901. He was chaplain at the commencement dinner of that year.

McKenzie's friendship with President Eliot had continued from the year 1855 to the day of McKenzie's death in 1914.

No one man [McKenzie has written] stands to me for Harvard College in its largeness as well as Charles William Eliot. I had an early and very slight connection with him in the fact that when I was a clerk in Milk Street, his father was president of the Boston Gas-Light Company, of which Mr. Lawrence was treasurer. The name of Samuel A. Eliot was therefore familiar. My earliest connection with him was at the time of my examination for college, when he very kindly facilitated my efforts. It was the first of many acts of helpfulness. [He] taught me Mathematics for two years. His instruction had the clearness and accuracy which has marked his later years. This was my favorite study at that time. I had such good success in it that I elected mathematics for my junior year. It was at a subsequent time that I came into close personal relations with him. I was his guest from time to time at his house on Quincy Street, and at North East Harbor, Mt. Desert. Perhaps for this I was in some degree indebted to Mrs. Eliot, who was the sister of my classmate Hopkinson. These visits I greatly enjoyed. I preached in the Union Chapel, which was in good measure his church, as he had much to do with establishing and maintaining it. We had fine sails about the islands. He was a skilful sailor. It was a delight to me. I have great confidence in his discretion and sincerity. I feel that when I ask his counsel, I receive it, and it is kind and helpful and entirely trustworthy. I wish to copy a note from him in 1901, in reply to one I had written from England: "I want to thank you very heartily for the lines at the end of your letter from Buxton, in which you spoke of having been strengthened and encouraged through knowing me. I have wished that I had much more than an external and official interest in your career, which has seemed to me to have been highly honorable to yourself and to the college. It has also been very useful to the college through the services you have rendered and your influence with the great Congregational denomination."

I was helped to my decision to retire from active service in the church by the fact that he had himself retired from the office he had held so long and with so great distinction. I cannot better describe his action and with that my own than by a few words from a personal letter from him to me of May 21, 1909: "My retirement will surely make a great change

in my habitual mode of life; but I suppose it will not diminish my activity or my enjoyment of work until some loss of a sense or of muscular or nervous power impairs my capacity for work. It is a distinct relief to me that I have got out of the office I have held so long without experiencing any bodily or mental impairment. That I have been anxious to do, and now it is safely done." The signature gives special value to this note, with its "Affectionately yours," . . . and he meant it. In my narrow sphere I took the same course. His friendship has been of rare advantage to me. I know that his heart is warm towards his friends, however formal his ways may be towards strangers. His pleasant words are of rare value by reason of his adherence to what he feels to be his duty. I believe that William Everett was right, when the president was blamed because some instructors had been dropped. "Charles Eliot would put himself out if he felt it would help Harvard College." That is the true spirit and it makes his friendship of more account.

McKenzie was a distinctively Andover product. Professor Park had shaped his career, sending him to Augusta in 1862 and bringing him to Cambridge in 1867. He became in the following years one of Andover's distinguished graduates. He was loyal to the schools which had helped to make him what he was. Thus it was in the order of things that, in 1876, he should be chosen an Andover trustee. And such he remained for thirty-four years. His official connection with Andover did not cease until 1910,¹⁰ when he resigned from the Cambridge church and went to Europe for a prolonged absence. Until 1907 a single board of trustees managed the affairs of both academy and seminary. When the two trusts were separated, McKenzie resigned as trustee of the seminary, "the longest in service of all," and remained on the board of trustees for the academy. Thus for practically the entire period of his official relation with Andover he had to do with the affairs of both institutions.

He became an Andover trustee three years after the election of Cecil F. P. Bancroft as principal of the academy in 1873.

10. The exact date of his resignation as trustee is April 5, 1910.

At that time the outlook for this famous school was none too bright. In 1876 Mr. Bancroft wrote: "The Academy is a place where two seas meet, and needs, as never before in its history, the wisdom, the efforts and the prayers of its Trustees. It is a question not of the life or death of the School, but of its being of a first or of a second class grade."¹¹ During the principalship of Mr. Bancroft the school developed rapidly. Its student body increased from 237 to over 400; its faculty from eight to twenty-two. The changes in the courses of study were so striking as virtually to transform the curriculum. New buildings were added, the equipment was modernized, and the endowment began to grow. When Mr. Bancroft died, Phillips Andover was a more virile and substantial institution than it had ever been before. Under his successor, Alfred E. Stearns (a grandson of President William A. Stearns of Amherst, McKenzie's pastor in Cambridgeport), who became principal in 1903, the academy continued to expand. The modern Andover was constructed, to-day one of the foremost as well as one of the most famous of American schools.

On June 6, 1878, the academy celebrated its centennial anniversary. It was a great occasion. Oliver Wendell Holmes read his poem "The School Boy." McKenzie gave the oration. It was an important assignment, and he prepared for it with great care. No one can read the oration to-day without perceiving McKenzie's great interest in the cause of education, his large intelligence, and his pride in the contribution which Andover had made to educational history in America. He traced the principles of English educational theory, and the Puritan conception of education as the foundation of the new American commonwealth. He sketched the history of the academy from the time of its inception in the mind of Samuel

11. See Claude Fuess, *The History of An Old New England School*, pp. 334-338.

Phillips, and paid his tribute to founders and teachers and to the men who had gone out from the school to play their part in the life of the nation. He insisted on the importance of this type of school in relation to high schools and colleges. He touched with affection and humor on the scenes and personalities and events of academy life as he had known them; and he called for fresh and generous loyalty to the old school, whose work had never been more needed:

The day wants this School, and wants it at its best. . . . The call is ringing in our ears. . . . Men and boys are plucking at our sleeve, college faculties are tugging at our gown, so that we cannot fold our hands to sleep. . . . With free men, freshly furnished for this work, a free spirit in a free school, the centuries may ask what they will.

The oration had the merits and demerits of McKenzie's usual speaking on such occasions. It was long — he says he was over an hour in speaking it — it was rhetorical and turgid compared with the more chastened standards of to-day. Yet it was full of interest, human quality, accurate information, and fine feeling. Above all, it was his personal tribute to the school, to which he rightly felt he owed a debt of lasting gratitude.

It is natural that throughout his long official relations with Andover the affairs of the seminary should bulk larger with him than those of the academy. In September, 1879, he writes in his journal of "speaking to Andover Theological students"; on February 16, 1881, he notes that he has been appointed chairman of the committee to find a successor to Professor Park, "who will probably cease lecturing and give himself to publishing. Some have spoken informally of my taking a chair at Andover. But I do not feel called to it or fitted for it."

"A great duty was now thrown on the Trustees. One of the ablest of the Trustees was called into service and for a single year lectured on Systematic Theology, 1881-2. I lectured on Biblical Theology, taking the New Testament, while Dr. Jos-

eph T. Duryea, from 1881-3, lectured on the theology and interpretation of the Old Testament."

McKenzie seems to have enjoyed this work. He was at that time lecturing at Harvard, and he used much the same material in both courses of lectures. He reports that he had "good audiences," but he does not give us a hint of what he taught or how he taught it.

The next item of interest concerns the election of a successor to Professor Park. Newman Smyth, the brilliant brother of Egbert C. Smyth, already a professor at the seminary, was the choice of the trustees. In February, 1882, the trustees met the board of visitors, and in March "Newman Smyth met us and gave a good account of himself. The Trustees therefore proceeded to elect him and voted so to inform the Visitors." On April 25, however, the visitors vetoed the election. McKenzie, always on the liberal side in such matters, writes: "So popular clamor has prevailed thus far. Mr. Russell stood out grandly from the two who were with him." Finally, the trustees agreed on the election of George Harris to fill Park's chair, and the visitors concurred. Already in 1880 William Jewett Tucker had been elected Bartlett professor of sacred rhetoric.

As time went on, the brilliant men who composed the Andover faculty became suspect as to their orthodoxy. In due course — July, 1886 — formal complaint was made to the board of visitors against Egbert C. Smyth, William Jewett Tucker, Edward Y. Hincks, George Harris, and John W. Churchill, who were editing the *Andover Review*. The charges were signed by John W. Wellman, a member of the board of trustees, Henry M. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, O. T. Lamphear, and J. J. Blaisdell. In general the charges were that these men "held beliefs, taught doctrines and theories . . . antagonistic to the Constitution and statutes of the Seminary"; that "they were not men of sound and orthodox principles in Divin-

ity according to the creed of the Seminary." Professors Smyth and Tucker were not "orthodox and consistent Calvinists according to their foundations." There was a list of sixteen particulars.

Thus began the famous Andover case.¹² One tries to picture the scene of the trial before the board of visitors at the old United States Hotel in Boston, the dining hall of which the manager, Tilley Haynes, had made ready for the purpose. There were the distinguished counsel: Judge Rockwood Hoar and Judge Asa French for the complainants, and Judge Theodore W. Dwight of New York, Professor Simeon Baldwin of Yale, Charles Theodore Russell, and Ex-governor Gaston for the defendants. And there were the defendants themselves, who would be called conservatively orthodox to-day, and whom the complainants sought to oust, because the creed which the professors had accepted was an unchangeable document, and subscription to it must be stringent, explicit, and literal, with no right whatever of private interpretation. So argued the learned counsel for the complainants. And the defence counsel laid its arguments deep in the history of English charitable foundations; insisted that the Andover foundation itself had actually been construed liberally, and latitude already had been allowed in the terms of subscription to the creed. Five months later, the verdict was rendered. Professor Smyth alone of the professors was condemned by the board of visitors, and he was ordered removed. The decision caused much surprise; since all of the professors believed alike, why was one removed and the others left in their places? And no explanation was made by the board of visitors.

An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which considered the case for nearly three years. When

12. An adequate and readable account of this may be found in William Jewett Tucker's *My Generation*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919, pp. 185-221.

the decision was handed down, it did not pass upon the charges made against the defendant. One is allowed to surmise that the learned judges were relieved when they discovered that it was not necessary for them to pass on the nice theological questions involved. The visitors had, fortunately for the court, given it a less abstruse point on which it could base a decision, a technical point of procedure. They had refused to allow the trustees to become a party to the trial before them. This, according to the court, was a fatal error, denying the trustees their undoubted legal rights. The decree of the visitors was therefore set aside, and Dr. Smyth was reinstated. As a result of this decision certain limitations were placed on the prerogatives of the visitors.

The case could have been reopened on theological grounds; but in the interim two of the complainants had died, and the membership of the board of visitors had changed. The irrec-
oncilables did try in 1888 to renew the charges, but the case was dismissed by the new board. After a six years' struggle, the Andover case had passed into history. This contest in the seminary and the later one in the American Board were one and the same conflict. In each case a victory had been won for religious freedom: by allowing for the right of personal judgment and interpretation of creed and doctrine. "Institutions exist for the service and for the benefit of men, and are so to be administered."

In this long controversy, McKenzie's sympathies were strongly with the professors. He combined admirably the conservative and the liberal attitudes. He was conservative in his tenacious adherence to the fundamental tenets of New Testament Christianity, and in the emphasis which he placed upon the historical Christ and upon an evangelical experience of his person. He was a liberal in his toleration of views other than his own, and in his insistence on the liberty of the Christian intellect and conscience. Thus, in all the theological con-

troversies of his time he took what was called the liberal side. In an address before the alumni of Andover Seminary in 1883, three years before the controversy broke out, he made clear his attitude toward the creed and the duty of the trustees in upholding it:

The position of the Trustees is at all times one of difficulty, and the difficulty has been increased in these last years. It is always difficult to keep faith with a man that is dead, and we are to face this other difficulty of keeping faith with the living. Your Trustees believe that they have kept faith utterly, faith with the dead, and have utterly kept faith with the living. They do not desire to change in any way the formidable creed which has come to them. Some have said, explain it away . . . alter it, . . . advised an appeal to the courts. But it is a grand old creed, and as long as we administer this Seminary we desire that it shall not in any way be changed. We believe in it as it stands. We will keep faith in it to the end. [But] interpretation is necessary. We believe that all human forms of speech must be interpreted, that the free use of one's thought and understanding is not in trifling with that which is unchangeable, that the final appeal is to the Puritan conscience, the intelligent conscience of the wise man and the godly man. It is not for the Trustees to say that this liberty of interpretation goes too far. It is beyond the Board of Visitors. It is beyond them in you, in the churches, in the men who love it and pray for it, and who gave it that life without which it is not worth while that it should live. This liberty of interpretation will make this memorable document as the city which is surrounded by the everlasting hills.

It would be difficult to state more adequately the position which was taken by the great majority of intelligent Christian men of all shades of thought and theological position. Had this attitude and temper been followed and these words heeded by all who had the interests of Andover at heart, the contest which nearly rent it asunder would never have been waged.¹³

In 1893 William Jewett Tucker resigned as Bartlet professor of sacred rhetoric in order to become president of Dartmouth College. The trustees, in casting about for a successor,

13. Coincident with this controversy, which was really a technical one within the Andover group, was another, described in Chapter XI, to which the American Board was a party, and which involved the interests of the Congregational churches at large.

decided that McKenzie was the man they needed. He had the reputation, the ability, the love of Andover, and the theological temper which, they felt, equipped him admirably for the position. They therefore in 1894 formally elected him to the professorship. It must be remembered that at this time McKenzie was sixty-four years of age. Yet so vigorous was his thinking and his performance that the trustees looked forward confidently to ten or fifteen years of useful service to the seminary.

How sincere and eager the desire was of both trustees and faculty that he should accept this appointment the following letter will show. It is only one of the many which he received.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Dec. 14th, 1894.

My dear Dr. McKenzie:

As I came through Andover on my return home this week, I found that your election to the Bartlet Chair was an open secret — so you will allow me to take advantage of it. I should have said, and did say, that this was the thing to do at the very beginning, and now that experience has proved that you can do more than any other man for the Seminary, I hope that you will look upon it in this light. But I would not urge the matter upon you simply on the ground of the public claim, strenuous as that may be. I very strongly believe that you have through this Chair, and by your definite connection with the Seminary, an opportunity to do more for the next years than ever you can possibly do through a Parish. . . . You put yourself at a new centre of influence and in a certain way capitalize the resources of an Institution which need now to be put to a much larger use. You have young men through whom you can work definitely in carrying out your conceptions and plans. And you have a field which, though one can hardly say that it is any broader than the one you now have, is so well defined that it would give you, I think, in some respects, an added influence, and most of all it is a new opportunity. When it comes to the question of the last fifteen or twenty years of a man's working power, I think he craves the new impulse and the new direction. Something of course may be lost by the apparent change of momentum, but I always feel that there is the danger that one's force, moving on a straight line, will become in time a spent force.

Personally I can hardly tell you how much I should delight to see you take this position, not simply that you could make more of it than has yet been made, but that you could make the position so tremendously useful to the Seminary, to the Churches, and to the Ministry at the present junct-

ture. It is a great misfortune, and I think a great blunder, that the Trustees decided to have this election kept a secret. If you could know what people at large would think of it, and how urgent the pressure would be if the opportunity was given for it to declare itself, you would have some idea of the public demand for your acceptance. I sincerely hope that you will use your imagination unless the Trustees will allow you to know the fact. If there is any prospect of throwing off the secrecy, don't decide the matter, I pray you, until the returns come in.

Pardon this lengthy communication, for I am greatly interested in what I have heard; and believe me as always,

Most sincerely yours,

William J. Tucker

Other urgent letters were written to him by Professor George Harris, Professor Edward Y. Hincks, President Franklin Carter, and Hon. Robert R. Bishop.

McKenzie would have been less than human if he had not been impressed by such words from men whose judgment he respected. Yet he does not seem to have hesitated; he did not feel "called" to the professorship; he doubted his fitness for it, and he still felt strongly the ties which bound him to his Cambridge church, to the parish ministry. He therefore wrote, without much delay, the following letter of declination:

Cambridge, 4 January 1895

To the Trustees of Phillips Academy, Andover

Gentlemen:

I have been greatly honored by your vote electing me Bartlet Professor of Sacred Rhetoric. I appreciate this the more highly that it is the choice of those with whom I have been long and happily associated in the care of the Institutions at Andover, and that your action is approved by the Faculty of the Theological Seminary. I feel deeply the importance of the position to which you have called me, and it would be much pleasanter to enter into it than to turn from it.

But I am committed in many ways to the place and the varied work which have had very nearly the whole of my ministerial life, and I do not think that it would be just or wise for me to make the change which you propose. While I am obliged to decline your invitation, I shall be very glad to serve the Seminary in any other way until the Professorship is again filled.

With great respect, I am faithfully yours,

Alexander McKenzie

The hope had been expressed by President Carter that in case McKenzie was disinclined to accept the professorship he might at least come to Andover for a term of lectures. This proposition was renewed and accepted. He lectured for three years, giving two lectures each week.

I enjoyed the service. I had a few hearers who were not students. One of the most interesting parts of my duties was with the exercise in preaching. The class gave their criticisms, Professor Churchill followed, and I ended up with what the Professor called "constructive criticism." I was greatly privileged to have a home at Professor Churchill's and to enjoy the beautiful hospitality of his house. He was a delightful companion. Mrs. Churchill's kind attention I can never forget.

Still later, another important issue arose. Should Andover Seminary remove to Cambridge? The number of students had decreased to an alarming extent. The modern conception of theological training was not monastic; a seminary should be in contact not only with the world of action, but with the great centers of human learning. Union Seminary was in New York, a neighbor of Columbia, Yale Divinity School had its close connection with the university, and Chicago Seminary had similar advantages. Andover on its historic hill had become an anachronism. It had been founded as a protest against the Unitarianism of Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School. But those days lay in the past. As early as 1902 the trustees had come to the conclusion that Andover Seminary should be moved. For the academy, the transfer of the seminary would present a glorious opportunity for expansion; it would give the theological students the full benefit of an urban center, and the intellectual resources of a great university. Yet tradition and sentiment were both arrayed against the removal of Andover Seminary from "the Hill," and for some time the issue was uncertain.

McKenzie was too old in those years to take an active part in the discussions, but he left no shadow of doubt as to his convictions:

In those years [writes James Hardy Ropes] he did not often come to the meetings of the Trustees, but on one occasion, probably late in 1901 or early in 1902, he did come. The very complicated situation was such that at that moment it had proved impossible to go on with any effort looking toward the removal of the Seminary from Andover to Cambridge. I do not think that Dr. McKenzie fully understood just what the condition of the business was, but he was thoroughly aroused that this project should be stalled, and he made a ringing speech to the Trustees on the subject, in which he came down so hard on the majority who had decided against a plan for removal that Clarence Morgan, who had very shortly before been elected (in fact, I think it may have been his first meeting), was thoroughly scared. I still remember the bewildered state in which he asked me afterward what it was all about. I remember well Dr. McKenzie's sitting at the table with his watch before him, to give assurance that he would not talk too long, and comparing the Trustees with intense vigor to the recreant crew of a vessel who should leave their ship when it was in danger and distress and needed them.¹⁴

When the decision was finally reached and the seminary came to Cambridge, McKenzie was pleased.

The Andover Theological Seminary has been removed to Cambridge, where it is in close and growing affiliation with the Harvard Divinity School. The Creed of the Founders is still asserted in a modified way. The new faculty will make a new school and the Seminary will strive to conceive the truths of the Christian religion in living forms of thought rather than in traditional phraseology and to present them in the full force of their approach to the heart and conscience as well as to the intelligence of men. This has been the aim of the School in its long life, and with the same intent it will have a broad field for its teaching and influence in time to come.

Thus writes this young-old man in the twilight of his life. Is there any question on which side he would have ranged himself when, twenty years later, the visitors took legal action which resulted in a decree of the Supreme Court declaring void the plan of closer affiliation between the seminary and the Harvard Divinity School? But this episode lay beyond the confines of a continuous interest in Andover which had

14. From a letter to the writer from Professor Ropes.

stretched over fifty-seven years. Few men in Andover's long history have had so continuous and so fruitful relations to it.

Wellesley College was founded in 1870, when an Act to incorporate the Wellesley Female Seminary was enacted by the General Court of Massachusetts. In 1873, the name was legally changed to Wellesley College. The deed of gift conveying the Durant real estate and buildings to the college was made and executed on October 1, 1873. The corner stone of College Hall was laid August 18, 1871; on September 8, 1875, the college was opened and 300 students were registered.

This college, like Leland Stanford University in California, owed its existence to a family bereavement. Henry Fowle Durant,¹⁵ an eminent and successful Boston lawyer, had acquired real estate in Wellesley on which to build a summer home. "From time to time additional land was bought until three hundred acres along the lake . . . were acquired. All this was to be a magnificent estate for the young son in whom his parents' hopes and ambitions . . . were centered."¹⁶ On July 3, 1863, however, the boy died. Down to this time Mr. Durant had been a religious man; he now dedicated his whole life to the Christian cause and became a religious enthusiast. He had acquired much wealth, and now decided to devote it, and his time and strength, to Christian service. He retired from the active practice of the law and became a lay evangelist. The halls and churches where he spoke were crowded, and he presented the Christian faith to his hearers with the same conviction with which hitherto he had argued his cases before judge and jury.

15. He was born Henry Welles Smith, and had his name changed by an Act of the legislature November 25, 1851.

16. From "An Address Delivered in Memory of Henry Fowle Durant in Wellesley College Chapel," February 18, 1906, by Charlotte Howard Conant.

In 1865 he had made the first of many visits to Mount Holyoke Seminary, and in 1867 he went there again with Mr. Dwight L. Moody. Both men were impressed with the importance of the work being done there. In Mr. Moody's case this interest resulted in the Northfield institutions; in Mr. Durant's, in Wellesley College.

In all of the development of the plans, Mr. Durant had the enthusiastic support of Mrs. Durant, who was Pauline Adeline Fowle, the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Fowle and Pauline Cazenove. She had already been engaged in developing the work of the Young Women's Christian Association in Boston. At first the Durants thought of building an asylum for orphans and destitute children; then it occurred to them that it would be better to train Christian teachers. In 1867 Mr. Durant wrote: "The great object we both have in view is the appropriation and consecration of our country place and other property to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, by erecting a Seminary on the plan (modified by circumstances) of South Hadley." Mr. Durant became a trustee of Mount Holyoke in 1867, and both he and Mrs. Durant used to say that "there could not be too many Mount Holyokes."¹⁷ Vassar College had already been founded, and its plans also had been carefully studied. Thus Wellesley College came into being.

Mr. Durant possessed not only the wealth but the personality and the convictions needed for launching what was then a novel educational enterprise. He was a forceful man, enthusiastic, impatient of obstacles, and ahead of his time in his educational ideals. President Pendleton has said that "no important academic advance has ever been made by the college which was not included in his far-seeing plans."¹⁸ He believed in the value for women as well as for men of classical

¹⁷. Conant, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-28.

¹⁸. See Marion Pelton Guild, "Wellesley, Her Story and Her Need," *New England Magazine*, October, 1914, p. 6.

and mathematical studies. His idea of education for women included the development of true womanhood, mental discipline, and consecration to the Christian ideal. There is preserved a little pamphlet entitled "Notes of Mr. Durant's sermon on 'The Spirit of the College.'" No one can read it without feeling the militant ardor of the man, his crusading courage, his keen intelligence, and his commanding and consuming religious conviction. It is out of such spiritual resources that Wellesley College was wrought.

During the years in which the plans for the college were slowly maturing, Mr. Durant had come to know Professor Eben Norton Horsford of Cambridge. Business first brought them together, and Mr. Durant confided to Professor Horsford his hopes and plans. The two men were akin in their spiritual outlook and in their interest in education. Horsford had taught for four years in a girls' school at Albany, and the sixteen years which he had spent at Cambridge equipped him to be an advisor in this educational experiment. When, therefore, he was invited to take an interest in the work which Mr. and Mrs. Durant were planning, he gladly acquiesced, and Wellesley College became one of his foremost interests. He refused to be enrolled as a trustee of the college; but he consented to be president of the board of visitors, a position which he held until his death in 1893, when the visitors ceased to be appointed. The college calendar for the year 1892-93 is the last one to list them. They had, to use their own words (1893) "no executive powers or responsibilities"; Mr. Horsford held "the position as chairman of the Board in order that he might be untrammelled in his advice and bounty."

It is thus easy to trace McKenzie's early interest in the college, for Horsford was one of McKenzie's most prominent parishioners, and also one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Durant's passionate religious interest must have won an instant response from the Cambridge pastor's heart.

McKenzie's first visit to the college, as recorded in his journals, was on Sunday, September 19, 1880, when he preached from the text "Lord, open the man's eyes." The next recorded occasion was on June 25, 1882, when he preached Wellesley's fourth baccalaureate sermon on "The Power of an Endless Life." On January 29, 1883, he preached on "The Day of Prayer for Colleges"; on March 12 and in May he was there again. The college records refer to him as a frequent and valued guest. In June he went to the Tree Day exercises: "Charming. Spent the night. Miss Freeman drove me to Watertown for the horse-cars." He went again on June 9, and on June 19, 1883, was elected a member of the board of trustees. His official connection with the college terminated only with his death.

From this time on, he went often to the college as preacher and as trustee. He shared also in the social life of the college, and his journal speaks of receptions, rows on the lake, and other college festivities. In May, 1884, he was elected a member of the executive committee of the board of trustees, thus sharing intimately in the plans by which Wellesley developed its college ideals.

Thus we see McKenzie's early interest in the college and his personal connection with it. His friendship for Miss Alice Freeman, who in June, 1882, had succeeded Miss Ada L. Howard as president of the college, appears to have been an intimate one. He speaks of her frequently in his journals, and of drives to Watertown after his college visits; of journeying with her to New York, where he spoke for Wellesley at a meeting of the New York Congregational Club; of seeing her in Europe. Indeed, this friendship was probably

not without a touch of the romantic, and the early situation at Wellesley may have reminded him (as it did others, according to Professor Palmer) of that in Tennyson's "Princess." McKenzie was never quite reconciled to having Miss Freeman leave Wellesley even to become the wife of the

distinguished Cambridge professor. . . . His whole attitude toward the large group of Wellesley teachers and graduates whom he knew was marked by whole-hearted cordiality. . . . I remember him as serene, competent and moderate; not so eagerly progressive as Miss Freeman or Mr. Scudder, nor so conservative as Mrs. Durant or Mr. Frost, but easily handling situations as they arose.¹⁹

Again, he had his personal relations with the students, especially with the members of the Class of 1885. Professor Eliza H. Kendrick, a member of the class, has written delightfully about this side of his Wellesley interest:

It was in June of our Sophomore year that he was elected an honorary member of the Class of 1885. When we elected him . . . we had already one honorary member [Dr. Joseph T. Duryea]. The choice of a second, which was unusual, meant that he had made so great an impression upon us that we wanted to know him better and to connect him more closely with us. Of course, in those very early days, the classes were so small that there was more opportunity than there was later for personal relationship between an honorary member and his class. Dr. McKenzie seemed to appreciate this, and to enjoy the relation and to desire to make much of it. We were greatly touched to receive after his death from his daughter a packet of memorials that he had taken pains to save. There were programs and class annals and even a pressed flower that recalled an evening reception which we had given him. His daughter wrote, in acknowledgment of the letter and flowers which we sent her, "You knew that he loved the Class of '85, but how dearly only they could know who shared his daily life. I do not believe a day ever passed without a thought of 'his class.' He spoke of them individually and collectively, and followed their lives with the deepest interest always."

"The class," McKenzie himself has written, "has made this a real alliance. I am counted as one of them, and have tried to meet the opportunities which the relation has offered. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation, I met with the class at the college and made a simple, friendly talk."

It was, however, as a college preacher that McKenzie exercised his largest influence at Wellesley, as elsewhere. It seemed

19. From a letter to the author by Mrs. Marion Elton Guild, the first alumna to serve as trustee.

to the students that he brought a new note into preaching. As Miss Kendrick has written:

[The sermons] we usually heard from the eminent men who came to us were formal, thoughtful, often rather long, and for the most part "doctrinal." Those of Dr. McKenzie, as of Phillips Brooks and Lyman Abbott, brought fresh and inspiring thought about religious life. They were simple in language, urgent in personal application, full of earnest conviction and of 'all that we thought of then as "modern." I remember Dr. McKenzie as leading once most effectively the services of the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," at that time, from the point of view of religious impression, the most significant event of the college year. I think it is safe to say that among the preachers of that day there was no one whose messages appealed more to college students.

"I have had," he later wrote in his reminiscences, "a long and intimate relation with Wellesley College which I have known from its opening and even before. For I saw its first building when it was rising, and I knew Mr. Durant." That relation continued down through the years, through the presidencies of Helen A. Shafer, of Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, and of Caroline Hazard. It ended in 1911, the year of the election of Ellen F. Pendleton as president.

Beginning with the year 1885, McKenzie seems to have been at Wellesley at least once every month, either as preacher or trustee or for special occasions. When one considers the slow means of travel in those days, one wonders how he found the time for these frequent visits, in addition to all of his other duties. Indeed, there was hardly an event of interest in the college life when he was not present. He attended the commencement each year and sometimes spoke at the commencement dinners. On June 1, 1893, he was chosen president of the board of trustees, succeeding Dr. Nathaniel S. Clark, and this position he held until his resignation in 1902, when he was made president emeritus of the board, "and with this title I have had a place in the annual catalogue." He continued to serve on the board of trustees. On the death of Miss Shafer

in January, 1894, he conducted the funeral service in the college chapel. When the new Houghton Memorial Chapel was dedicated in 1899, McKenzie accepted it, as president of the board of trustees, in a brief address. Thus he was associated with the college from its birth until it had attained the dimensions of one of our foremost colleges for women.

Harvard and Wellesley are the two colleges with which McKenzie was most intimately associated and to which he gave the most of his time and strength. But there were many other schools and colleges which he visited, some of them frequently. There, too, he was eagerly welcomed and acquired a broad influence over the minds and lives of the students.

He grew up, so to speak, with Radcliffe College, which was situated at the very door of his church. He knew intimately Mr. Arthur Gilman and the founders of the college, some of whom, like Mrs. William G. Farlow, a daughter of Professor Horsford, were members of his church. He followed with personal interest the steps by which this institution developed from being an "Annex" of Harvard to an independent college, with growing endowment and property, and an increasing student body. He participated in an unofficial way in all of this. He was a frequent guest at college functions of all kinds. He knew President Briggs, Mrs. Agassiz, Miss Irwin, and Miss Coes, and speaks of them often in his journals. The baccalaureate services of the college were regularly held in his church, and he was usually the chaplain at these services. Many of the students attended the church, or interested themselves in the Young People's Alliance. When morning prayers began to be held in 1896, he was one of the first to be asked to conduct them. And this, as it turned out, proved to be his last bit of college service to be relinquished. When he was prevented by age and infirmity from making other college appointments, still this old man would walk the short distance

from the parsonage to the college, and conduct Radcliffe prayers. This he continued to do to within a few years of his death. "God help all this young life," he writes in his journal.

His connection with Amherst College, which on July 3, 1879, had given him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, was very close. He went there frequently to preach, and in 1892 he gave the baccalaureate sermon. In 1894 he conducted a preaching mission there, speaking on four successive evenings, and meeting the students for personal conferences. "The interest increased," he writes, "and it is said that much good was done." He continued to go, year after year. "My Amherst visits seem to cling to me." The following letter describes the impression made by his preaching on the students:

Boston, Feb. 7, 1891.

My dear Dr. McKenzie:

I do not know whether or not Mr. Hull told you what I said to him about the great good you did at Amherst the Day of Prayer for Colleges. My boy who entered A. this year spoke in the highest terms of your sermon. He said it made a great impression on the college and was the best address he ever heard. I learn . . . from him that there is very much religious interest in the college, starting that day. . . . One young man whom he has been very much interested in, is very thoughtful. I saw his father here to-day and he says your address was a great stimulus to him and is helping him toward the light. May you be long spared to do such work!

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Capen

(Torrey, Bright & Capen)

For many years McKenzie went to Yale for Sunday services, and occasionally for services between Sundays. When he went for a Sunday, he would preach three times, at Battell Chapel in the morning, before the Young Men's Christian Association in the afternoon, and at Center Church or United Church in the evening. Dr. Munger and Dr. Newman Smyth were both intimate friends, and he would stay at their homes and enjoy his visits with them. After 1900 he stayed with his son, who

was a professor there. McKenzie was very popular at Yale, and more than once was voted the favorite college preacher by the senior class. He seems to have begun his work at Yale in 1888, and from that time on there were yearly visits. In 1894 he writes: "I am asked to go to Yale to speak on several evenings next week. It humbles me that I should be asked there when I can do so very little here." The meetings were held under the auspices of the College Christian Association, and the sermons were in McKenzie's familiar evangelistic style. He spoke four evenings in Dwight Hall on "Be ye reconciled to God," "God be merciful to me a sinner," "Behold, I stand at the door," and "The Blind Man." One wonders if such subjects and such preaching would win a large hearing to-day. But they made their impression then. The preacher writes: "Excellent results. The last service was very impressive. Many students have come to me. It is said that at least fifty have begun the Christian life. The interest is deep and wide." This mission was repeated in 1897, with the same results. At other times at Yale McKenzie spoke at the Sheffield School, and at the Divinity School.

Professor Frank C. Porter has reported his recollections of McKenzie's preaching at Yale as follows:

I heard him preach whenever I could, and always with the sense of being in touch with a fresh, original mind, with one who gave his own, himself, in his preaching. Extemporaneous preaching was still rather the exception, and I was much impressed by what seemed to me an amazing fluency and perfection in his language. Without hesitation and apparently without effort, fit and beautiful words came forth as from an inexhaustible reservoir. And of course distinction of style meant, as it always does, certain qualities of thought.

A student at Yale wrote to his father, George B. Spalding of Syracuse, his feeling at hearing McKenzie preach:

Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge preached this morning. He had no notes. He was very quick and made a fine impression. He has about four times the energy of most men. [Farther on in his letter he says] I have heard

Dr. McKenzie again at Dwight Hall and later at Dr. Munger's church, where he preached for about fifty-five minutes. He is a brilliant thinker and greatly in earnest, so that he worked me all up.

The last words in this frank expression of opinion fairly describe the effect of McKenzie's sermons on many, young and old, who heard him. He "worked them all up."

There is a long list of other schools and colleges to which McKenzie paid occasional visits. He was often at Wheaton, both in its early years as a seminary and later as a college. He went to the Walnut Hill School at Natick, to Lasell Seminary (now a junior college) at Auburndale, to Dana Hall School at Wellesley, to Abbot Academy at Andover, and to Bradford, where more than once he gave the baccalaureate sermon or the commencement address. The Class of 1900 asked him to preach for them, and of him the class president, Eva Kammer (Mrs. W. S. Howe), has written: "Dr. McKenzie was a great friend of Bradford Academy and all the girls loved him." In answer to her invitation to commencement he wrote her: "I am glad your class lets me come on Sunday. If I can make the world more beautiful in your eyes and the summer more rich in delight, I shall be content." He took for his text the Psalmist's words, "Thou hast made the summer," and began by saying, "There are three important words in that sentence: God, made, summer. In the reverse order we find here three things taught in this School: Nature, Science, Religion."²⁰

We find him at Worcester Academy, at Mount Hermon, the Fitchburg Normal School, and elsewhere. Next come the theological schools. He spoke at Bangor, at Princeton, at Boston University, and at Union in New York, as well as at Yale. Then there were the other colleges. He made repeated visits to Cornell, and never failed to enjoy them. These began in 1880, when he delivered the baccalaureate sermon. He was

20. J. S. Pond, *Bradford, a New England Academy*, pp. 258, 259.

there again in 1881 as the guest of President White. In 1885 he gave the baccalaureate a second time, and on the same trip made the graduating address at Wells College. His third baccalaureate at Cornell was in 1897. He gave the commencement address at Smith College in 1881, and at Mount Holyoke College in 1890. He preached at the University of Pennsylvania, at Bryn Mawr, at Williams, at Vassar, and at Dartmouth. In fact, there was hardly a school or college of importance in this part of the country to which this preacher of religion was not asked to come. His influence was broad and deep. The student mind of that generation was open and responsive to his message, which unfailingly exalted Christ and called for allegiance to him "whose service is perfect freedom."

No record of McKenzie's ministry to students would be complete without mention of Northfield and of the annual student gatherings there under the leadership of Dwight L. Moody. It is easy to see why these two men were kindred spirits. McKenzie admired Moody, whose friendship, he wrote, had enriched his life. He had vast respect for the great work of Christian education which Mr. Moody inaugurated there. Moody, in his turn, found in McKenzie a welcome ally in impressing the truths of an evangelical Christianity upon the student mind. Hence McKenzie was frequently asked to come and address the great company of students which gathered year after year in late June and early July. McKenzie found there just the opportunity to which he most eagerly responded. To stand before a great multitude of students in the auditorium at Northfield and preach to them gave him always the deepest satisfaction. In 1894 he speaks of a "glorious visit to Northfield. Enthusiastic meetings. Many kind personal words were spoken to me." The writer of this book recalls being there in 1895 with the Harvard delegation. The auditorium was filled. As McKenzie stepped forward to speak, the students of one of the colleges began a cheer which had a sibilant sound for its

opening syllable. It appeared for a moment to be a hiss. McKenzie paused and blinked. Then the rest of the cheer resounded — a “Boom” and a “Bah!” The intention was clear and the speaker responded, and launched into one of his telling sermons. The occasion was altogether to his mind.

From all of this it can be seen that few men enjoyed such a wide opportunity of reaching the student mind of his generation with the message of an evangelical Christianity as the Cambridge minister. And what a glorious use he made of this privilege! “This college work,” he wrote, “has been of the greatest interest to me.” It was also one of his largest contributions to the religious life of his time. Of all of this preaching there may be said what he himself wrote after a sermon in Appleton Chapel at Cambridge: “I have preached Christ.”

Any account of McKenzie’s educational interests must reserve large space for his connection with Hampton Institute, of which he became a trustee in 1883. It was at the suggestion of Samuel C. Armstrong, then secretary of the board, that he was nominated for this position. In 1891 he became vice-president of the board, holding this position until his death in 1914. This was one of the major interests of his life. A man like General Armstrong and a work like that at Hampton could not fail to make a strong appeal to McKenzie’s nature. He threw himself with ardor into this new opportunity for service. He became a devoted friend of Armstrong and an invaluable helper of Hampton. Coming to the board at a critical period in the development of the institute, he raised up friends for it in the North, cooperated with the trustees in the development of the institution, and made his warm spiritual influence to be felt on generation after generation of the Negro and Indian students. Each year in May he made a pilgrimage to Hampton to attend meetings of the board and the commencement exercises.

Unlike most of his busy colleagues he made a practice, which was maintained even in his later years of grave limitations and infirmities, of spending several weeks each winter at Hampton, living with the teachers, visiting among the students, and imparting both by private conversation and by public address the confident Christian faith which inspired his own thought and life. As a consequence he was for years the most intimately known, and to many the most welcome of all the distinguished visitors whom the school each year received. No preacher was heard more gladly. The same gifts of fertility of thought and fluency of speech which gave him distinction at the northern colleges proved extraordinarily capable of adaptation to the unsophisticated minds of Hampton students. . . . Those long rows of dark and eager faces; that searching music, with its unequalled effect of volume and poignancy; the intimate connection, always recognized at Hampton, between the training of the hand and the training of the heart, — all these characteristics of the school stirred him to his finest utterances of wisdom, humor and appeal. . . . Perhaps the firmest hold on these minds was secured through his extraordinary familiarity with the Bible, and his effective and often ingenious use of Biblical language, metaphor and allusion. No one can recall his conduct of worship here without reflecting how rich and adequate the diction of prayer may become through lifelong intimacy with the English Bible.²¹

The *Southern Workman*, the school paper, contains many reports of these sermons and addresses, admirable in their simplicity, directness, and helpfulness. A few of these transcripts²² will illustrate the felicity of these addresses:

I see at the end of this programme that we are to sing "America." Oliver Wendell Holmes said that Dr. Smith won immortality for himself and his hymn by that word "My." If he had written *our* country, the Sunday School would have sung it once and that would have been the end of his hymn and his fame. But he said "*my* country," and every one who sang it said "my country," and that made America the own possession of each one — and so that hymn sends the thoughts of patriotism ringing along the lines. It is a great thing that to each one of us has come that word "my country" with all its illustrious memories and hopes. So for the country we send out these thirty young men and women and the others who have preceded and will follow them.

21. From an address by Professor Francis G. Peabody at the memorial service, November 15, 1914.

22. Issue of June, 1905.

It was an eloquent and impassioned address, closing with the lines:

To the wrong that needs resistance,
To the right that needs assistance,
To the future in the distance
And the good that they can do.

He said in the commencement address in 1896:

I hope very much that you are going to have a hard time. I am always struck with the courage and the hopefulness of the atmosphere at Hampton. You do not know anything about pessimism — I don't believe you can spell the word. You never hear of it here. . . . Find the hard places, they are the best places, the places that need you. And then, you see, if you take the hardest first, you can have the comfort of knowing the easier ones are ahead. So work your way up from hard to easy. The world doesn't owe you a living till you earn it. What fun is there in sailing in calm water? To do the hardest thing that is possible, that is the most interesting thing to do. You Hampton students don't whine. You make the best of things.²³

In another address he emphasized again that there is no pleasure in doing the easy things — they are too commonplace.

I remember being on board ship with an old sea captain. One day I said to him, "Captain, isn't it very tiresome pacing up and down the bridge? . . ." He answered, "No, it is not; there is always something going on." I couldn't see anything but the ship going on. "You never can tell what is going to happen. There might be a fire, or a wreck might go by out there. Something might happen any minute. Care is company." If you are ever lonesome, go and find something to do; sit down with the impossible. You will soon be so in love with it that before night you will be married to it. Care is company. Responsibility is pleasure.²⁴

In July, 1908, the *Southern Workman* printed a sermon, "The Works that I Do" (St. John xiv:12). In response to many requests, it was written out and published substantially as it was preached. "If we consider the works of Christ one by one, I think we feel that we can do them." We are not to

23. *Ibid.*, June, 1896.

24. *Ibid.*, May, 1897.

work miracles in the literal sense of that word. "It would be undesirable to have them now. But we can perform the spiritual counterpart of the works of Christ. We too can bring some soul, dead in its trespasses and sins, to life again. We can repeat His words of instruction and blessing. In these words which call us rests a beatitude: Blessed is the man who believes on me, for the works that I do, he shall do also."

McKenzie's work at Hampton won warm recognition. When the news of the fortieth anniversary of his Cambridge ministry reached Hampton, the *Southern Workman* published an appreciation of him.

He has always been devoted to young people of all classes and loves to preach to them. The students at Hampton have for many years looked forward to the Sabbath preceding Anniversary as the one which would give them the opportunity of listening to Dr. McKenzie. His sermons have always had a picturesque, practical character that would have been impossible in the case of one who had not learned by doing. He has always been a warm friend of Hampton, and has been instrumental in enlisting in its cause the sympathy and interest of many of his friends.

And when he died, once more Hampton voiced its gratitude:

He was a powerful preacher, . . . and his sermons in the school church were thoroughly enjoyed. Certain of his sermons were long remembered by the graduates of the institution. One of them on the text "He shall be like a tree" made a deep impression. He was an enthusiastic friend of the School and did much to make its work well known throughout New England. In Dr. McKenzie's death Hampton loses one of its most devoted friends.²⁵

McKenzie never resigned as Hampton trustee. He served in all for thirty-one years, and at the time of his death he was the senior member of the board, of which he had been vice-president for fourteen years. General Armstrong died in 1893, and Doctor H. B. Frissell, who succeeded him, had from McKenzie the same devoted support. Toward the end of McKen-

25. *Ibid.*, September, 1914.

zie's life it was said of him that three causes seemed more and more to absorb his mind: the interests of his church; the work of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society; and Hampton Institute.

The yearly journeys to the school were to him a delight, eagerly anticipated. He liked to travel from Boston to Virginia by boat, and did so frequently. Once at Hampton, he found himself in a familiar environment and among congenial friends. One has only to run over the list of the men who served on the board of trustees to see how his life was thus enriched. There were such men as George Foster Peabody, Charles H. Parkhurst, Bishop McVickar, Arthur C. James, William Jay Schieffelin, Seth Low, William H. Taft, Robert Bacon, Robert C. Ogden, W. Cameron Forbes, and General Armstrong and Dr. Frissell, the principals. With some of these men there developed a warm intimacy; with all of them, a loyal friendship. Thus in a true sense Hampton ministered to McKenzie as truly as he did to it. Rarely has a human interest had deeper roots or borne richer fruit than McKenzie's relation with Hampton Institute.

No one can review the story of Dr. McKenzie's educational interests and service without perceiving that it was given to few men to have a larger influence upon the student mind of his generation. It is truly an astonishing record. Little wonder that he felt that the Lord had led him! For it was given to this son of a New Bedford sailor to pilot many a young life across the stormy seas of intellectual doubt and moral struggle into the haven of God's love and strength and perfect peace.

CHAPTER XI

MINISTRY AT LARGE

1870-1914

EVERY minister is called upon to perform certain services outside the confines of his own parish. As he gains in prominence and reputation, these demands increase and multiply. McKenzie was no exception. As the years went on, he found himself engaged in many different directions aside from his parish work and his ministry to schools and colleges. In reviewing this outside labor, the question projects itself how, in justice to his parish, it could have been undertaken and performed. Yet that his parish was not neglected is proved by the length of his ministry. No man can maintain himself in one church for over forty years who does not continuously give to that church the best that is in him. McKenzie had a conscience about this. "In all," he writes, "I have been the parish minister and have kept an allegiance with those to whom I was pledged and by whom I was maintained." The church always came first in his thoughts. He was constantly planning and studying how its influence might be broadened and strengthened.

It needs to be remembered, too, that McKenzie had a church which was singularly generous in its attitude toward this service of its minister to the community at large. It recognized his abilities and influence and rightly felt that this was one way in which the church could serve the world. Thus in this outside ministry the church and its minister were in perfect sympathy and understanding.

It is quite evident, however, that no man could carry on the outside work which McKenzie was doing and at the same time study deeply and broadly. The depth and the breadth

could not be equal. He read constantly and extensively. But he could not make those positive and scholarly contributions to the religious problems and the religious life of his time which were being made by some of his contemporaries. McKenzie himself recognized this, and, as we shall see, regretted it. On the whole, however, he felt that he had, perhaps, used his special powers to the best advantage. In this judgment it is possible to concur. He had his gift, and he used it. With great generosity he spread his influence over a large area of the life of his time; and he quickened and blessed all that he touched.

It is natural to begin the record of this outside service with the community where he lived. As we have seen, he came to Cambridge when it was little more than a town, and lived to see it become one of the great industrial cities of the commonwealth. He was identified from the first with this municipal development. Almost at the beginning of his ministry he became a member of the school committee, on which he served for several years (1869-74). When Dr. Peabody resigned from the committee in May, 1881, the mayor and the Board of Aldermen elected Dr. McKenzie to fill the unexpired term, but he declined to accept this appointment. He delivered the orations at the dedication in 1870 of the two monuments to the soldiers of the Revolutionary and of the Civil Wars. A writer in the *Cambridge Tribune* in 1886 pays tribute to McKenzie's ability as a speaker on such occasions.

As an orator on occasions of public interest and importance, I think no one, with the exception of James Russell Lowell or Higginson, at all his equal. Since Edward Everett, I recall no public address in our city of superior power and brilliance to Dr. McKenzie's oration at the dedication of our soldiers' monument.

McKenzie was deeply interested in American history. Because of this, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts

Historical Society, through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Deane, and for some time was a member of the committee on publications. Writing in Rome in 1900, he says:

In different ways my life has been connected with the history of our country. My earliest days were spent near the landing of the Pilgrims. At Cambridge, I was where the republic had its beginning as the colonies were raised into the republic. My own church was one of the first and had its part in the events which made the nation. In studying our history, I was reading the earliest annals. The church was formed in 1636. It helped make the colonial days in which it had a conspicuous part. Thomas Shepard was an exile from England, as were his friends who were of English birth, and lived under the king. Harvard College was their creation. In the church records, I could feel the spirit of liberty which made the revolution. The Washington Elm is before the house where most of my pastor's work has been done, and before the house in which I lived. Thus I was more than familiar with the first days and the men who made them. It was on the Common the men were encamped who went to Bunker Hill and to Concord and Lexington. I knew the War of 1812 through my father's experience, who, as a youth returning on his first voyage, was taken by the British and imprisoned at Capetown and Dartmoor. His narrative was in my early education. In the Civil War, I was in Augusta, where I ministered as I was able to the soldiers encamped there. . . . Then I came to Cambridge. . . . I have been a citizen and have furthered the things which make for the honour and stability of the country. I have lived through the conflict which threatened to rend the Republic asunder. I have seen slavery destroyed and the slaves set free and have had a small part [as trustee of Hampton Institute] in seeing them given their liberty.

He was proud of the part which Cambridge, and the church of which he was the minister, had played in the great drama of American liberty and democracy. He was known as the soldiers' friend. He attended regularly the annual dinner on Memorial Day and spoke to the veterans, and was made an associate member of the Charles Beck Post. Yet he never concealed his profound distaste for war or his belief that it was inhuman and un-Christian. He believed that to be a good citizen was one of the first duties of a Christian. He frequently urged the obligations of citizenship upon his congregation.

And he practiced what he preached. "I feel that I have been a useful citizen in many ways." It was a modest statement.

McKenzie had not been long in Cambridge when the movement for establishing a Young Men's Christian Association was launched. His intense interest in the welfare of young men and women led him to espouse such a cause. He kept in close touch with the Associations in Cambridge, that for young men and that for young women. He assisted in the raising of the necessary funds, devoted church services to the setting forth of their needs, and made frequent addresses at their meetings. Indeed, he was one of the founders of both Associations in Cambridge.

He was at his best in these addresses. The theme was congenial: the young man and his needs; the Christian motive, practical virtue and clean and honest living. Notes have been preserved of an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Young Men's Christian Association building in New Bedford. Speaking of his own boyhood, he said he did not know what the boys did in the evenings, and thought it was wonderful how they kept out of vice.

But what if the boys could have had the gymnasium and the friendly hands and the association? This building means "God bless our home" and "Throw a rope to my boy." . . . If we have intelligent and virtuous men, we can keep [the republic] going, but if we are going to rear men who will think more of the factory than the lives in it, we had better set the stonecutter to engrave our monument — and he'll probably get it done not much too soon. The Christian Association means a republic. If it does its part in making good, intelligent, law-loving and law-abiding citizens, it will stand until that day toward which all things are hastening. This is the work which the Young Men's Christian Association is doing and what it is commissioned to do.

The earliest reference to McKenzie's connection with the effort to establish the Cambridge Hospital is contained in a letter addressed to him on November 12, 1870, inviting him to attend a meeting at the house of Isaac Livermore, corner

of Main and Clinton Streets, for the purpose of organizing "The Hospital for Women and Children in Cambridge." In 1867 Miss Emily E. Parsons, who had served for two years as nurse in the army hospitals in Fort Schuyler and on the Mississippi during the Civil War, opened such a hospital for women and children. Miss Parsons was born on March 8, 1824, and died on May 19, 1880. She procured a suitable house and received from generous individuals sufficient funds to carry the work through one year. The owner of the house wished to dispose of it, and the hospital was closed for a year. In December, 1869, Miss Parsons reopened it at the corner of Prospect and Hampshire Streets, and there maintained it for two years, during which time she received and cared for 122 patients.

The Hospital was first opened as a Hospital for Women and Children, taking no male patient over six years of age; but now that its usefulness has steadily increased, it is hoped that it will be the beginning of a General Hospital for the City of Cambridge, large enough and rich enough to take in all of either sex who can be benefitted by hospital treatment.

So wrote Miss Parsons in her report in 1872; and so the event proved.

In 1871, sufficient interest had been excited to induce several prominent citizens to procure an act of incorporation for the Cambridge Hospital. But funds were lacking, and in 1872, with Miss Parsons' consent, her hospital was again closed. It was not until 1881 that the pressing need of a hospital became so apparent that a successful attempt was made to raise the money needed for its establishment. Mr. Isaac Fay bequeathed \$10,000 to be used for a building fund. Several generous gifts were received. A fair was held by the women of Cambridge in 1881, adding \$12,000. Public interest was aroused, and in 1883 the lot was purchased on which the hospital now stands. The building was begun in 1884, and on April 29, 1886, the hospital was dedicated.

McKenzie was identified with this civic movement from first to last. He was a member of the board of trustees from 1876 to 1909. On April 7, 1880, he writes in his journal:

Meeting of Trustees of Cambridge Hospital. Appointed a committee to see what should be done about opening a hospital. Nov. 1, 1881. Hospital fair opened. Made a few remarks. Meeting of Hospital trustees on Mr. Wood's proposed gift of \$50,000. Thursday, April 29, 1886. Dedication of Hospital. Address by Dr. Wyman. Reading and prayer by myself. Hospital opened. 2 patients.

The reading from the Scriptures by Doctor McKenzie on this occasion was a beautiful compilation of passages from Luke iv:16-22, 40; Luke v:18-26; Matt. xxv:34-40; Matt. xxvi:6-13. In his prayer, thanksgiving was rendered to God for the life which abounds in the world, and is stronger than death; for the generous purpose and patient effort of the Lord's handmaid under whose care the hospital had been founded, and for the generosity of the many who had given and labored to extend and perpetuate the work. The blessing of God was invoked for those in whose hands this sacred trust was placed, and for the physicians and surgeons, matron, and nurses to whom the welfare of the patients was committed. Prayer was made, too, for all who should enter the open doors in sickness and pain

that they may find healing for the body, rest and comfort for the mind, and courage and strength; . . . that this may be indeed our Bethesda, the House of Mercy. In this spirit we dedicate this Hospital to God, our Father in Heaven, our Father upon earth, in the certainty that Thou wilt accept it as Thy dwelling-place and make it the House of God and the gate of Heaven.

Dr. Morrill Wyman, chairman of the board of trustees, then made the address. From the year 1887 onwards, there are constant references to meetings of the board, to which he was annually reelected, and to events in connection with its work, including a reference to a "lawn party at Longfellow's" on June 22, 1887. Thus for forty years McKenzie maintained a

close connection with the history of an institution of which the city to-day has a right to be proud.

During the eighties, Cambridge came into much prominence because of a determined civic effort made to outlaw the saloon.¹ In 1881, Massachusetts had adopted the local option law by which each community could decide for itself whether or not it would grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. For some years Somerville had excluded the saloon, and Cambridge carried Somerville's liquor business as well as its own. By the year 1885 there were 122 saloons in Cambridge. Disorder was on the increase, and the liquor interests had a baneful influence on City Hall. It was felt that the power of the rum traffic was "creeping like a paralysis over the city." Hence, a no-license movement was inaugurated which enlisted the interest and devoted service of some of the outstanding citizens of Cambridge. The no-license forces, working quietly, organized a non-partisan committee and canvassed the entire voting lists. The churches joined in supporting the movement. A periodical was printed entitled *Frozen Truth*,² in which "the cold facts, congealed veracity" were laid before the people. A vigorous campaign was waged, and workers were at the polling places when the election was held. In December, 1886, the saloon was overthrown by a majority of 566. A law enforcement committee was then formed to

1. David N. Beach, "The Cambridge Idea," *Cambridge of 1896*, fiftieth anniversary volume, pp. 87-100. See also *Ten No-License Years in Cambridge*, a jubilee volume, published by the Citizen's Committee, Cambridge, 1898, with contributions from Frank Foxcroft, Edmund A. Whitman, Rev. David Nelson Beach, and others.

2. This sheet, varying in size from 6 by 9 inches to 13 by 18, was issued irregularly, usually one or two copies a year, with one copy just before the December election. A broken file of *Frozen Truth* is at the Cambridge Public Library, the earliest copy there being the issue of December 11, 1896, Vol. 2, No. 1.

furnish information to the proper officers, focusing intelligence and indignation upon all failure to enforce the law.

In 1887, an even more efficient campaign was waged. The issue was closely contested. Again the saloon was beaten by the identical majority of the year before. Thus Cambridge came into prominence as the only community in the world of its size which had been able to rid itself of the saloon. What was called "the Cambridge Idea" began to spread. The influence of the Cambridge movement was widely felt throughout the state and elsewhere. There was much correspondence, and speakers traveled to explain the methods which had proved so successful. Victory followed year after year, and the climax was reached in 1895, when a peculiarly difficult and malignant campaign was waged, and the tenth annual verdict against the saloon was returned with the unprecedented majority of 1503.³

The churches took a conspicuous part in this great civic uprising. But the names of three ministers in Cambridge stand out with peculiar prominence: Father Thomas Scully, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary of the Annunciation, Rev. David Nelson Beach of the Prospect Street Church, and Dr. McKenzie. From his boyhood days in New Bedford McKenzie had witnessed the evils of the liquor traffic, and had become its inveterate foe. Such a campaign as this enlisted his ardent sympathy, and he threw himself into it with devoted enthusiasm. A warm friendship sprang up between him and Father Scully—a friendship which lasted all their lives. Both men had come to Cambridge in the same year, 1867. Father Scully had served as chaplain of

3. It is a commentary on the curious course of events in the history of any moral movement that after the great experiment in national prohibition terminated in 1933, Cambridge voted to approve the sale of intoxicating liquors, in a languid election in which the merest fraction of the electorate took the trouble to go to the polls.

a famous Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War. He was for thirty-five years rector of St. Mary's. It was the magnificent faith, courage, and single-hearted devotion to the public good of this great soldier of the Cross which won him the popularity which he never sought. He threw himself with ardor into the first no-license campaign in Cambridge on the invitation of Dr. Beach and Dr. McKenzie. His earnestness, his rough eloquence, his plainness of speech, and his ready humor made him a power on every platform from which he spoke, and he supplemented these public exertions with direct personal work and with an attention to the smallest details which made the no-license vote in the precincts of his parish mount up from year to year. He died in September, 1902.

It was generally admitted that McKenzie was the most telling speaker for the no-license forces. Professor Francis G. Peabody has said: "He was superb: the best we had." All the factors conspired to draw from him his best ability: intense conviction, the municipal interest, the excitement, the crowds. A reporter of a great meeting in Union Hall on November 24, 1890, writes as follows:

Dr. McKenzie was introduced as the center rush in this moral contest. It was getting late, yet Dr. McKenzie held the audience fast to a brilliant, fervent, masterly urging of no license for Cambridge. Why can't we put the majority for no license away up to two or three thousand? Men have their superstitions. We should have Grant's superstition. When put in a place, he never dared to leave it. They say we are trampling on people's rights in banishing the saloons. Sherman said to the southern woman who complained of the loss of her chickens, "This war must go on if it takes every chicken in the Confederacy." The hardest thing in the world today is to be an American citizen. It is easier to be a citizen of almost any other country. The man who does not vote is not an American citizen. He is false all the way through. If it is right for you to refrain from voting, then your sons who spilt their blood for the Union spilt their blood in vain.

The address, telling in its strength, was notable in its appeal to the manliness of the listeners. McKenzie gave many such

addresses, not only in Cambridge but in adjoining towns which sought his aid. He was a vigorous and constant platform speaker in the fight against the organized liquor traffic.

He had his part, also, in nearly every event of community interest. In December, 1880, he attended the exercises celebrating the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, and spoke at the banquet in the evening. He offered the prayer at the dedication of the new public library in 1889. He spoke at various meetings of the Cambridge Club, and was a member of the Cambridge Historical Society. He witnessed the development of the different churches in Cambridge.

The Baptists have built a stately house of stone, and the Methodists have done likewise. The Unitarians have built a fine parish house which is designed to be a part of a new meeting-house when that is builded. The Church of the New Jerusalem has erected a handsome chapel near the Harvard grounds, and the Christian Science Society proposes to build a house for which the chosen site is waiting.

At the dedication of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church in 1891 he spoke on the relation of the minister to the community. He offered the prayer at the dedication of the new English High School building in 1892. He gave addresses on various school occasions, and at graduation exercises. When Dr. Crothers was installed at the First Church, Unitarian, in 1894, he read the Scripture. He was moderator of the council to dismiss Frank Hyatt Smith of the North Avenue Church. In March, 1896, he writes: "Seeing about giving Mr. Beach a good send-off. I am to write the address." On Sunday, May 31, 1896, he preached a sermon appropriate to the fiftieth anniversary of the City of Cambridge, from the text, "The city lieth four-square"; and he rode in the procession on the day of the celebration. In 1897 he gave the prayer at the dedication of the new Young Men's Christian Association building, and the following year attended a meeting in the

interest of forming a federation of the churches of Cambridge. In a word, he was a part of the ecclesiastical, civic, and educational life of Cambridge for forty-seven years, and shared in every movement for its development and welfare. He felt that he was a citizen of no mean city, and faithfully fulfilled the highest obligations of his citizenship.

Beyond the community, there was the Congregational denomination to which the Cambridge church belonged. As the church and its minister came into prominence, duties and functions belonging to the administration of the Congregational churches naturally disclosed themselves. Yet in this connection it is to be said that McKenzie was not an "administration man." He was not naturally interested in the mechanics of ecclesiasticism. He was by nature a prophet, an interpreter to others of the Gospel as he felt and knew it. No man can serve two masters. The leading ministers of all great church bodies divide themselves into those who are conspicuous as ecclesiastical engineers and those who do their work primarily as preachers and authors; McKenzie belonged to the latter group.

I have never had much to do with denominational interests. This has not been because of a lack of interest in them, but rather because I have been busy in other matters to which I was more inclined by taste, and in which I had more comfort. I have attended the meetings of the Societies, . . . but I have not risen to high station nor received denominational honors. I have been more than willing that the men who have pleasure in directing these organizations . . . should have the chief places.

Thus, in a sense, he was an "outside" man, and preserved an attitude of detachment toward denominational policies. His judgment was far in advance of his time. Years before the movement toward the consolidation of denominational societies began, he pointed out the necessity for this in the interests of a businesslike administration of church affairs.

There is room for more service on the part of men. Besides the spiritual interests of the church, there are financial matters which call for the experience of business men. These relate to the administration of the church and of the parish and also to the management of the societies which have the funds of the church for missionary usages. . . . The church has duties towards the community and to the world. For this end, there are separate organizations and these are unduly multiplied and their methods are not in keeping with those of the business world where all things tend to concentration. We have at least nine national societies, each with its own capital and offices and officers. This is antiquated and I have long desired to see it modernized. This could be effected if it were desired by those who are in control. I have pointed to the methods of Harvard University as an instance of effective and economical concentration. There we have millions of money, several schools in alliance with the college, each with its own faculty and funds; hundreds of professors and thousands of students with one head over all. If it were desired, our societies could be joined in one or possibly two, each with its own secretary and directors, yet all under one guiding mind. . . . It is not beyond my hope that in the administration of Christian work we may attain to the methods of our best business men. Children of this world are needed in practical affairs, and they are often wiser than the children of light. We often complain that we have too many churches and insist that the union of churches is to be achieved. With even stronger reason we may make a union of the church agencies where personal and territorial considerations should have less weight.

He could never forgive the omission of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society from the list of organizations to which the benevolence of the churches should be given.

There is now what is called an apportionment plan which has considerable favor. It marks the imperfect condition of our work by societies that this only recognizes a portion of our agencies and rings the changes on eight societies as if there were no more. They were five, corresponding to the fingers, they became seven, and by some persistence are now reckoned as eight. Here is a weak spot. If we have no more, we should add one for the sailor on whom our work so largely depends. He is the necessary man, but is not counted in among our national agencies. Yet we have one society, one of the oldest of our religious agencies, for his benefit. This unfortunately has its center at one of our chief seaports and not at some inland capital. This should be taken into the favored number of national societies. I confess to a deep interest in this, but I have been able to effect nothing. Many churches do contribute to our Seaman's Friend Society, but not all our churches, and few give to it a proportional share of their

gifts. I am happy to think that our own church made its own apportionment plan in which the sailor has a good place, as he will have in my own remembrance.

Always devoted to the cause of foreign missions, which he did not hesitate to extol in his Lowell Institute lectures, McKenzie was never an officer in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,⁴ and had no active part in the direction of its affairs. This was due in part to the fact that he fell out of favor with the conservative element when the great controversy broke out in the eighties. This was a sequel of the Andover case, of which an account has already been given.⁵ The issue was carried into the missionary work of the churches. Here was, not a dead hand laid upon the living through an ironclad creed, but a theological tenet which seemed to contain within itself the ultimate motive of the whole missionary movement. Salvation through Christ depends upon man's belief in him; without such belief and acceptance there is no hope of salvation. Let this tenet be held intelligently and without reservation, and no one can withhold his support of missions. To the rank and file of church people the significance and the connotations of the doctrine were not obvious. But to those who were in positions of responsibility, this belief was a vital matter. If it were abandoned or even modified the very motive of sending missionaries to the heathen would be lost; the "nerve of missions" would be cut. If men could be saved apart from Christ, why then the urgency of preaching Christ to them?

When younger men in Andover, however, studied the doctrine in its relation to the whole body of Christian belief and practice, they felt that in its bold statement it was irreconcil-

4. He was elected a corporate member of the board at the annual meeting at Springfield in 1887, and five years later was elected to be a member of the prudential committee, but declined to serve.

5. See p. 296.

able with a belief in God's love and justice. How could they believe in the love of God and at the same time hold that men were forever lost who had had no opportunity of being saved through Christ? They sought therefore an escape from this dilemma, and found it in the idea which came to be known as "second probation." In the case of the heathen, that is, the time limit might be extended beyond death so that the chance of salvation which they had not had in this world might be theirs in the next. At the annual meeting of the American Board held at Des Moines in 1886, a vote was passed cautioning the prudential committee from approving the doctrine that those who died "out of Christ" would be saved after death. When therefore in April, 1887, the prudential committee, scrutinizing the qualifications of candidates for commissions, found an Andover man, William Noyes, not quite sure that men must be forever lost who had never heard of Christ, he was denied a commission.⁶ The issue raised thus was debated with increasing intensity. The controversy threatened to split the board; before it was over the home secretary, Dr. Edmund K. Alden, and Dr. Augustus C. Thompson and Mr. Elbridge Torrey, prominent and efficient members of the prudential committee, all staunch conservatives, had resigned.⁷ It took all of the wisdom, influence, and administrative skill of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who in 1887 had succeeded President Mark Hopkins as president of the board, to steer it through the

6. The exact date of Secretary Adams' letter to Noyes is May 10, 1887. Noyes' name is important not because of his advocacy of a strange doctrine, but because of the circumstances of the case. He was the son of a man who had been a missionary since 1848; he had been educated in Congregational schools of the highest repute; and his status was such that on his rejection by the board he was ordained by a Congregational council at Berkeley Temple, and was sent out as a missionary by that church. In 1894 he was taken over by the board, two years after they had sent his sister to India as a missionary.

7. See William E. Strong, *Story of the American Board*, pp. 330-333.

tumult and find a fair solution of the difficulty. The churches were aroused. The meetings of the board became the scene of brilliant but lamentable debates. The status of some of the most conspicuous and successful missionaries, like Rev. Robert A. Hume of India, was involved. And during these turbulent years the board lost heavily both in men and in money. Ministers were compelled to take sides in the controversy, and those who were united in their devotion to the cause of missions found themselves arrayed against one another in this time of stress. McKenzie never lacked the courage of his convictions; and as this issue disclosed itself, he did not hesitate to declare them. He was on the liberal side in this debate as he had been in the Andover case. He was at the Springfield meeting of the board in October, 1887, and took part in the debate. Although not a chief actor in this extraordinary theological drama, from first to last he championed the liberty of missionaries, as of ministers, to decide this question for themselves.

By temperament McKenzie stood aloof from the conflict. He did not, in his own pulpit, use the damnation of the wicked as an argument to bring men to Christ, and obviously could not share the anxiety of the board lest the edge of the doctrine should be dulled. His sympathy was of course with the kind of training which allowed a student to think independently; but on the other hand there was nothing in his thought of Christ and of life through him that waited upon the outcome of this strife, or depended upon the solution, or evasion, of puzzles of logic or metaphysics. About the issue, and of the effect of it upon himself, he writes as follows:

In the controversies which have raged about the American Board, I have had no prominent place. I do not like controversy. My sympathy was with those who favored a liberal policy, and I have not hesitated to declare this when the occasion called for it. My position as an Andover trustee confirmed the notion that I was of "the new departure," whereas I held stedfastly to the vital truths of our ancient Faith. In freedom I

did believe, and I was ready to accord to others what I claimed for myself. The measures for which I stood at length prevailed. But what honors I might have received, passed by. . . . I have never been asked to preach the annual sermon — an office which has fallen to nearly every one of my associates in the ministry. This has been due, possibly, to forgetfulness. I have several times spoken at meetings of the Missionary Board and once . . . I divided the evening with Dr. Storrs by special request.

At the annual meeting of the American Board held at Chicago in 1892, McKenzie was elected a member of its prudential committee. It was a flattering offer, obviously a wise one, and was evidently made in order to bring into the conduct of missions a spirit and a viewpoint more representative of our Christian belief. Another man might have welcomed the opportunities it offered. To McKenzie the whole notion was distasteful, demanding, as was shown by these events, nice distinctions and circumspect behavior, with conflict of opinion always in the offing. In such an atmosphere he could not work. He therefore declined the election by a telegram; it arrived, however, after the board had adjourned, and he found himself in an awkward situation.

So it stands [he writes]. And I am urged by people both ways, to accept and to decline. I am told that I can be of great service both ways, by accepting and by declining. If I could help missions by accepting, that would be of great influence. But what could I do where Mr. Hardy and Prof. Smyth have failed? I am involved with Andover interests which must not be harmed. My church would have me accept, but I doubt if they see the question in its bearings.

Finally, he wrote declining election.

While I believe that the greatest care should be taken in the appointment of missionaries and that special qualities of character are needed for special and important positions, and while I would demand of any one seeking appointment that he should be loyal to the essential principles of the Christian faith as these are held by the churches which are asked to commission him, I would not lay upon any one a burden heavier than I am willing myself to bear, or deny to any one the right which, as a Puritan minister, I claim, to study the Holy Scriptures with a free and open mind and to receive and impart the truth which I learn in the liberty which the

truth bestows, and, in the words of the subscription to the Andover creed, "according to the best light God shall give me."

I may be allowed to add that those with whom I am most intimately associated in my extra-parochial work, and whom I should be supposed in some degree to represent, are virtually united in their judgment that under the existing conditions I should not become a member of the Prudential Committee and stand in a place where, as they believe, my responsibility would be in excess of my influence.

I am very respectfully and sincerely yours,

Alexander McKenzie

Cambridge, Oct. 27.

Thus the issue was closed. McKenzie never wavered, however, in his loyal support of the American Board, or in his devotion to the cause of foreign missions.

McKenzie was not, in other ways, without his denominational responsibilities. In 1870 he had been made a director of the Congregational Sabbath School and Publishing Society, serving on various committees. He was always punctilious about attending the meetings of boards to which he belonged, and the journals are dotted with references to this long term of service on one of the important departments of denominational activity.

In the year 1880, a committee of seven was appointed by the national council, meeting at St. Louis, and instructed to elect from among the members of our churches in different parts of our land, twenty-five men of piety and ability, well versed in the truths of the Bible, and representing different shades of thought among us, who may be willing to confer and act together as a commission to prepare in the form of a creed or catechism, or both, a simple, clear and comprehensive exposition of the truths of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, for the instruction and edification of our churches. [In their instructions it was provided] that the result of their labors when complete be reported not to this Council, but to the churches and to the world through the public press, to carry such weight of authority as the character of the commission and the intrinsic merit of their exposition of truth may command.⁸

8. *Minutes of the Council*, 1880, p. 24; 1883, p. 23.

McKenzie was selected with other prominent clergymen, the committee wrote him, "as one whose judgment and counsel will bring valuable aid for the attainment of the desired result." He became chairman of the committee on the catechism.

The commission thus appointed held several meetings, which McKenzie attended, and conducted a prolonged correspondence. They finally reported a creed (1883).⁹ In accordance with the original resolution, the council never formally adopted it, but it was published in the council manual, and was adopted by many of the churches. It remained the official declaration of faith of the Congregational churches down to the adoption of the Kansas City declaration of faith in 1913. The catechism committee intended a revision and condensation of the Shorter Westminster Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, but this plan was given up, the committee was discharged, and a new committee was appointed to prepare a new catechism on the basis of the statement of doctrine. It is doubtful if any new catechism was ever prepared.¹⁰

In the year 1904 McKenzie was invited to preach the sermon before the National Council of Congregational Churches, meeting at Des Moines. This was an honor well deserved by a man who for so many years had been one of the most conspicuous ministers of his denomination. He welcomed it, and prepared himself with great care. He was then seventy-four years old, an age at which most men pass out of the active ministry. In his journal we read:

Oct. 12. Left for Des Moines. Oct. 16. Preached the sermon before the National Council. Rev. 21: 2. The sermon was received kindly. It was a great occasion, and I am glad to have had a part in it. I am not likely to have so large an opportunity again.

9. This may be found in the *National Council Digest*, 1930, p. 149.

10. The official actions of the national council and papers on the subject will be found in the minutes of the council for 1880 and 1883.

The sermon is indeed his apologia. In it he gathered up the outlines of his whole faith, the objectives of his entire ministry. It was long. There was some discursiveness, and a lack of logical development which is characteristic of much of his preaching. But the spectacle of this ageing man standing before his brethren and declaring out of his heart what had been the inspiration, the motive, and the purpose of his long ministry must have been deeply impressive.

The City of God must come down from Heaven. Human society must be grounded in the knowledge of God and in obedience to Him. That knowledge is contained for us in the Bible which, in all the light of modern scholarship, still contains for us the Revelation of God, His being, His nature. That nature is expressed in the Person of Christ. The Incarnation and the Redemption are the full and final manifestation of the Love of God. It is the duty of the Church, of the ministry, of every Christian, to be the witnesses of the Truth of God in Christ reconciling all things unto Himself. Christian ministers are required to have patience, courage, dignity and broadmindedness. The Gospel is for the purpose of the redemption of society as well as of man. Homes are to be happy, womanhood honored, and childhood safe. "The sailor — you may refuse to count him when you arrange your beneficence, but when you call him, he will come." National life is to be made pure and strong. Thus the home missionary is the Christian pioneer. The future is bright with promise. "The dawning of the day which we have made to linger can even now be seen through the disappearing night: the new, near day which shall be builded out of heaven."

There was the voice of the religion of his age: conservative in its tenacious hold on the essential truths of historical Christianity, liberal in its outlook, with a social optimism characteristic of the foremost interpreters of religion forty years ago. There is no hint here of the new trials and tests of faith into which our Christianity has been led by the astronomy, the psychology, the economics, and the international cataclysm of the years that were to follow. Yet there is expressed here the ultimate truth, the spiritual attitude, and the personal devotion which alone can bring the Church, and through it the world, into order, stability, and peace.

This was the last bit of conspicuous service which McKenzie rendered to the denomination to which he belonged and in whose principles he so ardently believed. He was loyal to the denominational interests. He made addresses for many organizations.

I have preached before the General Association of Massachusetts, before the State Legislature, before several of our large societies, — the Congregational Home Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association. . . . Indeed, I have done a great deal of talking on many themes and in many places. In all this I have been honored and have found real pleasure. I write of these things with much humility and in sincere gratitude. I think I have been loyal to the denomination and have served it to the extent of my ability, so far as my assistance has been sought. . . . For many years I was on the committee of the Massachusetts Congregational Society [a body of Congregational and Unitarian ministers] whose privilege it is to distribute the appropriation of the Society for the widows and children of ministers, one of my pleasantest duties. I meet once in the year with Dr. DeNormandie and Dr. Edward Everett Hale for this delightful service and I hope to continue in it. I cannot but feel that my life has been large enough and has had enough connection with interests beyond my own parish.

His most devoted service, however, is yet to be mentioned; it was given to the societies for the promotion of the welfare of seamen. "It was natural that I should have had special interest in sailors. I was born to this and my early days were passed among ships. My father, my two brothers, and other kinsmen were sailors. While I did not seek that career for myself, the interests of the men of the sea have had a deep place in my heart."

For a few years he was president of the organization commonly called the Boston Port Society. This was organized in November, 1828, by a group of Methodist Episcopal people "for the moral and religious instruction of seamen," with the name "The Port Society of the City of Boston and its Vicinity." The Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, a young Methodist minister, generally known as Father Taylor, be-

came the first chaplain of the society, and served in that capacity from 1829 to 1868; down to 1931 all of its chaplains were Methodist ministers. McKenzie was president of the society from 1886 to 1899, when he was succeeded by Dr. George A. Gordon, who served from 1900 to 1926. The Seamen's Aid Society, founded in 1833, was made up exclusively of women, and was devoted to relieving sick and disabled seamen and their families. In 1867 the two societies were merged to form the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society.

Even longer and more intimate was McKenzie's connection with the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. This was organized on December 13, 1827, by a group of Congregational ministers and laymen meeting in Dr. Lyman Beecher's church, which was located at the corner of Washington and Hanover Streets. For more than 100 years it has represented the Congregational churches of New England. McKenzie became its president in 1890, and continued in office until his death in August, 1914; for a number of years he had already been a director. He was deeply interested in the efforts of the society, and gave himself unsparingly to promote its interests. Many people in our churches knew of the society as "Dr. McKenzie's Society." He loved it, spoke for it, cherished it, and was proud of his relation to it. This interest lay nearer his heart than any other outside of his own church. "I am glad to serve the sailor. I am mildly pleased and gratified that my portrait hangs in the chapel. I know that this plea for the sailor and this care for his well-being must have a conspicuous place in any account of my life." When he died, the following minute was adopted by the society:

The Board of Managers of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society hereby place upon record their sense of personal and corporate loss in the death of the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., who entered into his rest August 6, 1914, having served this Society for the past twenty-four years as its honored President. Coming to us, in the fullness of his great powers, at a critical time in the Society's history, he entered upon his work, as was

his wont to do, with enthusiasm and devotion. Ever a lover of the sea and the sailor, he was glad of the opportunity afforded here, to express that love. Under his leadership, the Society entered upon a larger usefulness to the men of the sea. During his administration, the Society's property on Hanover Street has been purchased, paid for, and remodeled; the work at Vineyard Sound has been moved to Vineyard Haven, established in the building given by Mrs. G. G. Hammond, and put upon a permanent basis of usefulness. The Woman's Seaman's Friend Society has been organized and proved its value. His eloquent voice and pen, his large acquaintance and influence with men, he was ever happy to draw upon if in any way they could be used to bring to the sailor, to use his own words, "that large Christian sympathy which will overlook no necessity, and in a liberal spirit will seek to give to the sailor the manifold benefits and kindnesses he would have in his own home."

One other organization of which McKenzie was long a member must be mentioned, the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America. This ancient society was incorporated on November 19, 1787, by twenty-one clergymen and laymen of Massachusetts. During its first half century it distributed many religious books and tracts. It supported missionaries and preachers in the frontier settlements of Maine, Vermont, New York, and Ohio. It ministered to many Indian tribes, in Martha's Vineyard, Mashpee, and later in the West. The tribes assisted included the Narragansetts, Wyandots, Senecas, Munsees, Passamaquoddies, Penobscots, Cherokees, Ojibways, Oneidas, and Onondagas. From time to time the society received a considerable endowment. Among its presidents were Oliver Wendell (1787-1793), William Phillips (1806-1827), Chief Justice Shaw (1837-1861), Rev. S. K. Lothrop (1878-1885), and Dr. A. P. Peabody (1887-1893). McKenzie's interest in this society was doubtless due, at least in part, to the fact that John Eliot, the first apostle to the Indians, had had the counsel and assistance of Thomas Shepard and of Daniel Gookin, whose son Nathaniel became pastor of the Cambridge church. Abiel Holmes, also, had been secretary of the society from 1810 to 1829. In 1885,

McKenzie was elected secretary, and served in that capacity for twenty-five years. At the annual meeting of 1910 he declined reelection.

As one considers the outside speaking activities of this industrious and extraordinary man, one is embarrassed by the record. McKenzie himself made no effort in his reminiscences to catalogue them. "I have not recounted the almost numberless sermons, addresses, lectures I have given at ordinations, installations, commencements, dedications, celebrations, whereby I have had the chance to give my thoughts to others." He once remarked, "I would go anywhere at any time, if only they would send for me and bring me home again." When one remembers that all his correspondence was done by hand, and recalls the slow means of transportation in those days, one must marvel that, in addition to all his other duties, he found time and strength for so much outside speaking. Yet each Sunday found him fresh and ready to preach in his own church.

Occasionally he made lecture tours. He had a few lectures which he had prepared on "Words," "Work," "Imagination," and other subjects, and these he used many times. He had travel talks, also. These are preserved in his books, *Getting One's Bearings* and *Some Things Abroad*. At least once he was on a Chautauqua circuit which carried him to Buffalo, Chicago, Omaha, and Colorado Springs. This was in the summer of 1889, a month of lecturing and preaching which he seems to have enjoyed: "This has been an unusually rich vacation. I am grateful, and with new purpose renew the Lord's work." He was in great demand by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, by temperance organizations, by the Christian Endeavor Societies, and by schools, but chiefly by the churches. His journals are filled with the record of these appointments all through the long years of his Cambridge ministry.

Perhaps some idea of the extent and variety of this activity may be gained by giving the record of a few specimen weeks, taken at random. Here are dates in the winter of 1897. On January 8, 1897, he spoke at the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association: "As they went"; on the 12th at Middleboro: "Holy Spirit"; on the 14th at Waltham; on the 17th at Amherst College; on the 18th at the West Newton Congregational Club. On February 6 he lectured in Holyoke on "Imagination"; on the 8th he was at the Providence Congregational Club and at Brown University; on the 10th he preached in Fitchburg; on the 16th he spoke at the Newton Theological Seminary; on the 19th he preached at Worcester at the dedication of the new Union Church; "Home late to Cambridge." On March 14 he preached in his own church; on Monday addressed the Unitarian Association and spoke at noon at Tremont Temple; on Tuesday and Wednesday he went to New Haven and preached to the students; he returned by way of Providence and preached at Central Church for Rev. E. C. Moore, and was back in Cambridge in time for the Friday evening service. In 1898 we find that on November 2 he spoke at a conference at Pilgrim Church; on November 3, in addition to two trustee meetings, he preached in the evening at Lawrence; on the 4th he preached at home; on the 6th he preached at the thirtieth anniversary of the church at Newtonville; on the 9th he was at a dedication service in Taunton; on the 11th he spoke at an Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association meeting in Boston; on the 13th he addressed the Boston Christian Association; on the 14th he preached at Bryn Mawr.

Such is the record, week after week, month after month, year after year. No church occasion of importance seemed complete without him. As one runs one's eye over the list of these appointments, one takes, as it were, a survey of the ecclesiastical life of New England for the period. Thus, he at-

tended the famous council to install Dr. George A. Gordon at the Old South Church in 1884. "I gave the 'Right Hand' in Dr. Duryea's place." When Dr. Beach came to Cambridge in the fall of the same year McKenzie took part in the installation. On returning from Hampton in 1885 he assisted in Washington in the installation of Dr. Newman, and in Boston in 1886 at that of Dr. William E. Griffis at Shawmut Church, of Dr. Gregg in 1887 at Park Street Church, and of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton at Union Church. In April, 1887, we find him in Brooklyn at the church of Dr. R. R. Meredith, whose letter of resignation he read. He exchanged several times with Dr. Edward B. Coe of New York, preached at the Broadway Tabernacle, at the Brick Presbyterian Church, and once, by invitation of Dr. Rainsford, at St. George's in New York. He was present at the installation of Lyman Abbott at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn.

It would be wearisome to the reader to follow this record through the years, but it bears witness to the physical vitality, energy, and industry of the man who could perform a ministry of such breadth and influence. It is safe to say that no one of his contemporaries, at least in New England, did anything to equal it. Not until the new century had run on for several years, when McKenzie was well over seventy years of age, was there any falling off in this extraordinary performance. That he spoke and wrought with effectiveness is proved by the uninterrupted stream of invitations that reached him from all quarters.

In the effort to understand how it was possible for him to find the time to prepare and deliver such a variety of addresses on so many different occasions, certain facts must be borne in mind. These sermons and addresses did not, for the most part, require careful intellectual preparation; they were not of the scholarly or philosophical type. Yet to say this is not to say that they did not have real worth; the truth that he

uttered was constructed out of a different kind of material, but that material had always great significance and importance, and moreover, it is not easily acquired. It comes from deep acquaintance with human life in all of its ramifications; comes, too, from close observation of nature, and from the depths of a personal spiritual experience won by self-discipline and the constant culture of the inner life. In all of these ways McKenzie was amply equipped. He was rich in his friendships, a lover of good books, a keen observer of men and their surroundings. The smallest incidents never escaped his notice, and these, seemingly trivial, were often forcibly used to illustrate a spiritual truth. He had a great memory filled with the fruits of his reading and observation, upon which he was able to draw at will.

Moreover, McKenzie's mental processes were unusually keen; he could throw his material into shape for a telling address with the speed and dexterity of a conjurer. What might have taken others hours to compose was assembled and marshalled for use with extraordinary rapidity. His command of language and power of expression were phenomenal; his facility for clothing his ideas in picturesque form, unrivalled. Thus without apparent effort he was able with a minimum expenditure of time to speak effectively and helpfully on a great variety of subjects.

Dr. McKenzie's ministry was extensive rather than intensive. He was a peripatetic apostle of the truth as God had given him to see it and to know it. He had laid to heart the apostolic injunction, "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. . . . As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Who can survey the record without feeling that he proved a faithful steward of the unsearchable riches of Christ?

CHAPTER XII

HOME, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS

DURING all these busy years the McKenzies continued to live in the house which had been built for them. It was a simple and dignified dwelling, painted the usual buff color fashionable in Cambridge at that period. Standing on the church lot, and enclosed by the same iron railing, it seemed to be part of the material equipment of the church. Yet it became by the deed of gift from the parish the private property of the McKenzie family in 1881. When Mrs. McKenzie died in 1915, the property could have been purchased by the parish for a very moderate sum;¹ but it passed into other hands. It is to be hoped that eventually it may be acquired by the church.

The situation was charming. Directly opposite was Cambridge Common, where children played and their elders strolled, protected by the old fence of two parallel rails between fine granite posts. And only a few hundred feet beyond, the Washington Elm afforded grateful shade in the hot summers, and at all times was a reminder of historic traditions. . . . Separated from [the house] by only a broad expanse of well-kept level lawn, shaded by large trees, was the church. The setting was not unlike that of an English vicarage in its green and quiet surroundings.

A little side porch opening from the dining room and hidden from the road by the angle of the library was used constantly. In summer, green shrubbery engulfed it. In winter, if one were wrapped in rugs, it served as an excellent substitute for steamer deck or Riviera "plage" for basking in warm, noon sunshine. Inside, the house smacked of Europe. Souvenirs of many trips filled the place. The pictures were of foreign scenes; many were Italian. Dr. McKenzie's favorite was Raphael, and a large framed photograph of one of the great Madonnas was well hung. His favorite cathedral was Milan. Two colored prints of that cathedral given him by Mrs. Emory Washburn, the widow of one of the most loyal friends and supporters of the church, hung beside the fireplace.²

1. It was sold, however, to George L. Dow for \$11,000.

2. From a paper prepared for the author by Miss Mary E. Batchelder.

Here for forty years Dr. McKenzie lived, under the eaves of his cathedral, which he loved and to which he was bound by every tie of nature and of heart. Indeed his affection for the church was so much a part of him that wherever he was, he was thinking of it and planning its fabric, its organization, and above all its spiritual life.

Over this long period of years, he maintained astonishing health and physical vitality; he was able to say late in life that he had never been forced to break a public engagement through physical disability. Only twice was he unable to take his place on Sunday in his own church. The first Sunday that he missed was in 1885.

Feb'y. 18, '85. As I was about to step on the car, I fell on the ice and bruised my knee. Dr. Hildreth came and made me a prisoner of hope. Feb'y. 22. Pres. Warren preached. Days have not been lonely. Friends have been kind. I have had time for thinking. Felt almost reluctant to return to the world. I preached on March 1.

[In 1897 he had a similar mishap.] Mar. 26. On my way to the car fell in my haste and bruised my heel. Sunday, March 28. The second Sunday in thirty years that I am laid up. Could not give my address at Tremont Temple. Rather enjoying this enforced rest, tho' sorry not to keep my appointment.

On March 30, however, he was on his way to Andover.

This extraordinary record of physical well-being was achieved apparently without the necessity of taking conscious care of himself; he never took exercise for its own sake, and from boyhood he had no interest in athletics. In his journals all through the Cambridge years there appears but one reference to a college contest: "Ball game with Margaret. Harvard won." He lived a regular life, ate moderately, slept well, recuperated easily. His long vacations, and the change afforded by travel, gave him periods of relaxation between the exacting demands of his working year. The varied types of people whom he met rested and refreshed him. He rested, too, by changing his work. "A good many men," he used to say,

"are crippled by having only one thing to do." Thus his health for decades was equal to the strain of constant activity.

In February, 1892, he writes in his journal: "Rheumatism bothering me." It is the first mention of physical ailment, and this was to "bother" him increasingly as time went on, although it never interfered with his work. It was for this that he visited the baths in Italy, Switzerland, and England when he went abroad. He obtained some relief, but walking became increasingly difficult and the trouble was never wholly overcome.

His deafness began at about the age of seventy, and while he tried varied treatments not much could be done. Mention has been made of an eye ailment when he was a young man, which necessitated a slight operation. This relieved him, and his eyesight remained unimpaired. In January, 1907, however, he writes: "I have had more or less noise in my head, and occasional giddiness. The doctors tell me that I am coming out all right, and I think so. I came to the anniversary³ with some fear, but the good Lord brought me through happily. I have dropped many things, which the good Mr. Bourne has taken up, as the Friday night service. I have kept Sunday morning and have preached with ease and to the content of the people, I think. I write now, April 1, with the trouble still lingering, though I believe with less force. Still, it has kept me in some discomfort and uncertainty."

The summer of 1908 was spent at Cape Elizabeth, Maine. Dr. McKenzie feels his growing physical infirmities: "I have not the spring I could wish. . . . On thinking of going home, I do not feel quite up to it just now, but hope that the two weeks will bring force and courage." But his spirit and zest for work were unbroken. "I have high hopes for the new [parish] year and I want to make my last years the best of all."

3. The fortieth anniversary of his installation.

His recreations were simple. He did not play games, never smoked, went almost never to the theater and rarely to concerts. He was too busy giving lectures and addresses to hear many by others. Aside from travel and reading, he found his chief delight in social gatherings, and loved to have people come to his home. Miss Batchelder ⁴ has written of this:

He would come out of the seclusion of his library, beaming on the guests in his parlor. Smiling in his individual whimsical way, he would bring the young people out of their self-consciousness by his sympathetic interest, and stimulate older people by his original and sagacious opinions, forcibly expressed. He had the unusual social gift of appearing interested in all whom he met, frequently vastly inferior to him intellectually. But even such people were made to feel more important by his presence, their shyness disappearing, their remarks seeming less crude, their confidence increasing. He would take two or three guests into his library to show them some gem of art or a rare book perhaps. After that a little music would follow, tho' this Dr. McKenzie himself was unable fully to enjoy because of his increasing deafness as well as lack of technical musical knowledge.

My father [his daughter writes] had admittedly no knowledge of music, and it is doubtful if he knew one tune from another. I cannot remember if he ever joined in the singing of hymns, though his lips moved often in response to the words. But, in his way, he appreciated good religious music of a not too florid type, and he always desired that the music in his own church should be of a high quality. On his annual visits to Hampton Institute he always listened with delight to the singing of the great choir of students, and was deeply moved by the fervor and intensity of their performance as well as by the beauty and pathos of the Negro voices. He disdained any title to be a critic of music . . . but he encouraged his family in its practice. Nothing perhaps shows the bigness of his nature more clearly than his gladness in and sympathy for pursuits in which he himself could have no part.

One of McKenzie's chief pleasures was informal entertainment in the homes of his friends. The journals are dotted with the record of these occasions.

Dined at J. M. W. Hall's in recognition of 12th anniversary of settlement. Dined at Mrs. Batchelder's with J. B. Gregg and J. H. Thayer.

4. See p. 345, n. 2.

Dined at Dr. Hildreth's. Supper at H. N. Tilton's. Dined at J. H. Thayer's with Egbert C. Smyth, and again at the same house with Washington Gladden. Met Professor Drummond at Peabody's. Reception at Hopkinson's to President Eliot. [Most often he is at the Horsfords'.] Dined at Horsford's and a good evening. Professor Horsford entertains Wellesley teachers with collation at his house. Lunch at Horsford's to meet Miss Hodgkins who did not come. Miss Whiting came. Sleigh-ride with Cornelia. Thursday Club at Professor Horsford's.

His work was done at home, in his study on the ground floor. He was always accessible, and he did not seem to mind interruptions. "I let anyone come in who wants to. These interruptions do not trouble me as much as they do some people. My four years in counting room got me used to it." To the end of his life he attended to his large correspondence without stenographic assistance; he never dictated, except when preparing his Lowell Institute lectures. His correspondence had always been a very wide one, and his daughter writes, "I think it is fair to say that he never failed to answer personally any letter that came to him, however trivial its subject, and however pressing other claims upon his time might be. This seemed a point of honor with him—'noblesse oblige.'"

McKenzie was an omnivorous reader, of extremely catholic taste; he was particularly fond of history and biography, but read a great many novels. He was fond of humorous books and the mystery stories of Wilkie Collins, and never tired of Dickens or Mark Twain, when he felt the need of good cheer. His sense of humor was remarkably keen to the day of his death; he had a gift of telling amusing stories and a great relish in hearing them.

He was apt to work in the mornings, go out or rest in the afternoons, and read in the evenings. He never went into seclusion in his home, but at times, when working on a sermon, would go into his "cathedral," and meditate there undis-

turbed. He never learned to use the telephone; there was none in the house until his last two or three years, when he was too deaf to use it. He would frequently read himself to sleep in the evening in his study and not retire until very late. But always, at home or abroad, he was musing, fashioning his sermons, bringing together the materials which he wrought into the finished product.

Ellen Holman Eveleth McKenzie⁵ contrasted at almost every point with her husband. Perhaps this is one reason why their marriage was such a happy one; for divergence of type with toleration and sympathetic understanding is often the basis of mutual contentment. He was rugged in health; she was delicate. His foremost interest in life was the work of a preacher and church administrator; her interests were artistic—she was above all the musician. He had strong social instincts; she was timid and shrank from frequent entertaining. The idea of keeping open house, even at the time of Harvard Commencement, would have appalled her.

These divergences were fully recognized by both. "To her demur that she was not fitted by nature or training to be the wife of a minister, my father," writes his daughter, "made what I suppose to be a time-honored clerical rejoinder—he wanted to marry a wife and companion and not primarily a parish assistant."

Mrs. McKenzie was born in Augusta, Maine, on August 19, 1838. After the death of her father in 1850 she spent some years in the home of her paternal uncle, Mr. Joseph J. Eveleth of Augusta. There she received instruction in piano and organ from her aunt, Miss Sarah Eveleth, a musician of some ability. Later on, when she had moved to Fitchburg, Massachusetts,

5. This description of Mrs. McKenzie is drawn from papers by Miss Batchelder and Miss Margaret McKenzie.



THE STUDY IN THE PARSONAGE, GARDEN STREET

she continued her piano studies, and these she never abandoned.

Her nature was deeply religious. Her earliest associations were with the Congregational church in Augusta, of which her uncle was a prominent member. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Ward, with whom she lived in Fitchburg, were Unitarians. But she was confirmed in the Episcopal church there, and that church with its esthetic and emotional appeal seemed naturally to attract and hold the allegiance of her beauty-loving temperament. It was not until many years after the beginning of the Cambridge ministry that she finally transferred her membership to the Congregational church.

In spite of a certain constitutional timidity, Mrs. McKenzie often showed extraordinary fortitude. Only an indomitable will could have enabled her to emerge from a succession of serious illnesses and resume her normal life. Her character was exceptionally strong and resolute, and upon her devolved the discipline of the household, for her husband tended always to be easy-going and indulgent, especially with the children. "But she [or he] *wanted* to do it" was his usual rejoinder to the remonstrances of the disciplinarian. Her deep love of her home and her pride in its management made it a place of true contentment for the family. There each one felt himself free to follow his own bent and pursue his own occupation; yet each was assured in his heart of the understanding sympathy of the others in the hours which were spent together.

Mrs. McKenzie's delicate health, her distaste for committee work, and her absorption in musical interests prevented her from taking very active part in the church work which so absorbed her husband. Yet behind all that he did were her judgment, loyalty, and affection. She had, too, a native genius for friendship. Though she might appear a little abstracted and aloof in manner, as musical people often are, Mrs. McKenzie's cordiality, Miss Batchelder writes,

was unbounded when once her attention and interest were aroused. Thus she was brought into enduring relationship with many of her parishioners, even though she took so comparatively small a share in the work of the church. To her family and her intimates, she was devotion itself. Tall and erect, her carriage was distinguished. In her dress she liked elegant, dark materials rather simply made. The style of capes worn at that time made many a woman look dumpy and round-shouldered. Mrs. McKenzie's swung off "with an air." She arranged her hair in the fashionable frizz in front and coiled high on her shapely, well-poised head. At times she resembled Queen Alexandra of the country the McKenzies loved so much.

She was an accomplished musician.

Nothing but illness [her daughter writes], travel or unavoidable necessity was ever allowed to interfere with her regular daily practice, and she continued to take lessons from the best teachers she could find until within a year of her death. She took a prominent part for many years in the musical activities of Cambridge. Her home was a rendezvous for musicians both professional and amateur.

When the parsonage in Cambridge was designed, a special room with a hardwood floor was set aside for Mrs. McKenzie, and there were few hours in the day when it did not serve its intended purpose. The grand piano dominated the scene, with its carved, upholstered chairs and sofas arranged comfortably for guests enjoying its music. She spent as many hours practising as her strength allowed. She not only appreciated the best music, but had rare skill in interpreting it. She always sought out young musicians of promise and delighted in helping them on the road to success. As an accompanist she was greatly in demand, for in addition to a fine musical sensitiveness she had the gift of reading and even transposing at sight the most difficult musical scores. Both of her children inherited her musical talent.

She shared with her husband a great love of travel, although unlike him she never took kindly to the sea or its works. The necessity for a respite from household cares made prolonged sojourn abroad with her daughter a feature of her life after

the earlier Cambridge years. She was passionately fond of Switzerland, and the great cathedrals also made their appeal; in fact, no beauty of nature or art left her unmoved. She was especially happy in Rome, and seemed to make intimate acquaintance with every stone of the Roman antiquities, through books as well as from personal inspection. Whenever she made a prolonged stay in any place, a piano seemed invariably to appear on the premises, for she could never be long contented without her daily practice. It seemed that in her way she was like her husband, living "after the power of an endless life." There was the same trust in life more abundant, the same endless quest for perfection, the same undying love of "whatsoever things were true, just, pure, lovely." But after her husband's death she seemed to lose her hold on life, and only eight months later (April 15, 1915) she followed him.

Inscribed in a volume of Wordsworth which her husband gave her in the early years of their married life were lines which indicate something of the profound respect and trust and tender love which he felt for his beautiful wife then and to the end of his life:

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

There were two children, Kenneth, born in 1870, and Margaret, born in 1873. For them their father felt the deepest affection and pride. They were his constant companions, and from his earliest years Kenneth accompanied him on his travels.⁶ Of his daughter he writes: "I cannot tell how dear she is to me, how very dear. I pray that a long and precious life may be granted to her. The children owe much to their mother's care and teaching. I trust I have helped them on

6. Kenneth is now professor of Italian at Princeton University; Margaret has lived in London since 1919.

their way." Their normal Christian experience gives him unbounded satisfaction. He notes with pride Kenneth's college record:

June 18, 1891. Kenneth graduates. Gave Class Day evening spread. Rainy, but large gathering. Tent in the yard. Fine time. Class Day. Kenneth Chorister. He wrote the music of the class song, and led that and the ode. June 20. Harvard Commencement. Kenneth graduated with high rank. The Lord be praised for his great goodness to the boy. May he have a long and useful life in the Lord's service. [He follows his subsequent career with deepest interest.] June 28, 1893. Kenneth took his A.M. at H. C. Commencement. June 16, 1894. Kenneth sailed with Prof. J. K. Paine for Europe. Feb'y. 3, 1896. Visited Kenneth at Schenectady. [And thus through the years.]

Whenever he found himself alone at Cambridge, while Mrs. McKenzie and Margaret were abroad, he sorely missed the normal family life. "April 8, 1883. This week this little household is to be broken up and N. and M. go abroad. They sail on the *Scythia* for Liverpool from New York. I visit Mary at Brooklyn and go home. The house is lonely and quiet. Still my dear boy is here." When in 1892 all three of his household were in Europe, he settled at the Colonial Club. When the family is once more reunited, he is filled with joy and thanksgiving. Thus in 1894 he writes: "It is good that we are *all* under one roof again. The Lord be praised for His great mercy to us all. Let the home be full of joy again, and life. Amen."

Here, then, is sketched the life of a New England parsonage, ideal in its happiness, culture, and refinement. McKenzie, fortunate in all else, was particularly so in his home and family life. "I am blessed out of measure," he writes, "in my home." And there was no break in the home life as long as he lived. Of his own family there remained only his sister Mary. In 1892 her husband, William Daland, had died. She, with her two daughters, continued to live in New York. McKenzie made frequent trips to see her. So the years passed

until 1904. In that year McKenzie notes with grief the death of Kilburn S. Sweet, the grandson of his sister Nancy and a brother of Allan K. Sweet of the Cambridge church. But a greater grief was in store for him, for in the same year his sister Mary died on Christmas Day.

Dec. 25. This day in her home in New York, my dear sister, Mary McKenzie Daland, entered into rest. After a life of seventy-two years, happy years, the change came, and quickly she passed on. Lillie and Minnie remain. They have been devoted children. . . . Kenneth is with us. I had a few words of the service. Thus, I am left alone of our own household, and I pray for strength and grace. More than for myself do I seek for divine comfort for the dear girls. The Lord bless them. This is the time for Life, the Power of an Endless Life. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

Few men have been so blessed in their friendships as the subject of this biography. For this he was in large measure himself responsible, for he made much of friendship as an important element of life.

I have a deep feeling [he wrote toward the end of his life] that too little is made of friendship. We need one another. We cannot have many real and permanent friends, . . . but some names . . . stand for the richest portions of my life. . . . Blessed are they, these friends of mine.

Although at times a diffident man, McKenzie had an unusual capacity for making acquaintances wherever he went. He loved the give and take of everyday intercourse, and his wit, love of life, and unfailing sympathy seemed to attract young and old. He was a responsive companion, entering richly and joyously into human relationships and giving to his friends of his best, without stint. With this depth of tenderness and devotion there went a keen vein of sensitiveness and an inability to understand, though he could readily forgive, a lessened or a transferred loyalty. The smallest things had significance to him. His chance acquaintances developed often into lasting friendships. There seemed to be no limit to his

capacity for affection, or to his vital interest in the lives of all those with whom he came in contact. With some of his old friends he corresponded regularly.

One of his earliest friendships lasted for sixty years. There is no more touching illustration of the relation of a true pastor to one of his boys than the lifelong friendship of George Lewis Prentiss and Alexander McKenzie. Dr. Prentiss, as we have seen, was pastor of the Trinitarian Church in New Bedford when McKenzie was a lad, and it was under his guidance that McKenzie entered the Christian life. At every step in his life, whenever any decision was to be made, McKenzie always sought the counsel of the pastor of his boyhood. In the later years, on nearly every trip to New York McKenzie would go to see Dr. Prentiss, and share with him the events and inner experiences of his life. Thus he writes in his journal:

April 24, 1897. Lunched with Dr. Prentiss and read him my first Lowell Institute lecture. [And so down to the year 1901 when he writes] Nov. 17. Called on Dr. Prentiss and found him very feeble at eighty-six. I had a few pleasant minutes. I am glad to have been some comfort to the dear man to whom I owe so much. Prayed with him. [At last their relations had become reversed and it was the boy who was caring for his pastor. Two years later Dr. Prentiss died.] My old and dear friend, Dr. Prentiss, entered into rest. I owe to him more than can be told in these journals. The world shrinks. He lives with God. He had long done so.

This was the earliest and the longest of those remarkable friendships which enriched McKenzie's whole career. When he went to Boston, he came under the influence of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richards of the Winter Street Church, and there began the long and fruitful friendship with Samuel Lawrence and his family. McKenzie's mind in later years loved to rest on this.

Mrs. Lawrence was more than a friend. I called on her in Stockbridge not long before her death. She was feeble and broken but she walked with me in the garden to the surprise of her daughters: "See Mother walking there with McKenzie." I give thanks at every thought of her. It would

be impossible for me to make any sketch of my life without giving a central place to my delightful association with these friends and their manifold influence upon me.

Through his connection with the Winter Street Church came his intimate friendship with Mr. and Mrs. John N. Denison. McKenzie outlived all of these dear friends of former years. On March 23, 1880, Samuel Lawrence died. "Present at the service at Mount Auburn. He has been a good, true friend. How much I have enjoyed at his house. A long and useful life" On December 8, 1898, the service for John N. Denison was held at Central Church. "I made address. An excellent man and one of my best friends." And on June 20, 1901, McKenzie was present at the funeral service of Mrs. Denison. He cherished, in addition, his friendship with Rev. J. E. Woodbridge of Auburndale, who had shaped his course into the Christian ministry. No one can read the record without perceiving that these friendships were all earned. Providence had much to do with it, but it was the fidelity of the young man to church, to business, to everything that he undertook, that won for him the confidence of those who helped him on his way.

It was thus that another of the determining friendships of his life was formed, that with Edward Everett. In retrospect, McKenzie wrote years later:

Again I am surprised that I should be able to write his name in this connection. I have already mentioned the circumstances which brought me into his notice. I was often at his home where he was kind and friendly. He was courteous to the last degree and very quiet. I hold him in reverence and could never have presumed upon his friendship, yet I could at any time have sought his counsel and obtained it. I liked to sit in his fine library among his books. I have learned since that as a library of books it was less than I supposed, but I had never seen anything like it. Sometimes he was there and his presence enlarged the impressiveness of the large room. At his table he was dignified and kindly. His voice was quiet. He had his own simple but kind way of administering the dinner. Mr. Everett had family prayers, so far as he had a family. He read the

prayer standing and with much solemnity and sincerity. He came to college occasionally and was a welcome visitor. We had inherited the furnishings of Sidney, who graduated as we entered, so that our room had a familiar look. Once, in my absence, William told him that I wished to put a set of shelves on the wall. He looked at the problem and said it could not be done. When I returned I did it. On his next visit, William called his attention to the shelves, and he only remarked, "Oh, that way."

In college rank, William Everett and I were not far apart and we had similar tastes. Neither of us was addicted to athletics, which were then on a small scale. Much of the time we were at the same table, at Mr. Baker's, "the Bakery." Everett had his special friends of whom Frank Hopkins was chief. They played checkers with assiduity, accounting it a better game than chess, though Everett gave me a set of chess men. When the time came for separation, he gave me a ring with the head of Socrates. The stone came out and was lost, I think when I was at sea, but the setting I still wear with another stone. The friendship was never broken. Mr. Everett said it was one of the rare cases in which two men lived together for four years and came out friends. We remained friends. William went to Cambridge, England. After his return we were associated in some ways, though not very closely. He served one term in Congress with distinction. He taught at Harvard and was made assistant professor. He finally became principal of Adams Academy at Quincy.

He was known to be full of learning. He was often abrupt and he disliked to be interfered with. Hence not many knew him but his friends believed in him and found him friendly. His peculiarities would have stood in his way, although with many these would have been in his favor. His intelligence, integrity, sincerity, deserved a higher place than they found in these modern times. Gradually his strength failed. He had visions of what he would like to do but he had reached his limit and at last he was at rest [January 30, 1910]. We gathered in the chapel at Mt. Auburn for our service of affection and regard. I shall cherish his memory and always be grateful that I was so closely associated with him and had his confidence, and grateful that I had the friendship of Edward Everett.

When the matter of a Harvard degree for Dr. McKenzie was broached, William Everett became actively interested and did all that he could to bring it about. The story is told in the following letter:

Quincy, May 12, 1900.

My dear chum:

It was a great pleasure to start and carry through the petition for your degree. I understood from Dr. Walcott that no one had ever asked for it before, and apparently the corporation gives no degrees, certainly not to

its own graduates, except on request. He further told me that petitions signed by a limited number of well-known classmates were most effective.

Accordingly I first consulted Osborne . . . and then sent the petition successively to Gray, Osborne, Swan, White, Abbot, Torrey, Schouler, Hilliard, and Rumrill, and separately to the New York men: Huntington, Stickney, Curtis, and Fay. . . . I obtained as endorsers Joseph H. Thayer, '50, William Gallagher, '69, and W. DeW. Hyde, '79. I think perhaps if you asked Eliot or Walcott you could get the petition with signatures to keep. . . . Talk about your owing me many favors! Where I should have been long ago if I had not had you with me in college, I tremble to think. There were other guarding influences at home. But I started at Trinity on the day I was twenty absolutely alone, as far as man goes and with an offer of temptations which might have broken me to pieces, if 1855-1859 had not taught me to wear defensive armor as easily as my clothes. That I got through the years from sixteen to twenty without falling by the way is more owing to you than any earthly man — always excepting my precious father. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,
William Everett.

When Everett was elected to Congress, McKenzie wrote him a letter of congratulation and received the following reply:

Quincy, 29 April 1893.

My dear McKenzie:

My satisfaction would never have been complete without your congratulations. Circumstances have sadly diminished the numbers of my own contemporaries with whom I have any association. You and I always agreed on politics in 1855-1859, and I am delighted to think we do still. I expect very little happiness or pleasure in the office; but I learned long ago that those two things were not our business here at all.

I am delighted to find that you cling to primitive Christianity, and write your notes on pages 1 and 2, thereby giving your friends a half sheet, instead of the modern paganism of writing on pages 1 and 3.

As ever yours,
William Everett.

Another letter of a much later date has its interest:

Quincy, Oct. 14, 1909.

Dear McKenzie:

I was greatly touched by your letter. I believe I am justly entitled to LL.D. and have been for years, but Eliot would as soon give a degree to

Jones, the bell-ringer. Lowell I have known well ever since I taught him Horace in 1873-4. He was a dear good boy and will be a most noble president. Your telling me all about your possible retirement is very interesting and kind. Of course an outsider does not know and cannot judge. You and your parish must ultimately settle it but I have a strong feeling that it is better to step out than to be escorted out. Better people should say, Why does he go? than, Why does he stay? In my experience there have been two sad cases of holding on after a man should have retired. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,
William Everett.

McKenzie's college friends meant much to him, and many of these friendships lasted for years. No man in it was more loyal to the Class of '59, and unfailingly he attended the class reunions.

After college came Andover Seminary, and the influence upon his life of Edwards A. Park and Austin Phelps. At Augusta, the young minister came at once into association with some of the most prominent men in the state of Maine: James W. Bradbury, William A. Brooks, Samuel Cony, James G. Blaine, Daniel C. Stanwood, Lot M. Morrill; some of these were national figures. In his first ministry, McKenzie's life was thus enriched by a broad and fine acquaintance with some of the best minds of that generation. His friendship with Mr. Blaine lasted long after his removal from Augusta. He never lost faith in Mr. Blaine, but was cautious about taking part in his political battles.

When he was a candidate for the Presidency and was severely blamed for some of his doings, it was suggested to me that I should speak in his defence, as I had known him. I did so to a pastor who came to me, and I expressed my confidence in Mr. Blaine's integrity as I had opportunity, but I did not see the propriety of my writing my opinion based on my previous connection with him. . . . I hardly think that Mr. Blaine thought so regarding the matter. I know that Mrs. Blaine thought I was entirely wrong and she did not hesitate to tell me so. . . . It is not for me to pass judgment on things which I do not understand, but I do feel that he has been wronged before men and by men. Mrs. Blaine was deeply

hurt by the treatment Mr. Blaine received at the hands of his opponents and this was not concealed. She was a strong character, bold in uttering her convictions. She was very much grieved at the wrong Mr. Blaine had received at the hands of Harvard College, and as I was the first officer of the College she encountered, she gave me her feelings in strong terms. There was a grievance. He was not liked at Harvard, and when they came to Commencement exercises, they were not invited to the dinner. They should have been. But he was left to find his own way back to Boston. I told all this to President Eliot who said that no indignity had been intended; that it was supposed Mr. Winthrop or someone else would look after Mr. Blaine, and that nobody did anything about it. It was just a case of neglect. "May I say that to Mrs. Blaine?" "No. Such neglect has no excuse."

McKenzie has drawn a beautiful portrait of Andrew Preston Peabody, who was one of his earliest friends after he came to Cambridge.

I have seldom known a man who had such a large heart as Dr. Andrew Peabody. It was big all through. I meet a great many men whom I respect when I go away from them more than I did when I came to them. I do not think I ever talked with Dr. Peabody that I did not think better of him; but I thought better of myself too. He had that way. I would tell him some little project I was going to carry out, some paper I was writing, and he would express his great pleasure, "I am so glad you are going to do that." I do not suppose that he thought of it five minutes after, but still it helped me over the hard places. Kind! You could not get him to do anything against a student if he knew that student's grandfather. . . . There was a great deal of wit in the Doctor. There was a great deal of severity when he was stirred up. I have rarely seen a man who could be more sarcastic. I once asked him about a minister who had come into this region, "Do you know him?" He said, "Yes, I do; he was a business man; he came to me and asked if he had better study for the ministry. I told him no. He took my advice and went into the ministry without studying." He was somewhat uncertain for a time, as many were, over some things in the matter of evolution, especially on that Simian line, whether we really do come from monkeys. He said in one of his sermons I remember, "The best proof we have that men have come from monkeys is the desire of some men to prove that it is so." He confessed to me one day a certain belief he had received. It seems they wanted to put up a new building in our ward here and there was opposition to it, and a public hearing, and they got the old Doctor down to testify on one side or the other. A foolish thing! The Doctor did not know anything about it,

but he knew which side they wanted him to testify on. An Irish alderman handled him, as they say, "without gloves"; also used him very roughly and rudely. I saw the Doctor shortly after, and he said, "I have been in doubt about this matter of evolution, about our coming from monkeys. My mind is clear now; I have found the connecting link; it is an alderman from East Cambridge." Well, that was the sort of thing he could say; and yet he would be so kind, so patient, so generous. I have one or two letters from him which I should think were extravagant if I did not know the sober mind which was back of them. . . . I almost pity anybody who never knew Dr. Peabody. It seems there must be something wanting in his life. He was not graceful. He was reported to have said that he saw no good in going to dancing school; he never went. There was no reason to suppose that he had gone. But his mind worked clearly, distinctly, beautifully. He was a man long to be remembered.⁷

As the years of his Cambridge residence went on, McKenzie's sphere of acquaintance gradually broadened until it included an astonishingly large number of the best known and most influential people of his day. Thus, as President Eliot's guest he met Sir Edwin Arnold; at a Wellesley College occasion, Henry M. Stanley; he attended a reception for President and Mrs. Adams of Cornell; at William E. Russell's he met Joseph Jefferson, and at the home of Charles Francis Adams, Hon. Carl Schurz. Always a companionable man, he was drawn easily into clubs, and into intimate associations with like-minded men. The earliest of these was the Gentlemen's Club, which he joined soon after coming to Cambridge.

The name was given by a servant. Some one called on the Rev. George Richards and was told that he had gone to the Gentlemen. The name seemed fitting and was adopted. After a few years the club passed away, but I recall the meetings with much pleasure. They gave me a good introduction to my work.

The Winthrop Club was composed of Congregational ministers in and near Boston. Each read a paper in his turn and there was free discussion, while the social element was of great value. . . . The membership

7. Alexander McKenzie, *Some Cambridge Men I Have Known*, January 28, 1908. Reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, vol. III.

changed by degrees as old members retired and new ones were elected. Like others I dropped out by reason of my many engagements. But it was a very happy company.

I was on the committee of ministers to consider the matter of a larger and more responsive organization of the Congregationalists, out of which the Congregational Club was formed. I was the first ministerial president.⁸ The club prospered under my administration and is still active and popular. But I found myself unable to attend the monthly meetings, and resigned my membership, although I have sometimes spoken at the meetings by special invitation.

There was a smaller and more select club, The Ministers' Club, of which I was one of the original members. This is composed of ministers from different denominations. It was started at the suggestion of the Rev. A. P. Peabody and the Rev. Kinsley Twining. The meetings are entirely free. We express different opinions in entire liberty, talking matters over in entire frankness. . . .

There has been an even more select company known as the "Pentagon." Its members are Congregational ministers, and personal friendship is the basis of membership. We meet Saturday afternoons at our various homes or at some common meeting place, and dine together. There are no records, no papers, nor forms. All is conversational and familiar. Confidence is perfect. Nothing could be simpler or better in its way. The members included at different times Joseph T. Duryea, Alexander Twombly, Wolcott Calkins, William B. Wright, William E. Griffis, Samuel E. Herrick, Albert E. Dunning. Occasionally we had a guest, as Prof. Drummond, Dr. Washington Gladden. Changes have come by removal and the Pentagon in that form has ceased to be, but the friendships remain.

In his congregation were some outstanding members of the Cambridge community, among them Asa Gray, Eben D. Horsford, and Gardiner G. Hubbard. At their homes Dr. McKenzie met many distinguished visitors who came to Cambridge. Moreover, during McKenzie's earlier years in that city there lived and labored men whose names are among the foremost in American letters. He speaks of some of them in his reminiscences:

It would be presumptuous for me to claim friendship with Ralph Waldo Emerson, yet I did know him and in a general way was known to him

8. He retired from this presidency on January 24, 1881.

as an Overseer. He had a rare spiritual insight and vision. In his witness to the world of thought and spirit lies much of the value of his teaching. I had but little personal intercourse with him. I met him once on a train and I said, "Mr. Emerson, where are you going?" He paused for an instant, then turned to his daughter at his side. "Ellen, where am I going?" It was a simple question then, but an inquiry never absent from his thought. I met him when he came to Harvard for Mr. Longfellow's funeral. He seemed at a loss to find his way into the chapel and I was happy to guide him. I feel that he has helped me on my way by his high thinking and teaching.

I knew Mr. Longfellow, whom I often met on the street and who always gave me a pleasant greeting. Once he came to my house to see a specimen of the stone which was thought of for our new church, and to this he gave his approval. I once asked him to whom Tennyson referred in the saying, "I held it truth with him who sings," and he answered quietly: "It is thought that he referred to my poem on the Ladder of St. Augustine." Mr. Longfellow's poem at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at Bowdoin College shows the gentle, faithful temper of the man. He spoke for those who were about to graduate into the larger school, "*Morituri Salutamus*." A few years afterwards, in preaching at Bowdoin, I took the grateful liberty of looking beyond the past. I spoke to young men and to those who are entering on the life of the world and I sought to put this greeting on their lips, "O glorious future, rich in opportunity, splendid in promise, brilliant with hope, *Victuri Salutamus*—we who are about to live salute thee."

Mr. Lowell I knew. His manner was different from Longfellow's, more free and inclined to be light. He came to my house but once and that was in behalf of the son of a man in his employ. He asked some favor of me as one of the School Committee. He told me at another time that he had lost his interest in Cambridge, there were so many changes which had made a new town. I was present once when he spoke in Sanders Theatre and alluded to his appointment as minister to Spain. There was applause which led him to say, "I notice that there is always applause when I speak of leaving the country." Lowell was applauded to an extreme degree when he gave the oration at the 250th anniversary of the college and closed with an eloquent allusion to Grover Cleveland, who sat near him, comparing him to the Greek pilot who cried, "O Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will, but whatever happens I shall keep my rudder true." I think the applause was the most hearty of all that I have heard at the college. The allusion to the pilot I found afterward in Montaigne from whom, possibly, Mr. Lowell may have adapted it in the most fortunate manner. Those who had the privilege of close acquaintance best esteemed the man. Among them was William Dean Howells, who had a friendship through their Italian tastes and traveling.

It is a touching and graceful confession which Mr. Howells made after returning to Cambridge from a long absence. He called on Lowell, but it was not the same. "He had lost the habit of me." When Mr. Howells first came to Cambridge he became my parishioner with his family. I served him as his minister and was honored by his friendship. I had the service when his older daughter was taken from him and again when his wife entered on her rest. Mr. Howells gave me a generous gift in her memory to be used in our charitable work and this I invested in our Riverside Alliance.

I came to know President Cleveland through his wife. I gave the Commencement address at Wells College when Miss Folsom graduated. This led to a simple acquaintance which continued. She wrote to me occasionally and I met her after her marriage, in New York and at Princeton. There I met Mr. Cleveland, who had closed his second term as President. He was very cordial and talked freely and with feeling. I urged him to write the story of his life. He said, "No, I have lost too many friends." I said, "They do not accuse you of seeking your own interests." "No, they cannot do that." It was a very pleasant interview. He was a man of large ability, public integrity, and a vigorous independent spirit. He was a friend and admirer of my parish boy, William E. Russell, whose name stands for strength and honor. Russell made for himself a wide reputation as Governor of Massachusetts. It was a notable assembly in the church when he rested where he had worshipped. Mr. Cleveland was present and many of the chief men of the Commonwealth and the Republic. I was called suddenly to the impressive service.

Oliver Wendell Holmes knew me as a successor to his father in the Cambridge church. He took pains to assure me of his personal regard. "I like ministers," he said; "I know I have said some hard things of them, but I want you to understand that I like ministers." I asked Dr. Peabody how Dr. Holmes could write so severely against the views of his father and those who shared them. Dr. Peabody said that he meant the man who was for a time his father's colleague and was of a belligerent temper which greatly annoyed the placid spirit of the senior pastor. The young man was invited to the church, in his own words, "to throw a bomb into the Unitarian camp." He threw it, not always careful where it landed. The connection did not last long and for the only time in the long history of the church a pastor removed to be minister of another church, where he established his fame and did his life work. Dr. Holmes, and his brother, Mr. John Holmes, were always very friendly toward me. They made a small bequest for the charitable use of the church and this is preserved. When the 250th anniversary of the church was celebrated, Dr. Holmes wrote the hymn which was read; and at my installation a hymn of his father was sung. When I gave the oration of the Centenary at Phillips Academy, Dr. Holmes gave the poem. I spoke for an hour without notes

and Dr. Holmes, when I finished, held up his sheets and said with a smile, "Now I am to read this little thing." The poem and the oration are both in print, but the poem has had the more readers.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton was a man whose friendship I greatly esteemed, a man of generous culture, wide reading, admirable taste, independent thought, and a rare facility in imparting what he believed and felt. The students held him in reverence. All who knew him admired the simplicity of his life. My theological views differed widely from his, but these we had no occasion to discuss. It was said that his opinions were the reactions of his mind from the teaching of his father. In the war with Spain he took the unpopular side, as did many of his neighbours. For this he was blamed severely, as if he lacked patriotism. I ventured to write him at the time, expressing my indebtedness to him. He replied calmly, as one not disturbed, and quoted the lines of Crashaw:

"Let them without me make what noise they will
So I within be still."

The list of McKenzie's friends includes also Phillips Brooks, Rufus Ellis, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Frederick H. Hedge, Bishop Paddock, Bishop Lawrence, F. W. Higginson, Gamaliel Bradford, R. H. Dana, Wilfred T. Grenfell — "and where shall this end?" The following letters are samples of those which came to him from time to time, evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his host of friends:

Congregational Library
14 Beacon St., Mar. 31, 1903.

Dear Dr. McKenzie:

I am leaving for Chicago today and in great haste I am writing a line or two to friends who have helped me, not merely by giving to my work, but whose friendship and acquaintance has been a personal help to myself. It does me much good to come and fall in with some of *His* friends, and receive from them a fresh impulse to go forward. I believe in the life of Christ being transmitted not by precept but by men's lives, even as I think Christ came to give us of His divine life, and enable us to live because He lives now in the world. It is His personal nearness, and His personal indwelling which makes, I believe, the personal religion, which is the only religion worth the name. For forms and ceremonies, services and doctrines, are none of them to my mind essential to a real life for Christ. If they were, then many of our sailors (God's aristocracy and noblemen, many of them) have few credentials of their following in

Christ's footsteps. So I thank you for the contact I have had with your life, not only for the moments at Cambridge but through some of your printed addresses that have fallen into my hands. And so I hope you will accept this hurried farewell, not as merely one says good-bye to a helper, but as a real expression of gratitude for the help your life has been to mine, and I pray God earnestly, through me, to many a poor toiler of the sea, whom I know you will be grateful to influence for the Master.

Yours ever in His service,

Wilfred Grenfell.

Vevey, Switzerland, Sept. 13, 1904.

Dear Dr. McKenzie:

I recall the pleasure which a note from you gave me, which you sent from London to my steamer when on one occasion I happened to sail from home before you did. I wish I could not only return the note but also the pleasure as you sail away for the land where you are so widely honored.

I rejoice to see you so well on approaching 74, and with so much courage and hope. An old man preaches his best sermons without knowing it: his steadfast faith, love of work, desire to be useful in the divine kingdom, his personal reconciliation to the will of the Highest and his sincere content.

May the coming year be as full of joyful work as any one of the bright rich years that have gone.

It was good to meet you and your family again, ships, not passing in the night, but crossing courses on the same voyage, with prows headed into the morning, the eternal morning.

Give my warmest greetings to your son. He has the high manner and the gracious modesty of the true scholar. May he realize his dream humorously expressed in his endeavor to maintain "your reputation as well as his own." Thanks for Alpine staff.

Ever affectionate greetings,

Your friend,

George A. Gordon.

In other ways the area of his friendships was broadened. On December 8, 1881, he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in part because he had written the history of the Cambridge church, and also because he had transferred to the society certain papers which had come into his possession from the estate of Dr. Abiel Holmes through his son John Holmes.

There I met men whom it was an advantage to have known: Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. George E. Ellis, Justin Winsor (the College Librarian), Dr. Samuel A. Green, Francis A. Sanborn, Henry W. Haynes, Charles C. Smith, Dr. James DeNormandie, the historian Rhodes, and again Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the President. The monthly meetings were enriched by such men who were in the way of bringing the results of their own studies in history and in public life. (September 10, 1884.)

On October 12, 1884, McKenzie was elected a member of the American Historical Association, which had been organized only the month before (September 10, 1884).

Through his college connections he came to know men and women who were leaders in the educational world. Besides President Eliot, he knew intimately President Dwight of Yale, President Hopkins of Williams, President Francis A. Walker of Technology, President Seelye of Amherst, President Alice Freeman Palmer of Wellesley, and all of her successors down to the time of his death. Long a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, he was brought into intimate association with Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Charles R. Codman, and Samuel Lincoln.

There were others of the same rank whom I name as they occur to me: Senator Hoar, Charles J. Bonaparte, William G. Russell, Henry Lee, Moorfield Storey, Robert M. Morse, Robert Bacon, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Francis Adams first, second, and third, Edward W. Hooper, my classmate, Judges John Lowell and Francis C. Lowell — but I need not extend the list.

As a trustee of Phillips Andover Academy, he came to know Alpheus Hardy, already a friend for years, Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, Judge Robert R. Bishop, and others of like standing. And his long relationship with Hampton Institute brought him the companionship and friendship of its distinguished board of trustees.

Well might he write at the end of his life:

I have been greatly blessed in my friends. When I left my home in New Bedford, I knew no one of them. They have come around me, or

rather I have been led to them, one and another, without my seeking and in the natural way of life and in the kindness of God. I am surprised and grateful to see how many I have come to know and who have known me.

Rarely has any man come to know, with greater or less intimacy, so many of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of his day. And this was not, it must be repeated, due largely to the fortunate circumstances of his life. More largely it was due to the wise and faithful use he had made of the talents with which he was endowed. However one views it, the story itself is remarkable. It seemed so to McKenzie himself:

When I think of the day I left home, a boy of seventeen, with my belongings in a small trunk and a hat box, a stranger unknowing and unknown, I feel the great goodness which permits me to write these names of men I have known whose regard I have gained. I have been rich in friends. I like the word. It was Christ's word and He himself has been called the Friend.

Health, home, friends, faith, a work which he loved, in the doing of which he was supremely happy and supremely successful, these were great possessions. And he never failed to acknowledge the Providence which had led him on step by step.

CHAPTER XIII

THEOLOGY AND PREACHING

A MAN preaches according to his theology. Preaching is simply the expression of inward conviction of truth. In proportion to the sincerity and passion of one's beliefs is the power and influence of his preaching. McKenzie himself understood this. In 1901 he wrote:

The thing that impresses one about [Archbishop] Benson is his sincerity. He was very religious. . . . It was all in his nature and not professional. God save me from professionalism, make me utterly sincere, brave. If I can thoroughly believe, I can thoroughly preach. I do believe, but oh, for the passion of belief which will kindle spirit and life. I kneel at thy precious feet, O Lord Christ. Breathe on me and say, Receive the Holy Ghost.

It is within such depths of experience as this that one must look for the source and secret of McKenzie's power and influence as a preacher.

McKenzie's theology was born out of his Christian experience. From this point of view, it may almost be said that his theology had no history. At the end of his life it was essentially what it was at the beginning, when, as a boy, he had knelt by the little "yellow chair" and had given his life to God and entered into fellowship with Jesus Christ. From that day forward his theology consisted in the effort to understand the meaning of this deep evangelical experience and to pass on to others what this had come to mean to himself. He had little interest in a purely speculative or metaphysical theology. Writing at Monte Generoso, Switzerland, in 1899, he said:

I do not think that I was designed to be a philosopher or a theologian. They taught very little philosophy in college, and I do not know that I acquired much theology at Andover, although Professor Park's lectures

were masterpieces. I rather think I carried my theology to Andover and that I learned it when a boy and enlarged it when I was in the world. It was a practical sort of theology which sought to help men to do their duty and which brought them into eternal life in a very simple way. What I learned at Andover was not so much doctrine as the explanation of doctrine and the way to state it. I am rather surprised, but I have found little use for my ample notes of the Andover lectures. They were not in preaching form as I have had to use the truth. [Writing the following year, he says again:] I studied theology, yet I was never a technical theologian. My mind did not run that way. I think this was in part because of the interval between my graduation from the New Bedford High School at fifteen and my entrance at Phillips Academy at twenty-two. The interval was a serious one. It was spent in the world as a clerk at New Bedford, Cambridge, and Boston. I was a young man among men. I was in the church, having my part in its interests. Religion came to me on its practical side. What I gained was for use. It was with a mind in degree matured that I took up the Latin Grammar and was once again enrolled as a student. . . . I always had considerable religious work and responsibility. I was made to talk. Because I was to be a minister I was made at once to minister. . . . I think all of this affected my training. . . . Then I was set at once over a large church . . . and all I knew was called into requisition. I learned from books, of course. I learned from men. I learned by teaching. Truth came to me through experience.

In a word, McKenzie's theology came out of his own experience, and thus proved its truth because it was authenticated by the witness of that experience, and because it was able to create and produce that experience in other men.

In all essential respects [he wrote toward the end of his ministry] my belief is that which I held at the beginning of my ministry, though I believe it more firmly after these years of study and teaching. I should describe myself as a conservative in temperament, fond of old friends, old books, old beliefs; and fond also of standing wherever the light falls, holding myself bound, in honor and in truth, to receive light and truth with a ready mind and an obedient will, and to teach to others whatever I learn. Standing in this attitude I adhere to the faith which I held at my ordination, which then, as now, I believed had been delivered unto men. But I have come to understand every element of my faith more clearly than I did. . . . I never cared much for formulas or for technical terms. I have never been an argumentative prophet. I do not think I should be called a "doctrinal preacher." Yet I have constantly preached the doctrines and have defended and enforced them by the arguments which

persuaded myself. . . . Sophistry in every form I despise, and I have no respect for a preacher who takes advantage of the confidence of his hearers and misleads them by false reasoning. We can at least tell the truth. If the truth is not known, we can at least be honest. . . . When I speak of my adherence to my early belief, I should be sorry if I could not say that my belief has grown in every direction. My thought of God, of man, of life and duty, is more than it was twenty or even five years ago. I seem to myself to have taken a stronger hold on the realities and to have an increase of spiritual force. . . . God is more, Man is more, the Incarnation is more — the entering of the Eternal into one man for the sake of all men. Redemption is more, the giving of the one divine life that all men might live.

From all of this, it appears that theologically McKenzie was both a conservative and a liberal. He was conservative in that he held closely to the historical and evangelical truths as they are declared in the New Testament and as they have been made known ever since in Christian experience. He was impatient and distrustful of a theology which minimized or neglected these. While at Cape Elizabeth in 1908, he read A. J. Lyman's book, *Christ as Life and Light*.

It is very true and much in the line of my own teaching. It seems to me he does not treat much of the work of the Atonement. Has all good thought in the past been faulty? Or was there life in the Cross and by the Cross? Much is made of the suffering of the Lord and the need of this if sin is to be forgiven. But why? Nobody says why. There is more in the Gospel than these late theories see. At least I think so. It is the old form which has won men to penitence and life. There is much wisdom of late, but the New Testament may be true, and the preaching of the Cross may be more than foolishness. Spirit of Truth, guide me into the Truth. Amen.

In his *Cambridge Sermons*, in a sermon entitled "The Love of God Manifested," he writes thus on the truth of the atonement:

The Scriptures show Christ as the Shepherd between the wolves and the sheep. Let us put away, for this time at least, the words of men and our own thoughts and listen to him. I always come back to the New Testament, for it is there alone that I find the explanation of Christ's work which satisfies me. To him belongs the right to tell why he came into the

world, why he gave his life for men. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Now, dear friends, that is the Atonement. It is a brief statement, but it is wonderfully clear and satisfying. More and more do I find content in the plain words of Christ himself and the men whom he instructed. If I were to frame an explanation of these facts, I would call it the parental theory. He does not come into the world because God is angry with men. He does not die for men because he is bearing their punishment. No one can bear the punishment of another. He does not give himself for men because there is a deficiency in that which God has done. He does not die that he may reconcile justice and mercy. It is God being the Father.

Holding tenaciously, however, to the inward value and meaning and to the spiritual efficacy of these great evangelical truths, McKenzie was not bound by the formulated expression of these truths in creeds or doctrinal statements. His liberal side is just as clear. He gave his allegiance to the spiritual truth enshrined within the outward symbol. This distinction he made all through his life, and it came, as we have seen, from the fact that his theology was born of inward experience, and was not the result of rationalizing of any sort. "I think," he once said, "that we have hurt the people or driven them away from Christ by our reasonings and speculations. If we stick to the facts, there is no trouble or division. On the great essentials [we] agree, but our speculative reasoning separates us. There is no need of [such separation]." Therefore, when issues arose which were based not on the "facts" of Christ himself, and of redemption through his life and death, but rather on speculative matters; or on a literal and dogmatic interpretation of theological creeds or statements or doctrines, then McKenzie was a liberal, standing with those who contended for the larger liberty of the Gospel. Thus is understood his position and attitude in the American Board and Andover controversies. Thus, too, one understands his tolerance toward those of differing theological opinion. For this reason, he did not favor any creedal or doctrinal tests for church membership.

I have recently written a statement of our belief for the new manual (1900). It was in general terms and included only the truths which we firmly believe. There was some hesitation even in printing this lest the people should be binding themselves by adopting it. It was finally adopted, I believe, with a heading which stated that it was a presentation of the truths which had been preached during my ministry, and is essentially in agreement with the faith of the Church from the beginning. It was clearly meant that the minister should be free; should declare the truth as it was given to him, and that the people should live in the light and receive the truth which commended itself to their conscience in the sight of God.

All of this is as far as may be from strict, literal, and unyielding dogmatism. Yet he goes on to say:

It is certain that the old First Church is the church of to-day, that it holds the faith once committed to the saints, and is content with it; and it will bear witness to it and proclaim it and transform it into conduct and life, "so near as God shall give us grace." With all my liberty of belief and teaching, I hold with increasing firmness the verities of the Faith, ever old and ever new, which Christ taught and Paul preached, which is able to make men wise unto eternal life.

McKenzie has made very explicit in his own words this fundamental distinction between the spiritual and the speculative and dogmatic conception of Christian truth:

I have been accounted liberal in my theology, and I am liberal. Yet few men are more conservative towards the truths which I believe. If I do not adhere to statements made by men and tenaciously insist upon the forms of truth, I am sure that to the truth itself I am loyal and that I am steadfastly declaring it. I believe in God and Jesus Christ, His Son. I believe in the Incarnation, the Atonement and Redemption, the Eternal Life. Yet I do not insist on any one conception of the Trinity, or upon a full understanding of the Atonement. I believe in the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures without any exclusive theory of Inspiration. In a word, I hold the *facts* of Christianity. I have explanations of my own. The facts are not my own. I call Jesus Christ my Lord, my God, my Saviour. For life, Eternal Life, I trust him. To him I intrust my children. To him I call those whom I can reach, at my own door, and at the ends of the earth. I glory in the Cross of Christ and in all which stands in it. In this alone I glory, I have found this the Gospel to be preached. Men have listened to it. . . . I am glad to have had the friendship and approval of some wise men, scholarly Christians. I am grateful to have had the friend-

ship and approval of some whose lives were devoted specifically to the work of evangelists. I mean most of all and first of all my dear and honored friend, Mr. Moody.

McKenzie's theology was, above all else, Christocentric. It was Christ himself. He was the Truth. To know him was to know the truth about God and man. From him came the assurance of forgiveness. To follow him was to know the power of an endless life.

I hold firmly to the facts of Christ's life. Nothing moves me from them as I come to understand them more fully. I feel the movement of thought around me, but I believe no true or divine movement can bear me away from the New Testament. [He held firmly to the truth of the incarnation, that in Christ the nature of God was made manifest.] The Incarnation gives infinite value to the Person of Christ. It gives extreme meaning to the Fatherhood of God, . . . and makes evident the truth that God is love. For love thus to manifest itself is not a mystery. . . . The Gloria in Excelsis over the fields of Bethlehem is but the strain of the melody which was at first, and is forever. This we believe.¹

For McKenzie the "facts of Christ's life" were both historical and spiritual. The spiritual facts were based solidly on the historical. He never doubted the essential historical trustworthiness of the four Gospels. What is set down there was for him both historical and spiritual truth.

His tenacious loyalty to the historical foundations of the life and work of Christ is revealed in an incident which, as events proved, was of more than passing interest. In the year 1893, the writer of this book, then teaching in the West, prepared a confession of faith, which was sent anonymously to certain outstanding clergymen for their reading and opinion. Was the man who wrote it qualified, so far as his beliefs went, to be ordained as a Christian minister? This statement of belief drew a sharp distinction between the historical and the spiritual values. That a fact is historically true is no reason why it is true to me. Thus faith in a spiritual Savior is en-

1. Des Moines sermon, 1904.

tirely independent of the results of historical criticism on such beliefs as the virgin birth or the physical resurrection of Christ. One may study these problems in a detached way, solely for one's intellectual satisfaction, but not as if they were needed as props for one's faith. They have meaning only in the light of the spiritual truths which they represent. Phillips Brooks and Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst of New York, among others, expressed themselves as satisfied with the statement. But McKenzie was more cautious in his answer to the unknown writer, who was destined to be his successor in the Cambridge church.

The statement leaves me in confusion [he writes]. [After speaking of what he terms inaccurate intellectual phraseology, he goes on] A more serious trouble is the lack of conviction upon the historical truth of the New Testament, at any rate as regards the Resurrection; this may be enough for personal faith, but a preacher should believe more and know more. I should hesitate to advise the man to preach *now*. But there is no reason why he should not *prepare* to preach. . . . I have little doubt that he would reach firm ground on the historic verities which a preacher should possess. . . . The man seems to have in him the elements of a successful minister. . . . So far as this statement goes, I am disposed to advise him to study for the ministry.

He never knew the identity of the man to whom this counsel was given.

This combination of conservatism on the one hand and liberalism on the other, he maintained to the end of his life. In his National Council sermon at Des Moines in 1904 he said: "The new light which is not new, is kindly. We follow where it leads without fear. Yet if we feared, we should have to follow still." Perhaps it is too much to say that he followed the new light "without fear." He became increasingly solicitous for the maintenance of New Testament Christianity. And he was unable to accustom himself to the new conceptions of religious truth born of the new intellectual outlook. He feared that something might be taken from the "preeminence of

Christ." Also, he was unable to restate the old truths in the new terminology, the new ideology with which he was not familiar. Thus, toward the end of his life, his theological views were beginning to be considered in some quarters as outmoded. It was perhaps a part of the inevitable penalty, the inescapable tragedy of length of days. In the end, the world always moves faster than the individual.

At the close of his autobiographical reminiscences written in Rome in 1910, McKenzie reviews with candor and with a remarkable degree of self-revelation his personal attitude and position, with reference to the general theological background of his time:

I have reached what promises to be the most difficult part of this writing, for I am to trace so well as I can the changes in religious and theological thought in my time. As far back as I remember, our churches were in general agreement. There were diversities of opinion and teaching, but these related rather to matters of detail, to subordinate beliefs which were within the great features of faith. . . . The Bible was accepted as the Word of God. Its inspiration and consequent truthfulness were believed. There was a departure from the theory of verbal inspiration, as it was termed, and the personality of the writers was recognized. Science had not become very bold in asserting the authority which it was beginning to claim and to which many paid homage. The account of the creation was believed, but there was an extension of the "day" which made it almost limitless. Presently came the announcement of evolution and the development over which scientific men disputed, but which there was a reasonable ground to adopt as a general method, imperfectly understood while offering a broad field for study. Many tranquilly accepted the new teaching and an increasing number came to see that it threw light on divine matters. For all thoughtful men saw that God was still needed to create and maintain nature and her works. Some were quick to claim that this was opposed to the Biblical teaching which was thus disproved. Others saw that this was but the hasty conclusion often of those who wished to have it so. There was a long contest between what was termed science and religion; while the wisest saw that there was no conflict — they were simply different sides of one truth: that theology was science as really as geology. The alarm was honest but it soon passed, as the minds of thinking men regained their balance. Both natural science and theology are necessary and auxiliary. They give the larger views of God as they stand together. The scholars in either department of work were

found to be workers together. The contest had its place in colleges and schools. Professor Cooke lectured on religion and chemistry and the credentials of science as the warrant of faith. Professor Shaler reproved those who sought his opinion on immortality; he said in substance in his pleasant way, "Why do you come to me with this question? I am a geologist and as a geologist I have nothing to say regarding immortality. Go to the theologians in whose province spiritual inquiries have their proper place." He gave a course of lectures in Andover Seminary on science. Professor Asa Gray gave a course in the Yale Seminary. A new chair was established at Andover upon the relations of science and theology, but this seemed unnecessary and was not long supported.²

"With these changes there have been connected views of the Bible differing from those cherished by our elders. The Book remained and was read with reverence, but with a more critical temper on the part of man."

The best scholarship was directed upon it. Its history was searched out. Manuscripts were compared with the greatest care. The English scriptures were revised "by those most competent to do this serious work" and the revisions were published in England and America, and soon afterward came a revised revision, made by American scholars. The best which the best scholars could render was patiently done with the single purpose that we might have the Holy Scriptures in as great accuracy as was possible. Few changes were made and not one which altered any truth which had been taught by prophets and apostles and accepted by the Church. This was encouraging, but it had a further effect in showing that the Book was to be read in all possible light [that could be thrown upon it] and its teachings were to have the closest and clearest scrutiny. Yet there were even more serious results, for there was a quickening of the critical spirit in the reading. What was real and what traditional and temporary became an eager inquiry. The consequence was men with different opinions. The nativity of the Lord as given in the

2. A chair was established at Andover, 1878, endowed with funds "given by Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, on the Relations of Christianity and Science." McKenzie was one of the trustees' committee to arrange for the duties of the professor. The deed of gift provides that "if it shall ever become manifest to the Board of Trustees that the ultimate object for which this professorship is founded — the upbuilding of the cause of Christ in the promotion of Christian education — can be better secured in some other way, they can make any such change as they choose." The incumbent served until his death in 1894, and no successor was appointed.

Gospel was denied by some. The reality of the resurrection of Christ and of man was questioned. The authority of St. Paul's explanation of the doctrine was denied by many. The origin and truth of the gospel bearing the name John was discussed and some found new life in its teaching and some found it opposed to some things which for other reasons they believed.

"In fact the Bible as we have it came to have less authority in many minds and to rank with other books and with other teaching. This feeling was largely superficial and very limited. The Book was read with new diligence and more widely than ever. It was studied with much care, and freedom in the study led on the part of most persons to a more intelligent appreciation of its truth.

"There is an impression that there have been great changes of doctrine; these are more apparent than substantial. Opinions regarding the Bible itself have been revised, but the Book holds its place. The wording and the positions of the creeds as confessions have been altered. But belief written or unwritten remains and must abide. Faith is still demanded even while it stands with reason. Conduct is more talked of, but conduct has always been of chief account, and faith without it has been disowned. Redemption is less defined than it was, but atonement is the gift of God, bringing eternal life. Immortality is not definitely described, but it is believed and taught for inspiration and comfort. Prayer has been examined and put to proof, but men still pray and still believe in the divine guidance. Miracles are seen to be consistent with law, having their place in the divine power and will and to be miracles only because unusual."

We seem to have come to a somewhat more spiritual apprehension of the facts of life and of the truth of Christ. . . . That the Christian mind is making things more free for men and is less held by what has been affirmed in other days is probably true. How far this is an advantage remains to be seen. The former methods made strong men and by them the work of the churches has been done. It is common to speak severely against Calvinism even when it is not understood, but as Froude points

out, while this may have made fatalists, it did make heroes. It had its hard side but it had its virtues. While never a Calvinist, I can see the good points in the teaching.

"I have asserted my right to do my own thinking and this has been permitted. I have been held as one of the men in advance. Certainly I have been in advance in the discussion over Andover and the American Board. Even then what I claimed for myself and others was liberty. We gained that and the gain is apparently permanent. Certainly very great freedom of belief and of statement is now permitted. This freedom seems at times to have been carried to an extreme. There is no way of preventing this in the spirit of this age. The confidence is that truth is stronger than error and will in time vindicate itself. In the controversies I have had but small part. My own views have been stable though proportions and phrases have been in some degree modified. I always contended for freedom of thought at Andover. When the American Board was the center of fierce discussion, I advocated the freedom of missionaries within the constitution of the society. I favored giving them the liberty which I claimed for myself.

"I am somewhat amused to see that by some I have been regarded as a man of the past, clinging to old beliefs. I do not feel that I have changed, for I still claim freedom and grant it to others, even while I do believe and teach the truth which was delivered to me and which I have found profitable in every direction."

I believe in the intelligence and the sincerity of the Christian ministry as I see it. I believe in the younger ministry and I could work with them happily in an accord which no variance of intellectual apprehension could interrupt. As I draw away from full and active service, I leave in their hands the Cause to which we were called and in which we were constantly learning in constant obedience. We preach the Gospel and if we have in differing measures the wisdom of words, we strive that the Cross of Christ shall not lose its saving grace.

I have recently come upon the remark of my friend, the late William

James, who thus spoke of himself and his associates: "We are united because each thinks others are cultivating the soil from which Truth shall spring, but not because we all agree. We do not disagree, chiefly because each of us understands what the others are saying." I have just read this remark of a fine lawyer, Mr. R. H. Dana, who said of an eminent judge that "he saw Truth confined to phrases and used the phrases often for a wrong conclusion." Dana held that phrases are the servants or the slaves of Truth. They may change while the Truth remains. So in Law, Science, Theology. "Truth is divine. Men make phrases." I notice that insistence on definite forms and the use of mathematical terms work to the injury of truth and belief. Religion cannot be fully expressed in words or figures.

"We seem to be more clearly perceiving the truth, and contention has lessened. Yet we have much to do by way of taking these truths into our belief and fashioning our thought and deed in accordance with them. There is less account made of the creeds which men have constructed. It is folly to pretend to disown creeds, for men must believe, and that which a man believes is his creed. A church or a man with no creed would be useless, inconstant, with changing principles of thought and conduct. 'Sectarian' is a word of reproach. There is common ground for all Christians. . . . Differences remain and will long continue. But the differences are seen to be of less consequence than the agreement, so that under different names and with varied usages, good men pray and work together in one spirit, seeking one end, and there is a good degree of harmony in the consent of such unity as is consistent with personal independence. We are beginning to talk in this manner but indistinctly and inaccurately. Yet even these whisperings have some promise. I can worship with the devout Catholic or the sincere Quaker, kneeling with them at the Cross. There is wonderful freedom in the Lord's teaching that worship is not confined to Jerusalem and Samaria, but must be in spirit and in truth; and spirit and truth have no local habitation, and are confined neither to closet nor cathedral. . . . The prayer will yet be answered, though the answer is still remote:

'That they may all be one, even as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee.''' Thus he makes his position clear.

On none of the profound Christian affirmations did McKenzie's thought rest more often or more reverently than on the concept of eternal life in Christ. Thus, while crossing the ocean on the *Bothnia* in 1883, he writes:

Ah! yes, it is the belief in the endless years which makes a man greater than himself; which shows his kinship with the Son of God; which holds the earnest of immortality. What were all the teeming life now on the ship if there were not the life which has no end? The little birds fly past us and are lost to sight. So things move on. This is the old sea, rearranging its deeps into its changing waves; but the sea lasts. Then there will be no more sea.

Thus faith in immortality was the natural and crowning idea in all his Christian thinking. He was fond of thinking of the preserving power of death over friendship and all the sweet intimacies of life. In 1883 he wrote to one whose sister had died:

Yes, dear heart, pray by your sister's grave, for she is with Him. Keep this closest intimacy with Him for her sake, and with her for His sake. If she more nearly sees Him as He is, let her vision become your own, while you see the Lord. We may make mistakes, but God is not strict with us. If we err through over-confidence in His love, He will forgive. . . . I wish I could leave all my life with Him as calmly and confidently as I leave my prayers. I do not see the bounds to these things of God and I will let my mind and heart go on as far as they will.

It was from this background of Christian thinking, and out of this rich experience of Christian truth, that McKenzie did his preaching. He endeavored to utter what was already a matter of deep inward experience in his own heart and life. The richness and fulness of his preaching, of which all who heard him were aware, came from these spiritual depths; he was above all a devout man. No one can read his journals without discovering the reality, the warmth of his daily religious life. He took time to be holy; he prayed much, brooded much, communed continuously with God. He was concerned

with religion itself, the relation of the human soul to God, the gift to men of eternal life in Jesus Christ, the possibilities of manhood which has thus been quickened by the life of God. On these great religious truths he pondered until they became the outstanding realities of his own religious experience, and out of this experience he preached with increasing joy and power and conviction. All through his preaching there runs the passionate persuasion that man's life attains its true dignity and destiny only as it is given to God, sanctified and blessed by the presence and power of Jesus Christ:

One thing I know: that the gospel of Christ commends itself to my conscience as I stand here in the sight of God. I could not describe myself so well as the Bible has described me. No one will ever care to write the story of my life; but no man could write it as it is written here. I have lived through almost all the Bible, and the rest is not far distant. It tells the truth about me; it answers every question I ask which is of great account; it satisfies the longings which I have to know; it gives me wise counsel for my duty. I never have been sorry when I have done as it told me. I have been sorry a thousand times when I have not obeyed it. In my most quiet hours, in the hours when I have seen my kindred fall into the grave, in view of all that is before me, I have found it true. I say here in the sight of Almighty God, my conscience is satisfied with the Gospel of Christ.³

Thus, in the best and truest sense of the word, McKenzie was an evangelistic preacher. His sermons were neither ethical nor philosophical in ideas or diction or method of presentation. They were spiritual expositions, in simple language and beautiful style, of the great underlying Christian truths. As one reviews their titles, one is struck by the undeviating character of his preaching. Only occasionally is there a sermon on some topic of civic or historical interest. The problems of the economic or political world are rarely if ever mentioned.⁴ There

3. "Truth Commending Itself," *Cambridge Sermons*, p. 302.

4. On the occasion of the coal strike of October, 1902, he preached from Acts iv: 32, urging the Golden Rule as the law for settlement of the strike and management of the mines.

is also no discussion of the intellectual problems of reconciling the teachings of the Bible with the ruling ideas of the modern world. McKenzie made no direct contribution by his preaching to the solution of the social questions of his day, as his contemporaries Washington Gladden and Graham Taylor did so conspicuously. Neither did he assist in the integration of the new learning with the truths of religion, like Munger, Mumford, Smyth, Gordon, and others. He had his own task and he adhered to it — the task of discovering spiritual truth beneath the complexities of the intellectual and social problems, and expounding this truth for the help of the individual man. Week by week, year after year, the sermons succeeded each other in richness and variety, drawn from every part of Scripture, and directed to every imaginable human need, yet alike in this, that they uttered the unsearchable riches of Christ. No evangelist ever held more closely to his task than McKenzie did to his.

Theology as a science, as we have seen, did not appeal to him. "I study theology but I am not keen touching different schemes of thinking and varying arrangements of principles." His preaching reached beneath all this, dug down till it came to the water of life and brought this up for the refreshment of men. He informed himself about the progress of theological thinking, but it did not affect in any way the fabric of his preaching. Writing as late as 1901, he says:

I am glad that others can give themselves to critical studies and give me what they find. But my own heart settles down contentedly on Christ crucified and risen, a present Saviour and Lord. . . . The Congregationalist has many declarations on religion and preaching and the new learning. All of which is impressive. But what shall a poor man do whose years of preaching are mostly over? One thing is clear and clearer: that is, personal devotion to Christ in love and life and service. Let it be my purpose more and more to bring men into that union with Him which is for us the divine union with the Divine. Literary matters may well wait on this supreme and eternal truth, and therein my strength, such as it is,

must gratefully and honestly lie. I would be intelligent and hospitable, but this one thing I must do, and it is large enough for the days which remain.

And if his preaching was thus not of the theological schools, neither was it of the secular schools. His was an unrestrained, unacademic, evangelistic type of preaching. One would not gain the impression on hearing or reading McKenzie's sermons that he had a wide acquaintance with the literature of human thought. And indeed he did not have. He often referred to this, and sometimes lamented it.

I think it possible that very late entrance upon student life with the interval which I passed in business and my concern with practical affairs in the church gave a direction to my taste and habits of study and thought which turned me into the lines of study [of men and life] which I have pursued while others have been through all their years students only.

Again he felt that the instruction which he received at Harvard College was partially responsible for his lack of a certain kind of knowledge.

I have always wished that I knew more, that I might teach more. It is true that I had a good education, . . . yet taking Harvard by itself, it seems to me that I ought to have learned more. I have in mind especially philosophy. . . . Philosophy as a science was neither studied nor taught. I have always regretted this as I have observed how much more was known by men of my own rank in life than by myself. I do not claim an entire ignorance, but I confess deficiency.

I have felt that in Cambridge with so many student hearers, I should be able to give more instruction along philosophical lines. Yet I do not think that my hearers have felt the lack of this. I doubt, on the whole, if I should have done more for them. My way of life has given me some knowledge of men, as well as of books. I like to think that perhaps my training in the world has been more useful to me as a preacher than a continuous training in the schools would have been. I have studied the Bible and have sought to apply its teaching to the lives of men. Could I have done better? Yet even here I have not studied the Bible closely in the light of modern criticism, though I have observed and hold its results. I have marked the course of science, and respected it, and employed its results. . . . Perhaps I have used modern learning sufficiently. Yet I confess I should like to have more of it. I have defined my mission and I have sought to be true to it.

On the whole, his mind was at rest. In his own chosen sphere he felt that he had "found room enough. I should not vitally change the intent and manner of my teaching could I begin again. I have reason to believe that my preaching has had enough variety and largeness to satisfy those committed to my care. I record with humility and thankfulness that they have not seemed to weary of my teaching or to wish that it were more in the manner of the schools."

Indeed, he did have "reason to believe" that his preaching had "satisfied" those to whom all through the years he uttered in his own way the truths of an evangelical faith. In an age that was wearied with theological debate, and with intellectual efforts to adjust the new learning with the old truth, the preaching of this man, who got inside the shell of religious statements and presented religion as vital, spiritual truth, was like an oasis in the desert. No wonder people were "satisfied." It was this quality of his preaching which, above all else, commended him to his age and generation. It accounts for his popularity with college students. It is a mistake to imagine that students desire above all else an intellectualized preaching; they get enough of pure intellect in the classroom. What they desire above all else from a preacher is the assurance that he is acquainted with the ruling ideas of his age, and then the positive pronouncement of spiritual truth. This they found in the inspired preaching of this man, for his preaching was with authority — the authority not of opinion, but of experience. He quotes somewhere the remark of a man who told his friend that he had left one church for another. But, said his friend, the new minister preaches the same doctrine. "Yes," was the reply, "but he believes what he says." Anyone who ever heard McKenzie preach knew that he supremely and profoundly believed what he said. What he said always came of a full heart, as, for example, in a sermon preached in Appleton Chapel on Thursday afternoon, January 26, 1888:

O brethren let us say it over and over to ourselves until we fully believe it and know it and knowing it live it. Let us say it over and over till it sinks down into the mind and becomes part of the very tissue of our being. God is a Spirit. I am a spirit. I can talk with Him. I can hear Him. I can live by God's wisdom. I can be strengthened by God's strength. I can glorify God on the earth. . . . This is to live. Not until we have come to this have we come to God. It is so simple, but so grave, real and divine here on the earth, yet reaching to the heaven of heavens.

Thus his preaching refreshed the land and won for him the admiration and gratitude and affection of those who heard him. Beneath the picturesqueness and beauty of the style, the persuasiveness of this preaching lay in its direct spiritual appeal to the human soul. The sermons were literally laden with fervid, broad, catholic truths, flowing out of a great heart which had had a generous experience of them. It was simple, rare, Gospel-preaching which breathed the very spirit of true religion. His sermons "were remarkable for freshness, force of utterance, practicalness and fidelity to the great object of preaching: and saving and spiritual training of human souls." ⁵

Other factors conspired to make him the preacher that he was. He did not have illness or physical disability of any kind to contend with. His preaching always indicated a fine degree of bodily vigor and exhibited resources of physical and nervous energy. He had the perfect lips of oratory and a simple and gracious bearing. When the text was announced, he would drop his head with a peculiar motion, hold it as in thoughtfulness for a second or two, and then raise it. When he began to speak, the voice of the preacher instantly claimed attention. It was a voice remarkable for its musical quality, resonance, and carrying power. He never forced it, never indulged in oratorical effects of any kind. He talked in a conversational tone, easily and smoothly, his voice being on a level, yet expressing all the shades of feeling which controlled

5. *The Congregationalist*, September, 1883.

the speaker. He never shouted or used an artificial tone of voice.

"Young men," he once said, "make a mistake by making preaching different from other kinds of speaking, as though preaching required a different larynx, trachea, or windpipe, from an address of any other kind. There are methods and methods — but for all preachers the conversational method is the best. Jesus talked."

This was the method which McKenzie consistently used. He talked simply and naturally in a voice in which there was a certain minor quality, a pathetic note which is indescribable, but which was one of its distinguishing characteristics. The voice haunted the listener. The elocution was unusual and remarkable. There was perfect articulation of each word without apparent effort, and a clear ringing percussion on the emphatic words in long and rapidly delivered periods. While preaching, he stood for the most part immobile; there were few gestures, and these were simple and expressive.

In addition to voice and diction, there was freshness and beauty of language which amounted to genius. In mastery of style and composition at once pure and vigorous he stood on a high level. Literary finish and picturesqueness of style were distinguishing marks of all his preaching. He had fashioned and developed his skill in words, in phrasing, in the structure of his sentences; this had gone on until it had become second nature. From the drill of composition it had passed into the very habit of thought and speech. It may best be described perhaps as brilliancy. At the close of a sermon on "The Place of the Branch"⁶ occurs the sentence: "Do not lay a rough hand on my frail analogy. I know how fragile it is." It was once said of President Patton of Princeton that he was "an alchemist in rhetoric." The same could be spoken of McKenzie. His facility and felicity of spiritual speech were beyond

6. *A Door Opened*, p. 147.

those of most of the preachers of his generation. He had marvelous fluency, fervent utterance, and unusual homiletical gifts.

He would usually begin a sermon with a few short, crisp sentences that gripped the attention. " 'How shall we sing a song in a strange land?' Sing it as you would in any other land." " 'He gave the child to its mother.' To whom else should he give him?" A member of the Cambridge church recalls this: "So the heavens are falling. Let them fall. Pick up a star." These are but instances. Many people treasure similar phrases that exhibit this quality of spiritual insight and genius. The theme of the sermon would be brought out at once without elaborate introduction of any kind; it would then be developed after the manner of a musical theme, the variations succeeding each other according to the caprice of his mind. This subtle shading of his theme sometimes made it difficult to follow the logical connection. One thought to have seized the thread of the discourse only to discover that the mind of the preacher had darted off in a different direction. There was intense moral purpose, but it did not cut for itself a straight, logical track; it formed a beautiful mosaic. The obscurity was not in the style; it lay in the broken sequences of the thought. The effect did not come from reasoning, but from spiritual suggestiveness. It was as if one were walking in a garden, and culled a blossom here and another there.

A writer in the *Cambridge Tribune* in 1883 describes a Sunday sermon as follows:

The sermon, from Psalm 36: 9, was a joyous, uplifting sermon. It was preached without a scrap of paper to guide the speaker's thoughts. He read the text from the Bible and closed it. . . . I watched for dogmatism. There was none. For the skeleton of the sermon. It was invisible. For doctrine, so-called. There was not any. For polemics. They were conspicuously absent. There was nothing in the sermon to annoy or antagonize the most liberal dissenter from Puritan orthodoxy, yet if it were not orthodox, even for Dr. Alden himself, I am no judge of orthodoxy.

The speaker simply went to the high ground above the fences and uttered the truth as he saw it, with nothing but the Bible and his own consciousness of God as a basis for his words.

Certain component elements entered into this preaching. In the first place, it presented Bible truth in Bible language. One could wish that more of the preaching in our modern world could bear this simple test. McKenzie was a profound student of the Bible all of his life. He studied not the facts about it, so much as the Bible facts. Thus, the Bible was for him a reservoir of spiritual truth. "The Bible is inexhaustible, and is the freshest book I read. I feel its power. I love to give to the people its living truth." All of his preaching was either the exposition of Bible truth, or its application to the problems and duties of personal, daily life; or rather, every sermon was the combination of the two. His mind would wander over the Bible, selecting passages and texts often unfamiliar, and bringing them out and illumining them with his genius for interpretation and application to human need. It was thus that McKenzie's preaching never ran dry. At the end of his life his mind was filled with Bible truth still untold which he longed to utter.

Again, one has to reckon with the quality of imagination. It is one of the most neglected qualities in modern preaching, which is intellectual, logical, but devoid of spiritual imagination. In all great preaching imagination has played a large part, and this was peculiarly true of McKenzie's. He was himself quite aware of this, and once gave a significant account of it.

Mr. [Joseph] Cook speaks of "insight" as marking my preaching. I like his word. Yet it has been insight as a divine gift. What I have many times said of the intercourse of the divine and human spirit I steadfastly believe. I, too, have had visions. Truth has come to me in ways I know not of. I can almost speak of revelations far surpassing all I have known, if I had been a purer spirit, more white and brave and true.

Here speaks the mystic. The insight, the intuition, according to his statement, was not an intellectual process, was not primarily due to any gift or brilliance of mind, but came from the depths of a soul which, in communion with God, had been vouchsafed these visions of the meaning of the divine truth, and of its application to human need. All who heard his preaching were aware of these swift flashes of insight, this power of spiritual imagination which made up the beauty and tenderness and helpfulness of what he said. One may have been inclined to ascribe this to his intellectual endowment. Its sources lay deeper: they lay in the purity and humility of a spirit which was always open and attentive to the intimations and revelations of the divine truth which he longed to know in its fulness that he might preach it to his fellow-men. In this sense he was of the apostolic succession of all true prophets who have said: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Another element in McKenzie's preaching was its profound spirituality. It bore the test of spiritual helpfulness. It laid Bible truth close to human need. No one understood better than McKenzie the spiritual needs of human life. In this he was an expert. He would take an odd text, as "He gave her the upper springs and the nether springs," and in exquisite fashion would bring out of it the answer to the cravings of the human soul for light and life and strength and healing. This was his specialty, and no physician ever exercised his skill more deftly or helpfully. He writes in his journal at St. Moritz in August, 1900:

Dr. Lyman tells me that Dr. Storrs held me in high regard. He and Mrs. S. liked *A Door Opened*. They like what they are good enough to call the spiritual tone of my work. I am grateful for this commendation, especially from Dr. Storrs. He has seen what I have sought to possess and teach, and I am glad and thankful. I wish I could have it more true. For I believe the Church and the world need this spiritual life.

I had some talk with Dr. Lyman on spiritual preaching — the effort to bring men to see God. The answer of the soul to spiritual teaching.

We may have a ritual of forms or of dogmas. Let us live in the freedom of the spirit. I am resolved that the days which may remain to me shall be given to this blessed work — the revealing of God to men. This is the world's need, and with Christ revealing the Father, it should not be hard; not while the Holy Spirit glorifies Christ and bears witness to Him and leads men into His Light.

Is there any question that we need more such preaching in our own day?

It was natural that McKenzie should exalt the office and work of the preacher. He was always impatient of poor, slovenly preaching. In commenting on a poor sermon which he heard preached in Switzerland ("of what use it was to anyone it would be hard to imagine!") he wrote:

We need to hear St. Paul's "Christ sent me not (etc.) but to preach the Gospel." He opened His mouth and taught them, saying — so that they could hear it, that which he wished them to know. It seems simple. I . . . hope to preach better when I have the chance. [And again] I went to the English service. There was what seemed to be a sermon for twenty minutes, but I did not find out what it was about. It made no difference. [All of this made him angry and indignant.] Preaching should not be easy. It is the preacher's lifework. For thirty minutes once in the week, he speaks to the people. That opportunity will not return. He should do his best, give all which is his. This is his mission. . . . Like St. Paul, he is not sent to baptize, to instruct, to administer, but to preach the Gospel. Every consideration of honor demands that at every time he do his best. Lesser duties will fall into place if he is true to his calling. The minister who is successful in his pulpit will be likely to be appreciated in other parts of his work.

Feeling thus the dignity of preaching, all his life he gave himself studiously, faithfully, unremittingly to the preparation of his sermons. Originally, as we have seen, he wrote them. Many of these are preserved. They are written on white, lined paper about 10 x 8 inches in size, in a clear, legible hand. In addition, there are notebooks crowded with all kinds of notations and outlines. He was forever gathering, assorting, and assimilating material, as every preacher must do. And he did it conscientiously and thoroughly. It was his rule never

to go to bed on Sunday night until he knew what he was to preach about the next Sunday.

That which has just been said often suggests that which should follow it. Any passing thought may be noted. He will keep coming upon things which illustrate his subject and when Sunday is near he can set in order all that he has learned, and fashion it in his sermon. I find this a good way. It might not be the best way for my neighbor. When I lectured at Andover on Homiletics, I recommended my way. I think that I alarmed the men.

It seems strange that he did not give himself to the actual work of writing or constructing the sermon until Saturday, but that seems to have been his rule even from Augusta days. Yet the sermon was always ready when Sunday came.

I do a great deal of my studying on my feet, on the street or in the horse-cars. It is my theory that we can learn more from men than from books. When I preach from the Epistles, I consult Lightford, Ellicott; on other parts of the Bible, Alford, Maurice, Meyer. I read history, biography and the essayists.

When he gave up writing his sermons, he sketched them. He would take a block of foolscap and write about two pages on it, often rearranging it. That was all he would write. But he would charge his mind with the subject, and have a firm grasp of what he wished to say and how he wished to say it. For many years it had been his habit to spend every Saturday morning in the "church parlor." Ensconced in an easy chair in this peaceful retreat, his sermon for the following day, continuously pondered throughout the week, came to full maturity. There was never more than a framework, a mere skeleton to show on paper for the prolonged meditation, and this he did not take into the pulpit. Yet every sermon he preached had been systematically mapped out in his mind. He had his own concrete ideas of what a sermon should be like.

When I began to make sermons, I had to do it in my own way. This necessity has continued, and in teaching at Andover I have tried to enforce it upon the young preachers. I do not know why preaching should

be different from other serious address. It should be thoughtful, well ordered, direct, instructive, the utterance of a man to a man: of a prophet and apostle with God's message to declare. Thus I have preached and I have had great joy in it. Preaching in itself has not become easier. I never put more work in my sermons than I do now. They are the best which at this time I can do. I do not exhaust the abundance of themes upon which I wish to speak.

It needs to be added that McKenzie was very dependent upon external circumstances in his preaching. The excitement caused by the sight of the congregation, the upturned faces, fired the preacher and kindled his eloquence. Any disturbance or defect in the outer conditions had a very serious effect upon him, and often prevented the highest exercise of his powers. He would complain of this and lament it.

From what has been said, one can understand both the strength and the shortcomings of McKenzie's preaching. For there were shortcomings. It is evident that preaching which consisted almost exclusively of the type which has been described is in danger of falling into discursiveness, or sentimentality, or superficiality. Thus, Dr. George A. Gordon once spoke to the writer of Dr. McKenzie as not so much a preacher as a conversationalist. When objection was made to this judgment on the ground that McKenzie was so popular as a college preacher, Dr. Gordon retorted that college students knew nothing about preaching. Probably on further reflection he would have modified this judgment. Yet it did point to a defect that was quite possible in McKenzie's style of preaching. The very facility of utterance and the easy fertility of thought might easily have taken the place of robust and thorough reasoning. Moreover, when once the sermons were no longer written there was the possibility of undue length, and at times this fault became quite apparent. It was a tremendous tribute to his power as a preacher that large congregations would assemble week after week to hear sermons of nearly an hour in length. As a college student of those years said: "He

used to preach for an hour and 'get away with it.' " His daughter has written:

The great fertility of his mind, and the extraordinary ease and rapidity with which a subject developed in his mind, had always been a stumbling-block. It was very difficult for him to keep himself within definite limits of time and space, and this was the subject of troubled discussion in the family circle. The day of long sermons had passed, and it was felt that my father's sermons erred on the side of length. My mother urged as a corrective that they should be written out and delivered verbatim. But this was perhaps the one subject on which her advice was set aside. It seemed inadvisable to my father to limit himself to a stated time or to an especially formulated address.

In appraising McKenzie's place and power as a preacher, all of this needs to be borne in mind. Yet there is no doubt that in his day he was in the front rank of American preachers. Some of his sermons are among the masterpieces of the American pulpit. Contemporary opinion was agreed on this point. One has only to consider, also, what he achieved. For over forty years in the midst of an academic community, he continued to gather and to hold large congregations consisting of some of the outstanding people of the college as well as of the city and of hundreds of college students. He was on the first board of Harvard preachers, and in constant demand, as we have seen, by other schools and colleges and as visiting preacher at every kind of church occasion, as well as for lectures and addresses of a general character. Only unusual gifts could have qualified for such a performance. It is probably true to say that McKenzie was an uneven preacher. At his best he was brilliant, moving, and spiritually convincing. The peculiar qualities of his preaching were never absent: the resonant voice, the quiet manner, the felicity and ingenuity with which the theme was drawn from the text and placed before the hearer, the spiritual suggestiveness of the treatment, the evangelical note and appeal. There was no one quite like him. He was unique in the manner and method of his preaching. He

had achieved a merited reputation, and wielded a great spiritual influence.

For over fifty years, the long period extending from before the Civil War down to the threshold of the World War, McKenzie was using all of his talents, employing all of his gifts of mind and soul, towards exalting the person of Christ, and summoning men to find in his service their perfect freedom. Here lies his great distinction, his great contribution to American religious life. All through his ministry, his preaching possessed the perennial freshness which all preaching must have which issues from and is directed to the spiritual life of man. And this, he taught with unerring precision and reiterated conviction, can find its satisfaction and completion only in the experience of the eternal life of God, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHAPTER XIV

AUTHOR AND TRAVELER

DR. MCKENZIE was a prolific writer. During all of the busy, crowded years of which account has been given, his pen was never idle. "I think," he once wrote, "that it will be seen that my life has been reasonably productive and certainly a busy one." From this judgment there will be no dissent. He wrote numberless articles for papers and magazines; prepared for publication in pamphlet form many of his addresses on various occasions; contributed certain of his sermons to volumes such as *Harvard Vespers*, published in 1888, containing sermons of the preachers to the University; wrote the chapter on "The Protestant Churches of Cambridge" in the volume entitled *Cambridge of 1896*, edited by Arthur Gilman; prepared a paper for the Cambridge Historical Society on "The Beginnings of the First Church in Cambridge,"¹ and another in 1908 on "Some Cambridge Men I have Known," both of which were printed in the proceedings of the society. In addition, he wrote ten books. While none of these attained to great circulation or added materially to his income, or, excepting his volumes of sermons, to his reputation, which lay squarely on his ability as a preacher, they have their importance; for they have preserved in permanent form the entire content of his experience, his thinking, and his philosophy of life. They report accurately his interest in the youth of his day; his pride in the history and the eminence of the church of which he was the minister; the range and quality of his preaching; his sum-

1. This was used as an address in connection with the celebration of the 275th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, December 25, 1905. (Taken from *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, vol. 1.)

mary of the moral and ethical principles of conduct; the basis of his religious belief; his love of travel and adventure. And much of this writing has preserved its freshness and can still be read with interest and profit. In all of it, too, are to be found the qualities of his thought and style.

In 1871, a little book was published anonymously by the Congregational Publishing Society entitled *Two Boys and What They Did with a Year*. It was McKenzie's first literary venture. *Two Boys* is a Sunday-school book, such as used to be found in great numbers in Sunday-school libraries, the object of which was to teach Christian truth and morals in the form of a story. The book is all in the evangelical tone of the day, and the boys talk religion in a way which even our best church boys to-day would hardly understand. We are made to feel the difference between the religious world of sixty years ago and our own. But we are not made to feel that religion itself was stronger then than it is to-day, or that it bred a finer type of boy. There are some good bits of moralizing in the book, and descriptions of home life and glints of humor, all in a style of mind and heart which developed in the years that followed.

McKenzie's next book was of a very different sort. Between the years 1870 and 1872 he delivered a series of lecture-sermons dealing with the history of the First Church in Cambridge.² These were published in 1873, again by the Congregational Publishing Society under the title *Lectures on the History of the First Church in Cambridge*. "The materials," as the preface states, "have been found in part in various histories which treat of the different periods and events, and in

2. The first of these lectures was given on December 18, 1870, and the last on April 14, 1872.

part in the records of the church." He gained much information from John L. Sibley's *Memoirs of the Graduates of Harvard College*, and from his own parishioners, notably William A. Saunders. The book is dedicated "to those who in their turn constitute the First Church in Cambridge."

A reading of these lectures reveals a thorough and painstaking historical study. Beginning his story in England, he presents an orderly and accurate account of events, of the personalities of the different ministers of the church, and of its outstanding laymen, its meeting-houses, and the various phases of theological doctrine. It was a work which needed to be done. No orderly history of this ancient church had ever been written. Thus McKenzie made an important contribution to the historical records of the church, and to colonial church history. He also enriched his own mind with a thorough knowledge of the traditions of the church of which it was his increasing pride to be the minister.

Four of the eight lectures were devoted to the beginning of the history of the church, and to the ministry of Thomas Shepard. Little of this space is given to Thomas Hooker or to the three years, from 1633 to 1636, of his preaching in Newtowne. The reason for this is the persuasion of the author that the Cambridge church began its long history only after Hooker had migrated to Connecticut, and Shepard was settled as the minister of the church organized in 1636. Recent historical inquiry, however, has brought forward evidence to show that the congregation under Hooker may have been a church in the legal and ecclesiastical sense of the term, and that the church gathered in 1633 may have continued its legal existence in Cambridge when Hooker and all but eleven persons removed to Connecticut and were succeeded by Shepard and his company.³ Both branches of the church, therefore, after careful

3. See Hollis R. Bailey, *The Beginnings of the First Church in Cambridge*, pamphlet privately printed, 1932.

deliberation during the years 1931-32, agreed to date the origin of the church from the period 1633-36, recognizing that if either of these two years were accepted as the date of its founding, there would be a margin of doubt as to its accuracy.

The modern historian would probably write somewhat differently of Shepard's part in the controversy which raged around Anne Hutchinson. McKenzie adheres to the traditional idea that she was a seditious person, a mischief-maker who richly deserved her excommunication and banishment. He quotes with approval the statement of Dr. Albro in his *Life of Thomas Shepard* that her opinions were "absurd, licentious and destructive," and that Shepard had done well to contend "for the faith, for the purity and quiet which they had sought in exile and privation." Readers, however, of such a book as *Unafraid, A Life of Anne Hutchinson* by Winnifred King Rugg,⁴ are given a different picture of the "holy, heavenly, sweet, affecting and soul-ravishing"⁵ Shepard in this famous case. At first inclined to be her friend, he veered and became one of her stoutest opponents. He witnessed against her at her trial. During her incarceration at Roxbury he was one of the ministers who

"resorted to her many times laboring to convince her, but in vain; yet they resorted to her still, to the end that they might reclaim her from her errors, or that they might bear witness against them if occasion were." . . . Shepard and Eliot toiled over her with particular zeal, Shepard at least out of charity. Yet not in perfect charity. It is painful to think of those worthy clergymen coming day after day to badger with their arguments and probe with their questions this one sick, sequestered woman. [And at her trial before the Boston church, it was Shepard who] now forgetting to be charitable, jumped up as soon as Cotton had sat down, to protest her statement that she had not held these errors previous to her Roxbury

4. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1930. Quotations here made are to be found on pp. 190, 202-203.

5. Quoted by McKenzie, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

imprisonment. "I am astonished," he said, "that she should so impudently affirm so horrible an untruth and falsehood in the midst of such a solemn ordinance of Jesus Christ and before such an assembly."

All of which is only to say that Shepard shared the contemporary mind in judging ecclesiastical questions.

A review of the pastorates which followed Shepard's reveals that almost without exception the church had only ranking and exceptional men for its ministers. They stood high in personal character and reputation. Nearly all of the ministers were overseers of the college; Uriah Oakes was its president. They were learned men, whose writings still possess great historical interest and importance. The church was prominent in revolutionary days. Nathaniel Appleton by his long ministry of sixty-six years bridges the whole distance between the colonial and modern periods of American history. Of him McKenzie later wrote: "His long pastorate has been the despair of his successors, for who can be the minister of one people for sixty-six years? It seems almost unkind that he should have held so long the monopoly of the position." Abiel Holmes is revealed as a staunch, yet gentle, defender of the faith as he had received it during the Unitarian controversy which ended in the division of the church. In view of those difficult days, one may perhaps understand the comment of Dr. Holmes' distinguished son Oliver Wendell, who once said that he was deterred from entering the ministry because of the sour countenances of the ministers who used to assemble in the parsonage. A very just, discriminating, and sympathetic account of this controversy is given in Lecture VII. At one point, however, McKenzie is firm. He never acquiesced in the justice of a decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts which was made in 1820 in what is known as the Dedham case, in which the principle was laid down that "where a majority of the members of a church separate from a majority of the parish, the members who remain, although a minority, constitute the church

in such parish and retain the rights and property belonging thereto." In the appendix to these lectures there is an important legal statement drawn up by certain unnamed members of the Suffolk bar, confirming this opinion of McKenzie's, and citing a subsequent decision of the United States Supreme Court (*Watson vs. Jones*) in support of this contention. McKenzie was never reconciled to the possession by the Unitarian church of the records and communion service and other property of the ancient church, and felt that this property should have been equally divided between the two churches. "These are things of the past. . . . There are honest differences of opinion, but there is no controversy. We are good neighbors. . . . Let the ancient strife be buried and forgotten while we both strive to excel in love for God, and in the service of man."

Thus the history comes down to McKenzie's own time, with the extraordinary record of but ten ministers in over two hundred and thirty years in the life of the church. To it, McKenzie added his own active ministry of forty-five years. Thus, from generation to generation, the church increased in strength and influence, and gained a great eminence in the churches of its order in the land.

In 1874 McKenzie contributed some little books to the Sunday-school lesson literature of the period. At that time it was the custom to publish question books based on different parts of the Bible or on the uniform Sunday-school lessons introduced in this country in 1873. There appear to have been three series of these, known as the Pilgrim Series, the National Series, and the Bethesda Question Books. For two years, the pastor of the Cambridge church prepared the question books for the National Series. These were published by the Congregational Publishing Society and sold for fifteen cents. In the preface, McKenzie writes: "I have endeavored to prepare

questions which should be suggestive rather than exhaustive. . . . I have tried to point out the connection between the Old Testament and the New Testament and to lead the study directly to Christ." It was an ingenious and in many ways a helpful method of stimulating interest in Bible study. During the same year McKenzie prepared *Notes for Teachers and Scholars to accompany the International Sunday School lessons for the first and second quarters of 1875*. This is a little book of over a hundred closely printed pages, with a running commentary, suggestions, and questions on the Old Testament from Joshua through Samuel. A considerable amount of work must have gone into the preparation of this book, the aim of which was "to embody the needful information in a concise, direct and convenient form." It exhibits the results of study and observation, and an understanding of the importance of the practical application of Bible material to present needs.

In 1883, McKenzie's first volume of sermons appeared under the title *Cambridge Sermons*, published by the D. Lothrop Company of Boston. Sixteen sermons are included. They were reported by Mr. H. W. Gleason, and his reports were revised by McKenzie for the press. Some of the titles are "The One Life"; "Looking toward the Sea"; "Turning Northward"; "The Unchanging Christ"; "The Wayside Seed"; "The Power of an Endless Life," which had been preached at Wellesley College, and is still remembered by those who heard it.

By the time these sermons were preached and printed, McKenzie's homiletical style and method of delivery had been completely formed. They are therefore characteristic of his preaching at its best. He was now in his prime, at the beginning of the period which marks his expanding power and influence. What has already been said of his preaching finds in these sermons its full illustration: his simplicity, his felicity

of diction, his spiritual imagination, his appeal both to the emotions and to the will, and his profound conviction of the truth which he utters. It is the evangelistic preacher at his best.

Take, for example, the first of these sermons, "The One Life." The text is from 1 Kings xix:10: "And I, even I only am left; and they seek my life to take it away." At once the preacher is in the midst of his theme. " 'I, even I only am left.' "

What a chance he had, the only man in Israel who loved God, and whom God approved! . . . What an opportunity for usefulness! . . . Our influence is so much curtailed. . . because there are so many others who have the same goods to sell, the same sort of influence to exert. Thus when one finds oneself alone, holding a great treasure, or representing some great truth, it is then that his opportunity has come. It sometimes happens that there is only one of a family who loves Christ; . . . only one in a circle of friends who serves God; only one among the clerks of a store, one in any of the associations of life. What a divine opportunity to be promptly and heartily approved! Elijah nobly used his opportunity. He matched himself against them all.

The Wellesley sermon on "The Power of an Endless Life" was preached on the first anniversary of the death of Henry W. Durant, the founder of the college:

He meant that every student here should feel that she is to live forever and should equip herself for the endless years. . . . He saw that it was an endless path which opens where you stand. . . . He called this Christ's college. He would not have it bear his own name, nor let his face look down upon you from the walls. He meant that you should see the Lord.

McKenzie's next book was the record of a six months' trip to Europe and the Near East, which he made in 1883. When he was at Venice in September, a letter came "from Lothrop renewing his proposal that I make a book on these meanderings. I do not feel like it now, but I may come to it later." The book was published by the D. Lothrop Company in 1887

under the title *Some Things Abroad*, and was dedicated "To John M. Denison, Esq., with gratitude and respect."

The whole McKenzie family were in Europe together, but only the father and son made the trip to the Near East. Beginning with Queenstown, the itinerary led to Scotland and Scandinavia, through Germany to Italy, thence to Greece and Turkey. An Austrian Lloyd steamer took them to Smyrna and along the coast of Asia Minor to Beirut. Followed the caravan journey to Baalbek, Damascus, and the Holy Land. They embarked once more at Jaffa and retraced their route to Smyrna and thence to Brindisi. It was a trip rich in variety and in different kinds of adventure.

The story is told in a simple, easy, informal style. It has the merit of being both informing and interesting; it is as if one could hear the narrator talking. The account is filled with acute observations of natural scenery, human nature, and matters of historical interest and importance. It sparkles with humor, escaping the fate of being dull or pedantic, and the opposite peril of being frothy and superficial. No one can lay it down without having acquired a solid amount of information, gleaned by the author for the most part not from guide-books but from his own observation and knowledge.

A few transcripts from this engaging story of one of his many journeys will give a fair idea of the quality of this writing. Describing a church service at Melrose:

I was given a place near the high pulpit. . . . After a time the sexton, if that was his title, made his appearance with the Bible and hymn book which he placed in the pulpit. He descended and the minister came in, a short man with a long beard. He marched down the broad aisle, holding up his gown, as if he was passing through deep water. When he was fairly in his place, the sexton, if he was the sexton, mounted the stairs again and closed the door. He had the preacher safe till he chose to let him out. . . . When I try to imagine all this done by the sexton and minister with whom I am most concerned, I can never make it work well. . . . But they might come to it.

From Norway the route led through Denmark and Germany. The travelers came to Strassburg. McKenzie was not impressed with the cathedral clock.

The noon, when the full procession starts, is a time of high importance. The staring company wait and watch and deem themselves rewarded. . . . Why should grown-up men and women care for a senseless show like this? Well, let it pass . . . people have some right to know what pleases them. Doubtless there are more visitors who can take in the mystery of the moving figures than there are who can properly estimate the splendor of the glorious wheel window, forty-two feet in diameter.

At Milan, McKenzie devoted much time to the cathedral, which became one of his shrines and was frequently revisited in later years.

I know that architectural claims are not satisfied. I have no doubt that German taste affected Italian taste. I am sorry for the pitiful and deceptive paint and plaster ceiling, where honest and graceful stone should be. When all has been said, I modestly maintain the superior grandeur and beauty of the Milan Cathedral. It is hard for a layman in art to think of anything better than this. The vastness of the whole structure impresses him as he walks through the nave, while the light . . . in an exuberance of color passes through the immense windows and illumines the radiant glass. I never saw golden light until I saw it there.

From Venice the route of the travelers lay through Trieste by steamer to Athens. There are visitors to the Acropolis to-day who feel as McKenzie did when he wrote:

It is said that Lord Elgin exaggerated the permission which was given him to remove some of the marbles, and fairly despoiled the Parthenon of its treasures. However glad we may be to see them in England, when in Athens it can only seem a refined vandalism which has torn them from the structure of which they were a part.

In Constantinople, McKenzie was impressed not only by the grandeur of St. Sophia, but by the buying practices in the bazaars:

No one thinks of getting or giving the price which is asked for anything. The dealer names a price, and negotiation begins. It is proper to offer anything, but not safe unless you are willing to be taken up. It

needs a little hardening to make a good buyer. I was equal to considerable in the way of trade, but there was a line which I could not cross. When I wished to make an extreme offer, from which my sense of propriety shrank, I resorted to Mr. Garry who was fearless. The price would be five francs. "I'll give you one franc." Then taking the goods in one hand the franc in the other he would push his hands alternately towards the astonished merchant. "Which will you take?" It ended in his taking the franc. I do not know what theory of philology Mr. Garry held. But he had the facility of making himself understood, and was always willing to exercise his talent.

On the way to Syria, the steamer stopped at Smyrna. The narrow streets prescribed the use of the donkey, whose habits are thus described:

The donkey is a serviceable though tantalizing beast. He seems always to have a grudge against somebody. He seems bent on a persistent revenge. His favorite device is to grind his rider up against a wall of stone or plaster, as if he would rub him into it. I understand now the verse in Numbers which tells us that the "ass thrust himself unto the wall and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall." I know how Balaam felt when "he smote him." For occasional variety the donkey is pleased if he can find a shutter of the lower story of a house hanging out over the street. He will insist on going under it that he may strike his rider's head against the blind. I once had a donkey try the same experiment under the branch of a tree. I saw my approaching fate, but no persuasion or force could change his purpose. Under the limb he went, and the helmet I chanced to be wearing took the blow he meant for my head. . . . For pathos and sorrow and despair no sound can surpass the complaint of the eastern donkey when his heart is touched. He cries, murmurs, wails, as if in hopeless misery, loudly combining all sounds that are dismal, hoarse, asthmatic, while all the time he has no burden or pain and apparently no definite object in his objurgation. Something may be on his mind. Yet he excites no compassion and finds no relief.

Travelers who make the journey to-day through Syria and Palestine in comfort either in trains or in automobiles have little conception of what it involved in the early eighties when it had to be made, if at all, on horseback and by slow stages, camping out in tents by night and enduring much discomfort, and sometimes downright privation and even peril. There is preserved in this part of the book a truly classic description of

such travel, with its caravan arrangements, the personnel of its guides and attendants, the varied incidents of riding and of tenting, often in the rain, and comments on the country, its people, its customs and history. In many ways this is the most valuable part of the writing.

The camel is a serious animal. He sturdily maintains his dignity, and is ready to assert his rights. He will bear so much burden as he thinks suitable. If more is put on his back as he kneels, he quietly remonstrates. If his remonstrance is not heeded, he has a way of rolling off his load and compelling his driver to begin again and proceed with more discretion. I do not know that any other beast of burden thus asserts himself. [From Damascus, the travelers journeyed slowly down to the Sea of Galilee.] The supreme moment in Palestine is the first view of Jerusalem. Next to that is the hour in which one first looks upon the Sea of Galilee. . . . We had looked forward to this hour and talked of it. When it came, there was nothing to be said. We communed with our own hearts and were still. [Of Nazareth he writes] Nazareth is beautiful for situation and fine in itself far beyond any other place we had seen in the land. . . . It seems like a city in a garden. As we look down upon it, it is the place which we should choose for the home of the Son of Man.

They came to Jerusalem:

I hesitate to begin this chapter. The word "Jerusalem" suggests far more than can be written. The most sacred influences cluster around this beautiful and despoiled city. This proud and humbled, this towering and buried capital, who shall write of this?

As a matter of fact, McKenzie wrote of it so well that the traveler to-day would find his book a reverent and helpful guide through the sacred scenes. There is historical background, a true perspective, and a just emphasis on the things most worth while for the modern traveler, all told with a simple eloquence.

In view of all which has been said in these pages, it may be asked if it is well for one to visit Palestine. The answer is promptly given and in the affirmative. Does it add anything to the sum of useful knowledge, or deepen religious impressions, or bring the heart and life into closer fellowship with Him whose presence made this the Holy Land? This it may do or fail to do. It depends on the person. . . . The best guide to Palestine is the Bible. The best preparation is sympathy with Him who came to

Palestine for the world's advantage. Neither there nor anywhere is the letter enough. One needs the spirit. With this, the days will be memorable, the land will be holy.

In the year 1891, there appeared another book dedicated "to the friends who desired that this book should be written," and published by the D. Lothrop Company. The Sunday-school lessons for the period were upon the last days of Christ upon earth. For several Sundays McKenzie preached upon the events there recorded. These sermons were reported stenographically and were published with the simple title *Christ Himself*. It was one of the most popular of Dr. McKenzie's books, and was perhaps the nearest to his own heart and to his own genius. Its purpose was "to present Christ Himself as He is to be seen in the Four Gospels." The importance of it lay in the fact that at a time when the religious world was agitated by all kinds of questions concerning the authenticity of the Bible, the person of Christ, the credibility of the miracles, this little book held up, without argument or rationalizing of any kind, the portrait of Christ as it is given to us in the New Testament. It was the effective answer to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, which had created a great stir. It shows McKenzie's method in dealing with these controversial themes. He did not argue, he did not debate; he held up and exhibited Christ himself, whose personality is independent of the findings of scholars, whom to see is to love, whom to serve and to follow is perfect freedom, whom to know is life eternal.

There is no discussion about the authenticity of his words. Beyond all this, the truth is that "No man ever spake like this man." There is no debate about the Person of Christ.

If God is really our Father, why should He not reveal Himself to us? . . . If we are spirit as God is spirit, we can receive the spiritual revelation while, being men, it will be clearest if it comes in the terms of our humanity. If man is the child of God, what is more probable than that God will come to him with manhood and incarnate Himself for the new creating of man?

There is no argument about the miracles.

The Incarnation and the Resurrection belong together, and between them are the words of Him who spake as never man spake, and the deeds which separate Him from the men of His time and all times. Between Christmas and Easter there is room for the Transfiguration on the Mount, for the miracles which should be expected, for the authority which is exercised and the redemption which is accomplished.

The theory of Christ's death is not elaborated, only the power of it. In a word, everywhere beneath and within the outer form or doctrine, there is sought the inward, living spiritual reality. One may doubt the former, but how can one question or resist the latter?

A second volume of Dr. McKenzie's sermons was published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in 1898, under the title *A Door Opened*. The dedication reads: "To Kenneth and Margaret, my dear children, I give this book." It contains examples of the mature preaching of the now distinguished and internationally known preacher. The sermons were evidently chosen to represent his great outstanding interests and his varied styles of preaching. Thus, the first sermon which gives its title to the book is a university sermon, and develops the value of college life in the varied opportunities which it offers. This is in keeping with the method of Christ, who does not compel, but holds before men an open door into life. At least two of the sermons are doctrinal in subject and treatment, and unfold in their permanent influence upon the soul of man the truths of the Holy Spirit, and of "the Christian mysteries."

In addition, there are included some of McKenzie's favorite sermons, which he preached over and over again and to which there was an unflinching response. The one entitled "The Royal Bounty" was first preached February 6, 1887. Its original title was "The Queen of Sheba." After Solomon had given to the Queen of Sheba all that she had asked of him, he gave her

of his royal bounty. "And this was the best gift of all, because unasked, unexpected, in excess of all that was demanded." There is another sermon, not so well known, but equally suggestive and beautiful: "The Grace of the Touch." A single passage reveals its spiritual idea.

"As many as touched Him were made whole." It was so with Jesus. Is it so of us? When a person meets me day by day, lives in the house with me, rides with me to and fro, what effect does it have upon him? Is he braver because he meets me? Does the sun seem to shine more brightly? Does he take up his work more cheerfully and carry his burden more patiently? Does life seem to him a richer thing, and does he bless God more heartily that he is alive simply because day after day in the associations of life he touches me? We meet often, and when I am going up the stairs and he is coming down, what does he rub off from me and carry away with him? It is possible so to bear ourselves that when we are hurrying to our work, when we are most busily committed to it, when there comes to us only the brief leisure of a chance meeting, . . . we may still be of service, perhaps of greater service than if we were striving to do some good we had resolved upon, — if we can keep ourselves so full of virtue that they who touch us shall be made whole.

In the winter of 1897 (the date of Augustus Lowell's letter is February 5), Dr. McKenzie received and accepted an invitation to give a course of Lowell Institute lectures. From then on these lectures were naturally much on his mind. He seems to have chosen the general subject early and then to have developed it step by step. The summer of 1897 was spent abroad, and he devoted quiet weeks to preparing his material. On December 19, 1897, he writes:

Some work on my lectures last week. I must push this along. March 20 [1898]. Now I am on the eve of the Lowell Institute lectures. How much I have dreaded them even while I wanted them. I thought I had a message for the time. I still think so. But can I give it? I fear. Will it be heard? I fear. Yet I will do my best. I have thought enough and worked enough. But they seem beyond me. The Lord give me words or thoughts or life.

The first lecture was on March 21, 1898. "Fine audience. Many kind words spoken to me. I am grateful for good be-

ginning." The last lecture was delivered on April 7. "The lectures are finished. . . . They have been received with great favor. I am grateful for the opportunity and for the gracious help. The attendance was large and the interest marked. I enjoyed the service."

The lectures were published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in December, 1898, with the title *The Divine Force in the Life of the World*. It is the most pretentious book which McKenzie wrote. It contains his mature thought on the idea of God working in the created world and in man to His own divine ends. "I claim no novelty for this; but I cannot too strongly assert my conviction of the profound importance of the one truth which has controlled me from the beginning of the pages."

"The order is this: the Creator; the Son of Man with new life for men; multitudes of Christians in life and under the sway of the Holy Spirit to give life to the world." This is the theme which the author expounded in the six chapters of his book.

At the very start he described the restraint which he felt in treating the themes of religion without preaching, in separating them "from feeling and appeal, from personal experience and desire," in regarding them "simply as vital and interesting truths." This restraint he did not succeed in wholly overcoming, and before the lectures were over he *was* the preacher, passionately presenting for men's belief and acceptance what was the one vital and central truth in all the universe for him. He could not dispassionately discuss what was the one passion of his life. It is the preacher who speaks as he ends:

The powers of heaven will restore the Cross. . . . It will shed its light upon all the Orient and beyond, circling the globe. It will never fall upon a man whom it cannot help. The light is spreading, slowly. The sun is in it. Let us wait, but let us look. The dawn reaches toward the day. The day will be forever, but the morning will be here.

The restraint which the attempt to present Christian truth in lecture form put upon him accounts for one's feelings about this book. His printed sermons bear the imprint of his genius. There we have the man at his best, because there he was most himself. His books of travel, the narratives of his personal experience, so varied and so rich, his essays on the art of living, these all give room and play to his wit and practical wisdom, and make good reading. But when he comes to elaborating in a studied manner the one thing which he knows not as abstract truth but as a matter of personal and vital experience, he becomes less convincing. Moreover, he was not versed in philosophy, in the philosophy of history, in the sciences, in comparative religion. He had read widely, he had rich literary resources at his command; yet the Bible was his specialty, the material with which he had to work. No one could interpret the Bible in a certain fashion more convincingly than he. When it came, however, to a more ordered and reasoned development of the religious ideas therein, he moved, so to speak, off his own ground and was less truly himself. Even within the sphere of Old and New Testament theology, the views which he advanced appear to-day, in certain respects, to be outmoded; whereas his interpretation of spiritual truth is as fresh as when he uttered it. He had prepared himself for these lectures with care and thoroughness, and there is something impressive and noble about the way in which this man, now in his sixty-eighth year, gave himself to the task of unfolding and presenting in finished form before his distinguished audience his profound faith in the divine origin of the universe, the divine origin of mankind, the divine spirit which animated redeemed humanity and set it free to be His spiritual instrument for the creation of a new world in which dwelleth righteousness.

In 1903 there was published by the Fleming H. Revell Company McKenzie's ninth book, *Getting One's Bearings*. The

publishers had written to him asking for a manuscript. It was natural that he should think of bringing together some of the papers, lectures, and addresses on varied themes which had formed a part of his repertory in the course of a long career as a public speaker. With characteristic nautical reference he chose the title, with a sub-title "Observations for Direction and Distance."

To take the bearings [he says in the opening chapter] . . . has come to have a more general application. It meant, and means, to find the place of a headland, a passing ship, a distant lighthouse. . . . The method is easily transferred to the common life, in which a man has constantly to learn where things are, in what way he is related to them, by what means they can be approached. The term has been chosen for the title because this book is an outlook on the world, in order that we may see where we are, and where other persons are, and thus may be able to make rational adjustments.

The chapters were not designed in the interest of any particular class or age. They are the mature reflections of one who has seen life in all of its phases and has discovered the sources of personal satisfaction and of personal power. The titles of the different chapters exhibit the range of these reflections: "The Gentleman," "Reason," "Imagination," "The Calling," "Time," "Words," "Success," "Friendship," "The Citizen," "Travel," "Religion." Indeed, all the varied elements which enter into the fabric of life, by the understanding, mastery, and possession of which character is formed and one's career guided and shaped, are discussed, and are illustrated out of the abundant experience and observation of the writer. Two of the chapters contain the material of lectures given over and over again: "Words" and "Imagination." All of them illustrate his fertility of thought, wide reading, practical shrewdness, and thorough grounding in the essentials of moral conduct.

Oddly enough, the list of books written by Doctor McKenzie begins and ends with a novel. The first was a Sunday-

school book. The last, published in 1909, the year before his resignation, is entitled *Two Ends of a House Boat*. On the title-page the author assumes a fictitious name, "Tirza Eparde," but the book is copyrighted by A. McKenzie, and has the imprint of the Broadway Publishing Company of New York. McKenzie has himself described the genesis of the book and his feelings about it.

For a long time I had the desire to write a novel. I had no subject and no plot. Finally I made the attempt, and the writing was largely done while I was abroad and at leisure. While on the Thames I saw many houseboats and these suggested the plan which I adopted. It was a mere trifle and I would not give my name to it. I found publishers who were willing to print from my manuscript, for I could not afford to have it typed. So it went its way on its own chances. I think the publishers have done very little in its behalf. I infer that even as a plaything it has not been a success, yet some who have ventured to read it have said a kind word for the foundling. The chief objection seems to be that it is not in keeping with my other books. I did not intend that it should be ranked with them, or with my professional work. It was a mere skit and has had, probably, the fate to which it was entitled.

The novel has distinct autobiographical value as an epitome of the varied experiences of the author, and it exhibits his versatility at varied forms of writing. There is no real reason to regret that he wrote it.

As one reviews this list of books, one must revere the industry, wisdom, and deep piety of this gifted and devoted man, who in the midst of crowded years was able to put into print his thoughts on so many of the aspects of human life, and of the divine life in the heart of man.

In the chapter of *Getting One's Bearings* entitled "Travel" Dr. McKenzie gathers up the philosophy and the methods of the true traveler. The chief value of travel is that it adds distance to life, affords a break from routine, enlarges one's perspective, and provides added material for thought and thus enriches one's experience. For those who are denied its priv-

ileges, he recommends the reading of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

The date is 1789, but all of which he wrote remains. . . . Write the name of your town in place of his, and the book will still serve you. Selborne is a little, undistinguished parish, fifty miles from London. This traveler describes it, and the things in it, as if they were on the other side of the globe. . . . He sums up the whole in the Naturalist's Calendar, where birds and flowers and rivers are portioned out among the days of the year, after their own pleasure. Think of this man, . . . meeting life as he found it in an old tortoise with which he came to terms. . . . He closes the story with this: "P. S. In about three days after I left Sussex, tortoise retired into the ground under the hepatica." Not an important event, but perhaps as well worth noting as the daily drive of a royal child, or the rigging of an imperial yacht.

After speaking of the rewards of travel in our own land, McKenzie comes to what was his particular hobby, travel abroad.

I have been indulged [he has written] in my desire for this, and I am confident it has always been for the benefit of my people. I have never been in Europe alone. With my wife, in 1867. Since then the children have been with us. Kenneth has journeyed with me more than the others. With him I have traveled in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia and Poland, Greece, Palestine and Egypt. These have been successful ramblings and all of my European journeys have been much enjoyed.

He made no less than seventeen visits to Europe, thirty-four voyages in all. True to his sailor ancestry, he much preferred travel by sea. Several times he went to Hampton by the Boston-Norfolk boat, and once he took a steamer for Newfoundland and Labrador. His daughter writes:

To see my father on board ship was to witness a human being at the acme of bliss and exhilaration. The sea seemed to have endless messages of inspiration, hope and comfort for the sailor's son, and not even in her most ungentle moods did she hold any discomfort for him. Clad in a heavy "ulster" and the softest of hats, he roamed over the ship from end to end, holding converse with new acquaintances, reading innumerable books, and best of all, climbing up, on the captain's invitation, to the high vantage point of the bridge, for a talk as from sailor to sailor. His only regret was that a voyage must come to an end. "And now for trouble," was his unvarying salute to the approaching land.

He found travel by train very irksome. He liked trips by carriage and coach before the days of automobiles. He was once asked by his son Kenneth (about the year 1890) what he would like to invent, if he could choose. He replied: a carriage that could go by its own power, without horses. He lived to see the day when he wished there were no such thing. Automobiles were a terror to him when he was on foot, and he never became accustomed to them, although he occasionally enjoyed a ride with a friend.

His preference for ocean travel helps to explain why he went so often to Europe instead of traveling in his own land. The McKenzies had no summer home, and he did not enjoy American hotel life. Mrs. McKenzie was never a strong woman, but nevertheless she was as fervently fond of travel in a quieter way as was her husband. Unlike him, she disliked the sea, and it was for this reason that it was not worth while for her to go abroad for the short time which was, as a rule, all that Dr. McKenzie could spare from his work. Always the most unselfish of men, it was his earnest desire that Mrs. McKenzie should spend as much time as possible away from the cares of housekeeping. She was extremely fond of Switzerland; the high altitude suited her, and it was among the mountains that she most frequently chose to spend her summers. When she and her daughter Margaret were abroad in the winter they went always to Italy. They were often abroad for long periods, and Dr. McKenzie and Kenneth twice left them in Europe, returning the following summer to rejoin them. Thus he and his son were much together in their travels both on sea and land. McKenzie never learned to speak foreign languages; and although he was familiar with various French, German, and Italian words he could not read these languages with any facility. When traveling in Europe, he either spoke with people who knew English, or depended on the linguistic ability of his companions.

Traveling in a railway compartment or sitting serene and placid for hours in Swiss garden or Italian terrace, he would read a little, but liked better to comment in his dry way, half philosophical, half humorous, on what he was thinking or seeing. His enjoyment of scenery was intense, the sight of majestic peaks filling him with awe, tranquil landscapes with delight. The historical connections and associations of great minds with some lovely spot stirred his imagination. Without doubt much of the material used in his finest sermons was inspired by these yearly trips to Europe. London he knew and loved well. Paris interested him less. And the sophistication of the French court as illustrated by the chateaux of Touraine was far removed from his mental attitude and viewpoint. He would contrast this artificiality with the dignified simplicity of life in the monastic Grande Chartreuse. Perhaps Italy delighted him most. He spent much time in its great cities. He found it difficult and fatiguing to visit the fascinating little hill towns. Florence aroused his enthusiasm for art. He would sit for a long time before some beautiful canvas in the Uffizi, while he entered happily into the religious spirit of the old masters. It was difficult to lure him away to make acquaintance with new treasures when he enjoyed so thoroughly the more conventional and recognized gems of art. His enthusiasm for art failed only when he was expected to risk a stiff back and aching neck gazing at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

He kept journals of all of these trips; they reveal his power of observation, his interest in every phase of human life, his tastes in scenery, art, and architecture, his humor, and his capacity to absorb and to use the varied materials with which travel enriched his mind. He took time to record conversations, and to describe the personalities of those whom he met. He took time, too, to set down in full his thoughts and spiritual meditations. Some of the deepest and most fruitful ideas

were wrought out in these quiet days of travel and of rest. Sometimes these are elaborated in full sermon form. Thus, among the Irish lakes (in 1883) he writes "the sermon for the day" from the text: "A place for you."

I do not love my friend less for loving God most. I do not love God less for loving my friend next. We find our love enlarged by our love for God, and we love Him the more for loving one another. . . . That is a longer sermon than I meant to write. Most of my sermons are. But no one need read this. I wrote "Sermon" at the top, and the warned friend can skip. Only, I wish that anyone who loves me much would read it all and give thanks with me if my poor words are true.

His first trip to Europe came in 1867, as described above in Chapter VI. He did not go again until 1883 when he had a six months' furlough. The account of this trip is given in the review of *Some Things Abroad*. There followed a summer trip in 1884. Arriving in Liverpool, he went to London. He heard Archdeacon Farrar preach at St. Margaret's and Canon Westcott at Westminster. Of Westcott he says, "It was difficult to hear him. The singing was fine." He went to City Temple and heard Joseph Parker. The sermon he characterized as "rambling and wordy."

The delivery was horrible, an alternating whispering and bellowing. But why some parts were whispered and others bellowed, I do not know. The preacher seemed full of Parker. Indeed, the church is extensively placarded with Parker. Went to the Tabernacle where Spurgeon draws his throng. The sermon was simple and interesting. The day was warm and oppressive, and the preacher reminded us, and the Lord also, of the fact.

On July 7, 1887, the family all sailed from Boston to Liverpool on the *Bothnia* accompanied by Mrs. McKenzie's uncle, Hon. Joseph J. Eveleth of Augusta, Maine, and his ward, Miss Annie M. Hatch. The summer was spent traveling in England and Wales, including Devonshire, Cornwall, various cathedral cities, and the Isle of Wight. There were several weeks in London. It was on this trip that McKenzie visited Dartmoor prison in the vain effort to secure information about the im-

prisonment there of his father, Captain Daniel McKenzie, during the War of 1812. Mrs. McKenzie and Margaret remained in Europe when the summer was over, Kenneth and his father returning on the *Umbria*, then one of the largest and fastest steamers afloat (8000 tons). In 1891 the whole family sailed for another six months' absence. This trip took them to Spain and Italy, where father and son left the others and journeyed to Egypt. The family spent that winter in Italy and in June, 1892, McKenzie sailed to rejoin them.

The next journey was in 1895, and this time McKenzie reached Russia. He made the trip with Kenneth. The travelers entered Russia by steamer via Helsingfors and Cronstadt.

If one saw only what we have seen, one might think this nation among the best. But I have never seen lower, harder, less human faces than many of the laborers' here. The palaces are fine, but the people — they are poor. Can the gulf be bridged? They are religious if bowing and crossing makes religion. But how one feels that eternal life is to have God and Him whom God hath sent, and that there seems little of this knowledge here. How far all this glitter, all the jewels and prostration is from the simple intelligent faith which He taught. . . . Russia is now building five warships. We saw them in the Neva. Is it to be war to the end? Why not peace? When will the Prince of Peace come? Then Russia will live.

In 1897 the whole family was again in Europe. They traveled in the Italian Tyrol, in the Dolomites. He was interested in the geological formation of the Dolomites and wrote of it, taking notes from Gilbert and Churchill's *The Dolomite Mountains*. "These Dolomites are a good place to rest in. The fields are rolling as if the ocean were suddenly stopped and grass and trees grew for waves." He went to church service in the English church. "I thought of our own services at home. How can we enlarge their spiritual force?" They walked to the Roman Catholic church. The service was over. A few women were at prayer. Why might not this have been for them the whole service? "Why not indeed if the soul thus meets with God . . . I ask myself sitting here if ministers

are ever in the way, interrupting the communion of the soul with its Divine Saviour. Lord, grant that it may never be so with me, *never*. 'They saw no man, save Jesus only.' " On September 19, Sunday, they arrived in Boston. "Brushed up and went to church. Platner was the conditional preacher, but he quite insisted I should take my place, and though not ready, I consented. He took the opening service, and I did the rest, talking from Acts 10.29."

With the exception of 1905, every summer from 1899 to 1907 was spent in Europe. The purpose and nature of these trips, however, begins to change. McKenzie was now seventy years old. His constant labors had begun to take toll of his strength. His hearing was impaired and he began to be troubled with rheumatism. His European trips, therefore, took on less and less the character of sight-seeing tours, and more and more the nature of quiet sojourns and cures at health resorts. He still moved about freely, but spent long weeks at his favorite spots or where the baths and treatment promised him some help.

Thus, in 1899, the family went to Switzerland. Mrs. Samuel Batchelder and Miss Mary Batchelder were with them off and on. McKenzie spent much time at Battaglia, near Padua, for treatment for rheumatism of the knees, the first time that he went to any European health resort. The treatment included much bathing, massage, and drinking of spring water. There followed weeks in Florence, Rome, and Sicily. In 1900 he sailed again, landing at Cherbourg. They came to St. Moritz, where the reunited family spent the summer. His rheumatism prevented an easy ascent of the hills.

It was rather hard climbing to church this morning. I shall gain on it. [He records the assassination of King Umberto.] Flags are at half-mast. The shops of the Italians have the blinds down, but the doors open, a compromise of grief. [The Boer war was in progress.] What the end will be, how matters will be adjusted between the dogged Empire and the struggling republic no one can foretell. So much as this is clear, that might

has prevailed and that liberty is under the heavy feet of the Empire. And this at the close of the XIXth century! [The Boxer rebellion had broken out in China.] All the great nations are disturbed, . . . and the future of the conflict no one can see. . . . We are involved in the Chinese trouble, and our miserable Philippine trouble drags on. Meantime, what of our Christmas songs? What of our missions to China and everywhere? Is this Christianity which rages against the Boers and storms among the Islands? Are these the last days? No, I think not. But I believe they will be followed by some wonderful work where God will display His power and His love.

He went on alone to Buxton, England, for the baths; this was the first of several visits there.

The summer of 1901 was spent wholly in England with Margaret. He preached a few times in English rural churches, and went again to Buxton for treatment:

More forceful than last year. Had a mineral bath with massage this morning. I was kneaded as if dough, rubbed as if clothes in a laundry, sprinkled like a dusty road. [In the summer of 1902 after some time at Interlaken and the Bernese Oberland, he went to Baden (near Zurich).] What with the bathing, drinking, rubbing and being rubbed, I ought to grow limber. [At the end of August he went to Basle and thence to Rheims.] The cathedral is marvelously impressive. It grows as one waits often in it. I was there for an hour in the late afternoon which is in many respects the best time. The twilight is in the windows and on the walls and the shadows lurk among the huge columns. It was good to sit and meditate. [Thence, to Amiens and London. He went to a chapel in Little Portland Street.] As I left, a pamphlet was handed me. I find this is Martineau's church. Here he preached, and here many illustrious men and women heard him. . . . All this association with Martineau makes me glad that I was driven there to-day. But how small the small man must have felt in Martineau's place! Not that he could have been like his great predecessor, but he could have been alive: even with twenty hearers, he was not. [McKenzie was at home again on September 19.] It was a pleasant voyage. . . . Mr. W. E. Russell was on the ship. [So was] Mr. Revell the publisher, who would be glad to publish a book of mine. [The book was *Getting One's Bearings*.]

In 1903, the family sailed on the *Potsdam* and landed at Boulogne. McKenzie records a conversation with Mr. Smith, '59, a lawyer in Washington; he talked much of Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, who once said that when he was in the

majority, he thought he was right; but when he was in the minority, he knew he was right. There was also a story about a boy who excused himself for being late at school by saying that he slipped back two steps while he took one forward. He finally arrived by going the other way.

In 1904, Mrs. McKenzie and Margaret preceded McKenzie and Kenneth. They liked a longer summer than the men could have away from their work. Father and son sailed on the *Canopic* July 2, by way of the Azores and Gibraltar. "I leave the parish in good order, and I know that Mr. Bourne will be attentive and useful." Arrived at Gibraltar, McKenzie slipped and fell into the water as he was trying to step aboard the small steamer which was to take them ashore. "I was drawn out by K. and the sailors and stayed on the ship with a good change of clothes." He was none the worse for the accident. By the first week in August he was again at Baden for the baths. "So I start in and hope for the best."

The trips to Europe were interrupted in 1905. A part of this summer was spent in Templeton, Massachusetts. Later, McKenzie and his son went to Labrador. They sailed to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and thence by steamers, via Port-aux-Basques, to Battle Harbor. McKenzie's journal describes the voyage, the scenes in Newfoundland, the bleak Labrador scenery, the impressions of the Grenfell Mission. Professor Edward C. Moore and a Boston physician were of the party. Arrived at Battle Harbor, they were delighted to find that Dr. Grenfell was there with his steamer, the *Strathcona*. They went on board, and Dr. Grenfell was surprised to see McKenzie: "When I saw you in Cambridge, I certainly did not think I should ever see you in Labrador." In due time they all went on shore.

Church time came. The English service was read by a lay-reader. He asked me to make an address. I spoke on: "For the sake of the name." There was quite a congregation, mostly men, and they listened well. In the afternoon the service was in a loft. The room was full and the service

impressive. Dr. Grenfell made a few remarks and said I would speak in the evening. I made a closing prayer. . . . I bought Dr. Grenfell's last book, *The Harvest of the Sea*.

The party went in the *Strathcona* to Cape Charles, where Dr. McKenzie and his son boarded the steamer *Portia* for the return to St. John's. "So we have been in Labrador. . . . It was very pleasant to see on the front of the hospital building the sign made by our 'Captains.'" This was later destroyed when the building was burned. "The whole Labrador visit has been a delight, long to be remembered."

In 1906, the whole family were again in Europe, and McKenzie went to Bex, a health resort in the Rhone Valley, not far from the upper end of Lake Geneva. "The doctor is expected soon to tell me if I should stay here. . . . He says 'yes,' examined pulse and heart. Says heart is right." He left Bex in mid-August and went to Champéry, and thence to Chamonix and Vevey. He sailed on the *Canadian*. "I take the service with Professor Drown." Thus, home once more.

He returned to Italy the following summer, disembarked at Naples, and sojourned a while at Sorrento and Amalfi.

I am thinking more and more of the need of increased efficiency in preaching and in the Christian life. We are too far from the success we are warranted in expecting. How shall we reach it? Let me come from this interval of partial service with renewed strength and enlarged grace. . . . Let preaching, *mine*, be closer to the Life and Word of Him who chose and called me — outstretching, definite, brave. . . . Life has been rich in these years, very rich. I do not feel as strong as I hoped . . . still uncertain and unstable. I have gained less than I expected — perhaps all I should have expected. I wish I could give up anxious thought for the morrow. I find relief in Psalm 6: 2, 3.

Thus he soliloquizes as he gradually realizes that the term of his active ministry nears its end. A note of sadness, almost of melancholy, runs through the pages of his journal.

"I lift up my eyes into the hills." I have long felt that there should be another Divine interposing similar to Pentecost or the Reformation: that God would announce His kingdom more decidedly than He is now doing.



DR. McKENZIE AND WILFRED GRENFELL ON
THE *STRATHCONA*

He has promised His kingdom, and He will reign. Men will be raised up for this. The very disorder of the time . . . has a foretelling of the new coming of the Holy Spirit. Men will be of less prominence. Himself will speak and work. I like Jowett's teaching in his Introduction XIX.¹ Even now there seems to be a place for such work as Jowett describes in this passage. I have hoped that in a very small way and place even I might work in this direction, recalling the church — our church, and myself to Christ Himself apart from men. . . . God help us all. . . . I look for nothing large. But as I think of coming months in the hope that I may have them with renewed strength, this is the purpose which stays by me: to preach Christ and Him crucified, to paralyzed men; take myself back to Him and His word, that men may see Him, hear Him, and their faith may stand not in the wisdom of men but in the power of God. . . . I have not many years, perhaps none, but I offer myself, just answering Christ's call, praying He will breathe on me His own Spirit. . . . The church doors open after service always, an asylum and place of prayer for humble souls, and I wish at Cambridge we could help more people more constantly. How can we? The old First Church, — Christ make her His own.

The itinerary led to Rome, Spoleto, Ancona, Ravenna, and Bologna. He went to Bagni de Lucca for the baths.

Bex is exciting in comparison. I must hope. I see no marked change, but it may be here, gradual and indistinct. The treatment is a bother, but otherwise is not too bad. The doctor seems to promise even more than Hildreth. But whether he knows as much, I am not sure. . . . I am not in full strength, and I have some timidity as I look into the work of a new year. I have written to Kate Horsford as I always do on the anniversary of her mother's birth. Aug. 7. I have of late some unrest, depression, before rising in the morning. . . . I am working clear of it, I think, striving to rise into faith and gladness. I have had precious meditation and communion and prayer at night before falling asleep. It seems to come of uncertainty of the results of this tarry abroad and this treatment. Let me be trustful and not fear. Ps. 39: 13. [There followed Pisa, Milan, Chamonix, Vevey, Paris, London.] Boston, Sept. 30. Mr. Bourne met us there. We drove home, grateful for divine care and love, and hopeful, trustful for the days to come. Still our eyes are on the hills.

There was a final trip to Europe in 1910-11. This forms a part of the last chapter in McKenzie's life.

1. Jowett, *Theological Essays*, London, 1908. The introduction is by the Editor, Lewis Campbell.

CHAPTER XV

LAST YEARS

1910-1914

ON SUNDAY, the twenty-third day of January, 1910, the day before the anniversary of his installation as minister of the church forty-three years before, McKenzie's letter of resignation was read to the congregation by the assistant minister, Mr. Bourne. The words portray with fidelity the intense yet mingled feelings of his heart, stirred to its depths by the relinquishment of that which he held so dear—deep gratitude to God for His countless blessings, and to his people for their unfailing consideration and loyal cooperation throughout the years.

The Parsonage, Jan. 23, 1910

To the First Church in Cambridge
and the Shepard Congregational Society:

My dear friends:

This day brings to a close another year of our connection as pastor and people. To-morrow will be the forty-third anniversary of my installation as your minister. These have been years of great happiness to me and of enlargement to the church. They make a long period of active contentment. For countless blessings we will together give thanks.

It is evident to you, as it is to me, that, in the course of nature, we are brought to a point where there should be a new adjustment of our relation. . . . It is with deep feeling, enriched with gratitude for the generous consideration which was never more manifest that I consent with myself to ask you to release me from the full care and responsibility which it has been a sacred privilege to bear, and to accept the lessened service which I may be permitted to give.

I am assured that in your continued thoughtfulness you will approve the discretion which makes this request. I shall be glad to remain in my present position until midsummer if this is convenient for you. Beyond that I wish to keep my membership with you; and I shall be happy if I may retain the familiar name of "pastor," with such definition as you

choose to give it. After a vacation longer than I have ever taken, I hope to return where I can walk with you, and enjoy the friendships which are my wealth; it will be a delight to serve you, and to serve with you as the occasion may arise and without intrusion to have a part in your daily life, cherishing the companionship of many years, sharing with you the memories which cannot be lost, and preserving the hallowed association with those who have been translated, in a fellowship which no changes can interrupt.

You have given me the prolonged opportunity, in largeness of liberty, to fulfil the purpose with which at your request I came to you, and to renew my years beside and within the college whose nurture I received, whose history is so closely united with our own. Upon our outstretching desires I write in thankful reverence: "If the Lord will."

I shall have other opportunities for speaking to you, but I am glad that I can now join with you in entire devotion to Christ and the Church, and assure you once more, from a burdened but cheerful heart, how constantly and affectionately I am your minister

Alexander McKenzie

The church and the society connected therewith took action on the resignation of their eleventh minister, making him pastor emeritus, and continuing one-half of his stipend. Thus the active ministry of this man was terminated. His had been the longest pastorate, save one, in the long history of the ancient church.

Behind and leading up to his decision to resign lay a slowly maturing conviction. Since 1907 he had not been in his former robust health. To his rheumatism and deafness there were added other disquieting symptoms, some dislocation of the nerves with accompanying dizziness and nausea. Still, the doctors reassured him and told him that "he would live to be a hundred," and he was glad to believe them. Probably the life he lived was not conducive to continued health. It was essentially a sedentary life. Always he had been averse to physical exertion of any kind, even to walking. He had a hearty appetite and he was always a fine sleeper, able to drop off for any length of time, and on the shortest notice. He used to refer to his power of sleeping as "one of my few gifts."

There was nothing radically wrong with him until the last few years, and then the ailments were only those incident to old age, such as hardening of the arteries and a general lessening of physical vigor.

By the autumn of 1909, however, Dr. McKenzie had to face the prospect of making a radical change in his life—a life which had flowed on as serenely and continuously as a broad river since the commencement of his Cambridge ministry. Never was anyone more avid for work, never did anyone so regret the necessity of stopping short and laying down his tools. That was the only tragedy of his long life. His family had come to feel that this had to be faced as an imminent possibility. Yet they dreaded to speak of it lest it be his death-blow. His absorbing love of preaching and pastoral service seemed only to increase with his age. For several years he had been curtailing gradually and quietly his outside work. The circle of his activities became an ever-narrowing one. But the love of his church remained. The “daemon of preaching” was as strong as ever. The bond which bound him to his people grew stronger with the years.

Thus it was with trepidation that his wife and daughter at length broached the matter with him. He had never spoken of it to them. They had no clue as to what might be passing through his mind with regard to it. Though in general one of the most candid and outspoken of men, he had at times, and especially in those matters which touched him deeply, very profound reticence. In all probability he had looked forward to several more years of active service, if he had ever taken time to consider the matter at all. But when at length he was approached on this subject by his family, with considerable apprehension and misgiving, it was found that it seemed almost a relief to him that the suggestion had at last been made, and made by another than himself. “Yes,” he repeated many times, “it is better to stop while I could still go on.” With

characteristic courage he set himself the task of adjusting his mind to the proposed revolution in his life.

He took counsel, as always, with his friends. The church officers were considerate. It was for him to decide. He asked the advice of his old college friend, William Everett, who replied: "It is better for people to say, why does he resign, than, why does he not resign?" At last the decision was reached.

It is clear from the letter of resignation that he did not contemplate the cessation of all of his labors with and for the church. He felt that he might still be of use. It was a happy arrangement which continued his official connection with the church, in title and compensation. He received abounding evidences of the affection and loyalty of his people. Thus the future seemed to hold the promise of more years of usefulness and contentment.

All of this is reflected in his journals:

1910. I am nearing the close of my forty-third year of ministry in Cambridge and I have been led to feel that it is the time to make a readjustment of pastoral relations. I say I have *been led*. This is in accordance with my usual experience for at the points of decision I have not been left in doubt. The *Lord does lead*. My own thoughts have made me know that I could not long continue to do full work here. The wishes of my wife and children have confirmed my thought of the change. My good associate, Mr. Bourne, has guided me in a good degree. Mr. Everett's counsel has been to the same effect. The [retirement] of President Eliot and others has given example. My friends in general have confirmed my feeling and in the most appreciative spirit. I am convinced that I am acting with discretion, for myself and the parish. I have consulted with my deacons, who are most kind, but do not attempt to persuade me. Therefore my mind is clear.

I have thought of myself and the future. I have done well to accept release from the full pastorate. I hope to be useful still. Visions come to me. I seek a future. I read in Templeton [William J.] Dawson's book on *A Prophet in Babylon*. The book is extravagant, but it made me think of a ministry free from a pastorate, and of the extension of the church life in freedom: in a ministry of the church in the world and at large. It is inviting. Now I have read the life of H. M. Stanley, which rouses courage

and force. I seek them and will use them. Yesterday I read in the "Strand" a fine article on the life and work of men of advanced years. It suggested that I might find rich and useful years, and bear fruit in an earnest ministry. I feel I have some things yet to be said and that I might preach a Gospel large and free and helpful to men. Is it possible that I am called to this? If I return from Europe, shall I have my strength renewed and preach better than ever, which could easily be! I am attracted and quickened. All is in His hands. I am in His hands. I was chosen, called, appointed, employed, and have not been released and do not want to be. I long for work in His name. Is it possible I may have it? How fine to preach from eighty on in the greatness of youth and the energy of years!

It was believed that a period of absence from home would ease the transition from the old way of life to the new and enable the necessary adjustments to be made both for the church and for its minister. Thus the McKenzies reached a decision to sail for Europe early in the summer of 1910, to remain abroad for a year. McKenzie continued his church duties and went to Hampton in April. He conducted Radcliffe prayers, and preached at Appleton Chapel in June on "Adorning the Doctrine." He spoke at a Boston ministers' meeting on "The Ministry," attended a reunion of his Wellesley class, and assisted at the Radcliffe baccalaureate service. He declined reelection as secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Indians, after twenty-five years of service, but remained as president of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. There were parish suppers and receptions for the McKenzies and for Mr. Bourne. The pastor and deacons dined together. The last days were pleasant ones.

On the eve of their intended departure, however, Mrs. McKenzie was taken seriously ill with heart trouble. Always a delicate woman, only her indomitable will and great strength of character had enabled her to surmount illnesses and physical handicaps. Knowing that the long absence from Cambridge was vital to her husband's welfare, she fought her way back courageously to the measure of health essential to undertaking the voyage. The family had planned to sail on July 5. Then

came the unexpected illness, induced by warm weather, and the labor of preparing the house for its new tenants. A part of the summer was spent at Templeton. McKenzie did some preaching. It was a time of patient waiting and of quiet hope.

At length the family sailed on the *Cymric*, October 4. Friends came to see them off. London was reached on October 15. "Reuen Thomas was right when he said I would not like to live in London with its depressing atmosphere. Even now I feel the influence of it." On October 27, they left for Basle, Milan, and Florence. "We all went to S. Croce, a fine old church Do not feel very brilliant or brave Read three of Jowett's sermons and was especially helped by one on 'The Unexpected Answer.'" Thus they came to Rome, where the winter was to be spent.

The prospect of another long winter in the Eternal City was a delightful one to him. In spite of the fact that his energy showed signs of depletion, his enthusiasm for the riches of Rome remained unabated. Each day he was ready to set out on some new pilgrimage. Yet, as in the past, this was not the zest of the mere sightseer, and was due less to his own personal and artistic enjoyment of all that he saw than to a desire to enrich his mind with knowledge and experiences which could later be communicated to his people. The future of the church was a subject never long absent from his mind, and he was thinking less of the departed glories of the Caesars than of his coming successor in the ministry at Cambridge. The modernist movement, which at that time was arousing considerable interest in the Protestant churches, both in England and America, caused him some anxious thought. But his concern about this new teaching was not unduly grave. Truth was eternal, it would triumphantly outlive all the passing vagaries of human opinions. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision" was a frequent observation of his in this connection. Yet he evinced

a most earnest desire that the continuity of doctrine and the tradition upon which the First Church in Cambridge had been founded should be preserved intact in all the years to come, and that the man who was chosen to follow him should keep the faith of the fathers.

Mar. 2. Miss S. reports that Dr. [Charles R.] Brown has not yet given his answer. I did not know that he had been called. Mar. 10. My church is negotiating with Brown, of California, recently. I do not know the result or even the possibility. I wish I could take the work once more. But my times are in Thy hands. Apr. 4. Dr. Brown goes to Yale Theological School and not to Cambridge.

He was in the habit of going into the Roman Catholic churches for prayer and meditation. "Went to church 'round the corner' and joined in the perpetual adoration." "Went to two neighboring churches and had my prayer and meditation and adoration." He read a good deal: Greene's history of England, Thomas à Kempis, Jowett, Lewes' life of Robespierre. Doctor Gray of the Scotch Church was kind and neighborly and invited him to occupy his pulpit. As always, McKenzie responded with eager acceptance, and preached with his old-time fire and eloquence. This was the last time that he preached in Europe.

During the winter, he wrote his longest manuscript of autobiographical reminiscences, which have been freely drawn upon in the previous chapters. The following pages reflect his thoughts as he made this review of his life and ministry:

In the quietness of these days of leisure, I have made a hurried review of the days which have been and have looked beyond them farther than eye can see. I find myself somewhat removed from myself. Never before have I been in this experience. It is an unwonted idleness out of which I look into indistinct times. I do not know what is to be. I know God and I shall do His will in glad consent. I am certain that this desire, inconstant though it be, is so far right. I do not find it easy to be cut off from my work, I who have so long worked and have not known since boyhood any such period of severance, with no engagements, . . . no calls for service, no dependence from without. . . . It is doubtless well that

changes should come. My three and forty years of ministry, peaceful and prosperous though they have been, may not be the close pattern for the time to come in this day of change. I intend to agree gracefully with the altered methods and, if I may, to assist them. Here I stand, therefore, grateful, hopeful, willing, believing in God and in the church and in Him whose name we bear, whose will is our duty and our life.

His mind runs over the changes in Church life and Christian methods which he has witnessed:

Laymen are more prominent. They not only conduct the business of the church and its agencies, but their voice is heard in the church and [its] assemblies; the line which separates the clergy into a class with special duties is becoming less distinct. Certain duties still remain to the minister, but his province is encroached upon. It seems to me that the minister has the right to magnify his office and to guard it against the intrusion of those who have not been called to it. I am not aware of any sensitiveness in this regard, and I well know how really the minister is aided by the laymen who, like him, serve Christ and the Church.

His mind passes on to some of the great issues which confront the Christian conscience, among them the evil of war. He himself died on the eve of the most terrible war that has ever cursed this planet. Evidently he did not foresee any such calamity.

The people are coming slowly to see that war is worse than brutal and that its improvement consists in the ability to kill more men at a greater distance. We shall outgrow this if we grow at all, and already there are constant thoughts of arbitration in place of murder. War is essentially what it was when Cain killed Abel. The mechanism is different, but the spirit and real method are the same.

It is some gain that the churches are keeping Christmas and preaching peace and are sending the Christmas day over the land and beyond the seas. The new faith in missions is an encouraging sign of the times. Peace means prosperity and virtue and happiness. I rejoice that I can see it coming though it is far away.

I am writing in Rome, the capital of the past, which lingers among ruins. Here, too, nominally at least, . . . Christ is enthroned and worshipped. Greatly overgrown with the imaginations and inventions of men, the truth is here. If Christ should come now, He would find churches, apostles, and confessions ready for Him, a splendid manger for the new nativity. It is well to wait here and to remember and to antici-

pate. If Rome knew the day of her visitation! If the Pope were really in Peter's place and with his spirit; if the Virgin Mother herself were known and her gentle spirit suffered to rule the thoughts of those who come now, singing her praise with adoring voices, the Kingdom of God would be here whence the kingdom of the world has been removed and Rome would stand in new glory on her hills. It all cannot yet be, but it is coming. Jesus shall reign here and from this ancient center over all the world. The Lord hasten it in His time. With this vision let me pause.

This is a good world to live in; in some ways it is the best of worlds with its training and opportunity. I stand in recognition of its worth and of the hopefulness of this time. It is a time of change, but on the whole the changes mean advance. It is a day of necessity and a day of promise. The morning approaches. There is a growing light and increasing effort to overcome evil with good. Forces of righteousness are at work and the right will win. I lay down my active services in gratitude and hopefulness. I have a vision of the better day which steadily approaches. I have visions of immortality beyond the world, and I believe in them.

On April 17, the family left Rome and moved on to Florence, where they spent Easter.

May 2. Some writing on the Life which is eternal. Faith has works now. Trusting Christ is trusting Him in the duties and cares of to-day. This is faith and leads to Hope and Love, for it brings the gift of Eternal Life. [He attended the Scotch Presbyterian Church.] May 14. Mr. Blake preached. Very poor delivery. May 21. Mr. Blake talked in a whisper. We had the Lord's Supper which I enjoyed. They sang our Communion hymn: "Bread of the world, in mercy broken." [On May 25 they moved on to Milan. The journey tired him, and the next day] I walked a little way, but the muscles rebelled. "My bones are troubled." I hope they have a renewal of strength. I do hope I am to regain walking power which means better circulation. [He went to the Cathedral service, which he found impressive and long.] There was a large attendance and the music was fine. [Thus they came to Montreux, where, in a charming garden on the edge of Lake Geneva, he could enjoy to the full the glory of the mountains, which were second only to the sea in his affections. He never tired of gazing up at them, his lips often moving, as it seemed in prayer.] "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." My Psalm long has been and long will be Psalm 121. [The journals are studded with "Ps. 121."]

As time went on, Dr. McKenzie became increasingly restless. He felt the powerful urge to be back again in his old

place and at his old calling. The winter months had not brought him the expected return of strength, and he was plainly discouraged by his lack of vitality. Yet he clung to the hope that the long summer and bracing air of the Swiss mountains would equip him for work once more. When the subject of spending another winter in Europe was broached, he replied with an emphatic negative: "No, no! If I am ever to do any work again, now is the time. I want to preach. I have a message that is needed to-day, and I feel that I can deliver it as well as ever. And I do not like this idle life." At times, he seemed full of hope. He repeated often: "Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have showed thy strength to this generation." He would exclaim, "I should like to live my whole life all over again from its commencement in a sailor's home to its fulfilment as minister of this church." He had, he felt, little to regret, beyond the fact that he had fallen so far short of accomplishing all that he might have done. Humility had always been a very marked characteristic, and he was deeply thankful for the assurances which he often received of having been of aid or comfort to a fellow-being.

In August, the family went to Interlaken and the Bernese Oberland. In mid-September, they traveled via Montreux, Paris, and Amiens to London. McKenzie was glad to be there again and he spent happy days in the British Museum. "We went to Brighton but it was not bright. Prof. Briggs writes me again of Cambridge [Radcliffe]. Ropes takes my place [there] until my return."

They sailed for home on October 17, and arrived in Boston on the 26th. "Mr. Bourne met us and helped much. It is pleasant to be at home again, although I do not now find myself."

During the year of absence his successor had not been chosen. Occasionally he stood in his old place, yet the old

relationship no longer existed. It was a time when patience and faith were tried. Yet his courage never failed him. Always he continued to believe that there was a work for him to do, a message for him to deliver. Neither at this time, nor later, did one ever hear him speak of his work as finished. Up to the very end of his life, so far as the most perceptive eye could detect, he was awaiting a recrudescence of strength. No other solution appeared thinkable to him. Never was anyone more avid of work, never did anyone so regret the necessity of stopping short, laying down his tools. That was the tragedy. Yet there was a great deal that was beautiful about those last years, in the gradual relinquishment of the things that he had held so dear. Thus, in alternating hope and disappointment, the first year at home since his resignation ran its quiet course. Every Sunday morning without fail found him, when he was not in the pulpit, among his old congregation, seated in the pastor's pew so long occupied by his family. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this regular attendance during this and the coming winter, and though he could not hear the words of the sermon he "followed the service," as he said, in his own way, and seemed content to be worshipping in the midst of his old parishioners. He contrived to be present at almost all of the meetings of the Women's Home Missionary Society, and loved to move about, exchanging greetings with the workers, and to lead them in prayer. He went frequently to the Sunday-school and to the Alliance. "I am asked to resume the Radcliffe service. Tuesday and Saturday were given me." This was his one remaining college appointment.

Thus McKenzie settled down to a restricted round of life to which he gradually became accustomed, if not reconciled. He showed great patience, though one of his frequent remarks was: "I consider patience to be the highest grace. I have none of it." His aim was to give his family the maximum of happiness with the minimum of trouble, especially with regard to

himself. He constantly put on a brave face in presence of difficulties, while his family could often only dimly divine what was taking place behind his merry smile. In the sicknesses and anxieties of the others, he showed unfailing and understanding tenderness, and his deepest regret was that he could not "bear it all himself."

Thus passed the rest of the year 1911. In the month of October, the church had made up its mind to invite the writer to succeed Dr. McKenzie as pastor of the Cambridge church. The formal call was made on January 23 and accepted on February 5, 1912. The decision brought great relief to McKenzie's mind. It gave him much satisfaction to have the matter settled at last. He was glad, too, that his successor was to be the son of an old and valued friend. He felt that the church was going to be in safe, competent hands, and his mind was at rest. When the call had been formally accepted, he wrote the following letter:

Cambridge, 25 Jan. 1912.

My dear Dr. Calkins,

I do not need to assure you of my deep interest in the invitation of this Church and parish which has been sent to you. This was my earliest thought when two years ago I asked release from the burden of care which I had borne so long. Yesterday was the forty-fifth anniversary of my installation. They have been good years. The church has been united, without a break, and we have greatly prospered. It is hard for me to give up the charge, but it is best at four-score. I am keeping in with Eliot and others. I am quite well at present and can preach with as much ease as ever, though I cannot run as fast as I did.

It is a pleasure to have a bit of the dear old Pentagon come here. I am confident that it will be a blessing on all sides. You do not need any help, but it may be that now and then there is some place where I may be of service. But I shall know my place. I had the old pastor at Augusta and his friendship was one of the happiest parts of my pastorate.

I do not need to say more at present. From Harvard to Maine and then back to Cambridge is the appointed way. The people are very hearty in their call, and you may be sure of their welcome and of all which appertains to it. I greatly value the friendship of your father and mother and I know that you and I shall be happy in this companionship. I have no

plans beyond the present. Some of the people gave me this house several years ago and it is a good home for me and my family. But what the future has in reserve, I do not know. I leave all in the divine hands.

Yours faithfully,

Alexander McKenzie.

The summer of 1912 was spent at Ogunquit, Maine, in a small hotel by the sea. It was a peaceful resort in those days. He seemed at his happiest when seated in a comfortable chair with a book in his hand, or a friend by his side, and an attractive outlook before his eyes. He was a quick reader, and seemed to be able to get the gist, or grasp the particular value, of a book with great rapidity. He greatly enjoyed making almost daily visits to the town library and browsing around among the books. He also found full compensation in his own thoughts, and time never hung heavily on his hands. He spent many hours in writing to his friends, or, as one might more properly say, chatting with them on paper. His health seemed fairly stable, and no special anxiety was felt for him.

The fall of 1912 found the family once more settled in Cambridge, and McKenzie resumed the familiar routine. By now his successor was on the ground and at work. He was subjected to the difficult ordeal of seeing another occupy his place, performing the work so familiar and dear to him, and assuming with his families, his friends, endeared to him from long intimacy, the relationship, made sacred by many hallowed memories, which had so long been his own.

Perhaps in all of his life he had never exhibited the fine and disciplined qualities of his character more clearly and nobly than now. A lesser nature than his might have fallen short of the courtesy and patience and self-control which such a situation demanded. Many a new minister under these conditions has found himself harassed and thwarted and embarrassed. Not so in this instance. The presence of the pastor emeritus on the scene and in the church proved only a benediction to the one who had taken up the labors which Dr. McKenzie had

surrendered. He was human. He did not want his friends to forget him, or, in the new allegiance, to be unmindful of the old. He did not want to drop out of things and to be simply a passive spectator. He was willing, eager, to participate in any possible way in the life and work of the church. But he knew what he himself felt his place to be, accepted it heartily, and, at whatever cost to himself, held himself strictly to it. He never made any effort to influence either directly or indirectly the new plans and policies. If he had any misgivings, he kept them to himself or confided them only to his most intimate friends. It was inevitable that he should have some misgivings. He always dreaded change of any kind, in his own life or in the life of the church. And changes there were bound to be. No two men think alike, act alike, or have wholly similar ideas. The church understood this, recognized that a new administration had come, a new era had opened. They generously cooperated with the new minister as new policies were gradually advanced. And he, who had so long directed the church in the ways of his own ideals, witnessed in silence, yet withal with some sadness, the alterations which took place. He was sorry to see the old hymn book disappear. "May 4, 1913. The new hymn book introduced. Almost everything that could be changed is now changed." In these words he silently records his inevitable regret.

But the hardship was all on his side. For the new minister the association brought only joy and blessing. To be the colleague of one who had been his father's intimate friend; his college preacher; one to whom he had always looked up; whom he had known personally as well as by reputation; whom he had welcomed to his own pulpit in Portland,—this was an unspeakable privilege. So was the privilege of sharing with him certain pastoral offices and certain services of the church.

McKenzie preached from time to time in his old pulpit. He preached the installation sermon for his successor on January

23, 1913, the day before the date of his own installation in 1867. How many thoughts must have gone surging through his mind, as he stood there at the close of his own ministry, preaching to install another! The notes of this sermon are still preserved. They are written in an almost illegible hand, the outline sketched on a single sheet of paper. The text and subject were characteristic of him: "That in all things he might have the preeminence" (Col. i:18). Christ had always had the preeminence in his life, in his thought, in his preaching, and in the life of his church. It was his central idea, his one controlling passion, and he passed it on as his valedictory.

It is because I believe that the preeminence of Christ is to control this church for the years to come as in the past; that the preeminence of Christ is to control this minister as it has others, only more perfectly, more fully, that in this hour, laden with memory, enriched with hope, I am confident. That is all I ask. He will do the rest, and you with Him and for Him. So do we have fellowship one with another. So do we have fellowship with the saints of all generations.

He preached at other times up to the summer of 1913. When not in the pulpit he was always in the pew. It must have seemed strange to him to sit there and to see, if not to hear, another standing in his familiar place, and speaking to those whom he had taught so long and so faithfully. He gave afternoon addresses, preparatory lectures, shared in the communion services, offered prayer at the annual meetings of the church, inscribed his name in Bibles and on diplomas to the children. He still conducted Radcliffe prayers, but declined invitations to speak at Wellesley and elsewhere, and missed for the first time, when he was at home, the annual meeting of the Hampton trustees. His last sermon in the church was on Sunday, June 8, 1913, when he preached from John ix:38, "Lord, I believe." "Some spoke kindly of the service."

The summer of 1913 was spent again at Ogunquit. It was a repetition of the previous summer, and his days were filled

with reading, short walks, and writing to his friends. On July 6, he preached, in the Methodist church, the last sermon of his life, from Mark iv:26, 27, the little parable of the seed "which should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how." "Came through quite well."

Toward the end of August, and quite without warning, he had a stroke of apoplexy. There was brought to him an excellent nurse, Miss Alice D. Wells, of Maine, and this capable and devoted woman remained with him until the day of his death nearly a year later. It is doubtful whether he realized the nature or gravity of his illness either at this time or in the months that followed. He said no word of it. In his journals there is no mention of it. "Aug. 22. I am lame with lumbago or something else. It is rather painful and walking is no pastime." He continues to complain of lameness. "Slow gain, very slow."

Step by step, he fought his way back to some degree of strength, forcing himself to walk a little farther each day. In three weeks the home journey was made.

There now began a life of semi-invalidism. For the greater part of the time he kept to his bedroom. Many visitors found their way up to the "prisoner of hope," as he invariably called himself; and he did a large amount of writing and reading. Every second day he was permitted to dine downstairs with the family. He spent many hours at his desk and at his study window watching the world go by. "Oh, if only I could walk like that, I could preach again," he used to say as he saw the students pass along the street. His thoughts were always on the future, it seemed, looking to the time when he might once more be about his Father's business. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you." It could not be that he was "cast forth as a branch" now! No! "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken." To Miss Wells he quoted several times from the 15th

chapter of St. John these words: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit," always adding, "I suppose I am being purged that I may bring forth more fruit." To her rejoinder that he had already borne much fruit in his life, he retorted, "I don't think much of last year's apples!" To no one of his family did he ever speak of death in connection with himself, and one questions if the subject ever seriously occupied his thoughts. He "dwelt amid the eternal things." As a modern seer has written, "Death does not count." It simply did not enter into life's calculations in his case. Life was the reality, continuity of activity and service and the love of friends. He knew the power of that endless life about which he loved to preach. During this winter he followed with great interest the developments in the life of the church, as news of them was brought to him. He read his way through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* with much interest, and many other books of this type, as well as much lighter literature.

His journal entries contain references to his health and state of mind.

Sept. 25. "Sitting up. Hopeful and patient. Ps. 91. 121. I am making progress. The Lord is good, very. Sept. 26. My gain seems steady but slow. I have no pain and many blessings. I pray for more faith. I wait. Patience. I have vision of more faith as in John XV. Sunday, Sept. 28. I sit at home when I should be glad to be in church as in other days. I do not know why I am silenced and shut up. I am thine, O Lord. Use me. Let me have faith. Let me preach. I read Heb. XII on chastening. Oct. 1. Dr. Hildreth has been in and says I am doing well but should stay upstairs for the present. Flowers from the Shepard Guild. Sunday, Oct. 5. Wearisome sitting here and seeing men and women going to church. When can I go again as for more than forty years? Oct. 31. "I have called you friends. I will strengthen you. I will help you. I will uphold you." Nov. 2. In study. Dr. Wolcott Calkins called. Brought me his book on "Parables." Thanksgiving, Nov. 27. Silent dinner. K. was missed. We are alone. Yet we give thanks and with good reason. Dec. 10. I have a vision of return to church life.

Sunday, December 14, was his last birthday. He spent the day in his study. There were many callers and gifts. "Dec. 19. I feel no more limber and strong. Shall I ever?" On December 30 he wrote a communion address. Thus he entered the year 1914.

The weeks wore on with no great change in his condition. The short entries in his diaries continue, noting the weather, his reading, his letters, callers, and occasional happenings. During these weeks he began and finished the writing of a new chapter in the history of the Cambridge church, containing in brief form the story of his administration. It was his last writing. On Easter Monday he had a second shock, but a very slight one, merely a period of unconsciousness which kept him in bed only one day. But one could see that he was gradually growing weaker, though he persisted in keeping on with his usual routine. He had been very eager to go away for the summer months, as had been his invariable custom, and was disappointed by the decision to remain in Cambridge. Mrs. McKenzie had another severe illness during the spring, but she partially recovered from that, and so far as could be seen life promised to go forward in the usual quiet way for a long time to come. Towards the end of July the war clouds began to gather in Europe, and this gave Dr. McKenzie great concern, for he had always been strenuously opposed to war (even to the point of offending some of his parishioners at the time of the Spanish-American War). His mind was as clear as ever, and his interest in all the events of the day keen and vivid, so that there was no premonition that his life was drawing to a close. The journal entries still continue:

Sunday, June 28. Meditation on the goodness of God. July 8. Reading "The Life after Death." July 27. My walking is a bit better. Aug. 2. Pleasant. Study. Reading Dole. Aug. 3. Pleasant. War in Europe disturbing. Tuesday, Aug. 4. Gray. Study. Letters from C. Ropes, Moody, Bradbury.

On the 5th of August when Miss Wells went at the usual time to awaken him in the morning, she found him unconscious. The doctor (Dr. Horace P. Stevens), who lived in the next house, came, and his verdict was an ominous one: "If he does not regain consciousness in a few hours, this is the end." The day wore on, and the night, and the morning came and brought no change in his condition. About half-past two in the afternoon of that day, August 6, 1914, he passed on without ever having regained consciousness.

The funeral service was held in the church on Sunday afternoon, August 9. No one who was present at that service will ever forget it. The summer sunshine streamed through the memorial windows, bathing the church with its light. The body, borne down the aisle by the officers of the church, lay on heather brought from across the seas, spread by loving hands. The service was simple. It was conducted by the new minister, assisted by Dr. McKenzie's assistant, Rev. Alexander P. Bourne. The Scriptures that he loved were read, his favorite hymns were sung. The spirit of the service was one of joy and triumph. The body was laid beside that of his predecessors in the church lot in the Cambridge cemetery. He went on living in the "power of an endless life." "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Memorial services were held in the church on Sunday, November 14. The new minister preached a memorial sermon in the morning from I Kings viii:57, "The Lord God be with us as He was with our fathers." In the afternoon at three o'clock there was a second service. A letter from President Eliot, who was prevented by illness from being present, was read, in appreciation of Dr. McKenzie's service to Harvard College and to other colleges. Hon. James M. W. Hall spoke of McKenzie's influence on the civic life of Cambridge, and Professor Francis G. Peabody of his connection with Hampton Institute. Rev. Albert E. Dunning, D.D., described him as a

Christian minister. Dr. Wolcott Calkins read the Scriptures and offered the prayer. All paid tribute to him "as a prince among ministers, a loyal knight with his brethren, whose banner was unstained and whose shield was untarnished till he laid them when his campaign was ended at the feet of his Commander and Redeemer."

Mrs. McKenzie, who was already in frail health, never recovered from her husband's death. After a long illness of the heart, she followed him on April 15, 1915.

Thus ends the record of a happy, a devoted, and a supremely useful life.

"I have had," he himself wrote, "a happy life, very happy. I am rich in friends. I abide in the faith and rejoice to preach it. My life has been smooth and prosperous from the beginning. . . . God has been very good to me, . . . through a happy childhood, a favored youth, and in many years of . . . work. . . . I am glad that I have lived. . . . Of conflicts, difficulties, opposition, enemies, . . . I have nothing to relate. I have been spared some experiences which have burdened other ministers. I have never been obliged to seek a parish. . . . I have not had a divided church or church officers with whom I was not on the most friendly terms. . . . Only once have I moved from a church, and then it was with much regret on the part of the church and on my own part. The many years at Cambridge have been tranquil, harmonious, happy.

He often let his thoughts run back to the days of his boyhood, and found it hard to realize what his life had become from those early days.

I felt this once as I sat in the pulpit of Battell Chapel, with a throng of young men before me: that I, the boy of New Bedford, should be the preacher, and *there*. It was a strong sensation for which I could not readily account. It is not easy to pass from the beginning to the end. Yet step by step and year upon year I have been led on. [The goodness of God, the goodness of God to him, was one of the deepest convictions of his life.] But what of the other side? I regret that I have not been a better minister; that I have not preached better . . . that I have not persuaded more men and women to become disciples and friends of Christ and to make the confession of His name. This is the one burden which I feel as I stand and look over the years.

No one can read the story of the life of this man without feeling that he had honestly won all that came to him: he had earned it, made it possible, achieved it, by his own faithful and devoted life. He did have natural gifts; but these were carefully cultivated and then dedicated to their highest use. "Let me lose myself. For I found a self I had not sought. Losing myself to find myself in Christ and his ministry, what can I desire more, save that this may be for the world's good and for his glory. Amen and Amen." So he wrote in 1900 words that he might have written at almost any period of his life.

The deep, central, controlling principle and passion of his life from beginning to end was the devotion of that life, all that it was, all that it had, to Jesus Christ. His life is an illustration of what a life may become that is possessed by the spirit of Christ. This is the guiding line that runs all through that life from the days of New Bedford to the end. This helps us to understand how what seemed so strange in an outward way, really was not strange at all. For "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

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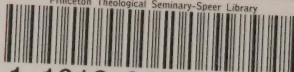
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